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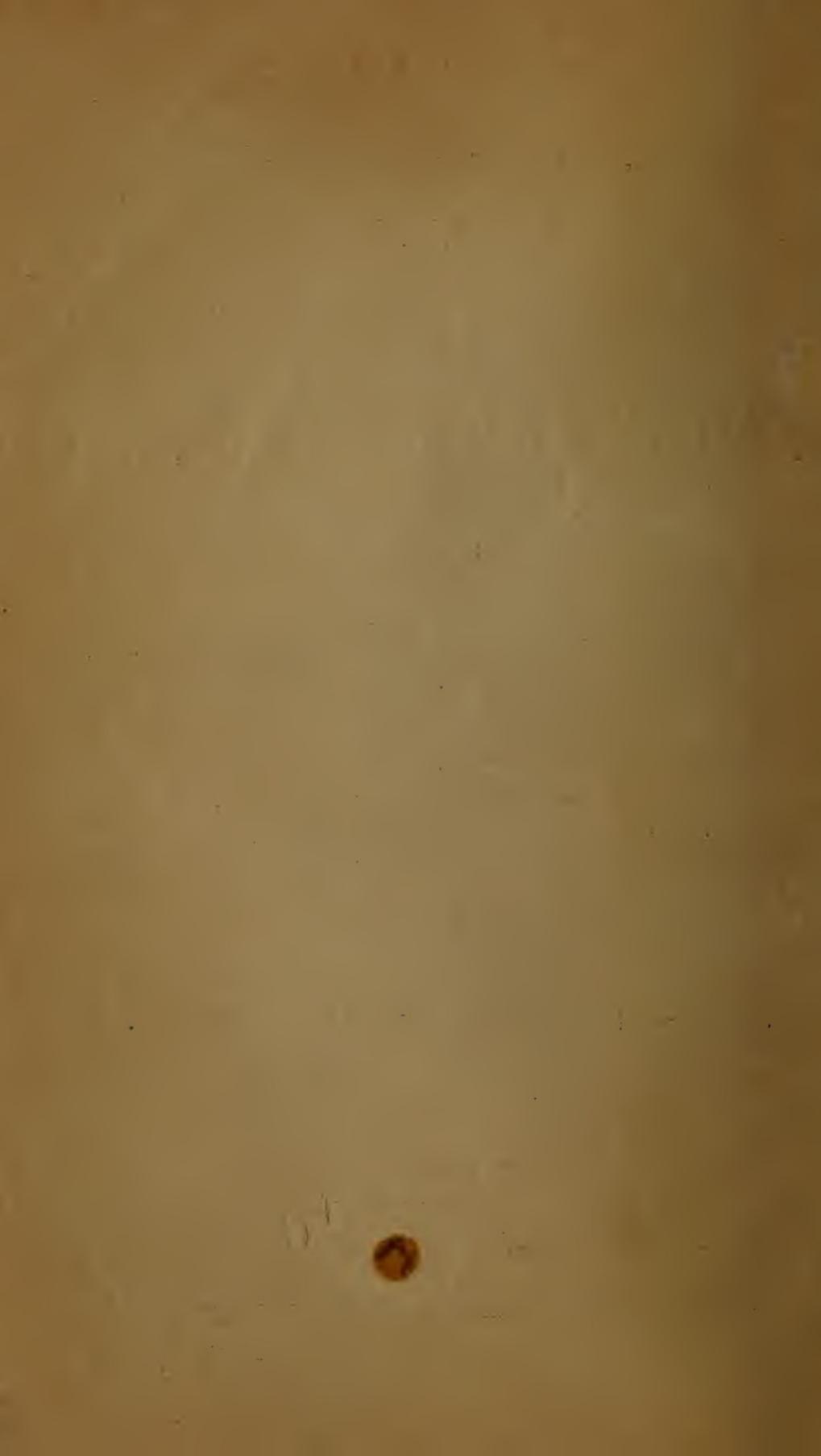
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AN ODD VOLUME

OF

FACTS AND FICTIONS,

IN PROSE AND VERSE,

BY

JULIA MAYO CABELL.

[21.1d7]



RICHMOND:

NASH AND WOODHOUSE.

1852.

J. W. CULLEY, PRINTER.

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## PREFACE.

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We have long desired to have a Work-House, in order to rid our streets of the numerous vagrants that infest them. *All* acknowledge the necessity of such an establishment, yet no steps are taken to erect it.

Now, I have resolved (perhaps not wisely, but certainly with good intent) to attempt *digging* its *foundation* by means of this homespun volume—the products of the sale of which, after paying the costs of publication, will be appropriated to that purpose; and I doubt not that the building in question being thus begun, other funds will be contributed to carry up its superstructure. At least, let us try the experiment—it can do no harm—nay, it *shall* do good; for if the sum accruing from the sale of this work, prove inadequate for the project in view,—instead of its being presented to that *august* body of our esteemed townsmen, the City Council, it will be given to the Union Benevolent Society for the benefit of the poor: Thus imitating the recent *bright* example of our

worthy and gallant commandant at the Armory, and thereby proving in more ways than one, that his *lights* did not shine in vain.

With this short and explanatory preamble, I commit my "*odd volume*" to its fate.

J. M. C.



## HOME ANNALS.

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We speak of them, we keep  
Their names, like light that must not fade, within our bosom's deep.  
Mrs. HEMANS.

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### MRS. JEAN WOOD, OF CHELSEA.

Mrs. Jean Wood was the daughter of the Rev. John Moncure, a Scotch clergyman of the Episcopal church, who in 17— emigrated to this country, and was the first progenitor of the numerous Virginia families bearing that name. He possessed considerable talents, which his third daughter, Mrs. Wood, inherited. She was very intellectual, and highly gifted with both poetical and musical genius. Of poetry she has left some beautiful specimens, which have been offered for the pages of our favorite “Messenger,” where they will deserve a place. In music, though entirely self-taught, she acquired considerable skill, and played with taste on the guitar, piano and spinet, an instrument much in vogue in her day; and so thoroughly did she make herself acquainted with it, that she has been known to employ her ingenuity successfully, in restoring an injured one to complete order and harmony: indeed, her energy and perseverance in whatever she undertook usually insured success: even after she was sixty, having had the misfortune to be overset in a carriage and break her right wrist, she quickly learned to use her left hand in sewing, and to *write* with it not only eligibly, but well.

The early part of Mrs. Wood's life was tinged with romance. She reciprocated at seventeen the ardent attachment of a young gentleman from Maryland, and they became engaged; but their union being opposed by her relations, because *he* was a Roman Catholic, they separated, and at parting exchanged vows never to marry, so that when she was addressed by Gen. James Wood, several years afterwards, she declined his proposals, and he proceeded to the West to join in the war against the Indians, first bequeathing (in case he should be killed) his property to the fair lady of his choice. Fate, however, allotted him a brighter destiny—for Miss M. having been led to believe that her former lover had broken his pledge, yielded to the persuasions of a cousin with whom, since her parent's death, she often resided, and consented to recall the General; and not until after their union did she discover that she had been cruelly deceived. Hearing of her marriage, Mr. —— considered himself absolved from his promise, and soon entered the bands of matrimony also. In their subsequent history, a remarkable coincidence occurs.

Mrs. Wood had an only child, a daughter who was extremely intelligent until four years old: she was then attacked with convulsions, and owing to their frequent recurrence, grew up an idiot; and Mr. ——, of Maryland, had a son in a similar state! Would it be uncharitable and superstitious to infer that these corresponding calamities were inflicted upon each party by Heaven, as a punishment for

breaking their rash, yet solemn vows? \* \* \* \*

\* \* To this unfortunate child she devoted herself with all of a mother's tenderness and zeal, and many of her effusions touchingly allude to the deep affection she bore her, and the anxiety she suffered on her account. She lost her at the age of eighteen, and bewailed her death as bitterly as if she had been of those whom God endows with the blessings of intellect and beauty.

After this event and the decease of General Wood, who had been elected Governor of Virginia many years before, she removed from the pleasant shades of Chelsea to Richmond, where she spent the remainder of her days in works of charity and usefulness; and there, aided by her intimate friend, Mrs. Samuel Pleasants, and by Mrs. Chapman, the lady of a British officer, founded a society for assisting indigent widows and children. It was termed the "Female Humane Association of the City of Richmond," under which title it was incorporated by the Legislature in 1811, and still exists and flourishes, though its efforts and finances have been, since its primitive establishment, differently appropriated than was originally intended, and are at this time devoted solely to the benefit and maintenance of *female orphan children* to the entire exclusion of *widows*. Mrs. Wood was chosen President of this society, and untiringly and faithfully performed the arduous duties of that responsible station until summoned by her Maker to a happier and higher vocation in Heaven.

She rested from her labors in the 68th year of her age, and reposes in the rural cemetery of "Poplar Grove," a family seat about two miles distant from Richmond.

She was brought up as an Episcopalian, but during the ministry of Dr. John H. Rice she joined the Presbyterian church. This worthy pastor instituted a second association of ladies, for the purpose of working for the poor students in Hampden Sidney College, and in compliment to Mrs. W. called it the "Jean Wood Society."

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#### MRS. ABIGAIL MAYO, OF BELLEVILLE.

Another remarkable lady of Richmond, Virginia, was Mrs. Mayo, the consort of Col. John Mayo, of Belleville, the enterprising projector and proprietor of the lower bridge now spanning James River, a work that was at first generally deemed impracticable, because of the depth and violence of the current, but which his energy and perseverance nobly achieved.

Mrs. Mayo was the intimate friend of Mrs. Wood, and, like her, an elegant writer, not in *poetry* however, but in *prose*; as numerous productions from her pen give proof. A journal she kept during her sojourn in Europe in 1829 has been found among her papers, and is ex-

ceedingly entertaining and interesting, and beautifully written.

Mrs. Mayo's maiden name was De Hart, and her native place Elizabethtown, New Jersey. She was ever distinguished for her personal comeliness and mental endowments; so much so, that in former days it was said by some of her companions and admirers, that "in *her* were united the *beauty* of Venus, the *dignity* of Juno, and the *wisdom* of Minerva!" and truly, she was a woman of rare mind, character and talents, and withal kind-hearted and charitable.

A friend has oft-times been commissioned by her to perform acts of benevolence, for which she liberally supplied the funds, and has repeatedly known her to send loads of fuel to warm and cheer the hearths and hearts of the poor and needy.

It was entirely through the instrumentality and benevolent exertions of Mrs. Mayo to assist an unfortunate and worthy friend, that one of the first and best female boarding-schools ever kept in Richmond was established here in 1812, where many of the most distinguished ladies of the present day acquired their education and accomplishments.

She departed this life on the 2nd of October, 1843, retaining to the last her mental faculties, and to an uncommon degree, her strength and activity. She had reached the advanced age of eighty-two when taken ill. A few sad

'days she suffered from pain and fever ; then her spirit took its flight, we trust, from Earth to *Heaven* !

Eighteen months previous to her death, the spacious and beautiful mansion she occupied, *uninsured*, and with nearly all of its contents, was destroyed by fire. Her deportment on this trying occasion created both respect and admiration, as the following extract from the newspapers of that period will show :

" There was no white person upon the premises when we reached Belleville, except its strong-minded and wonderfully-gifted proprietress, Mrs. Mayo, the widow of Colonel John Mayo; and inother-in-law of Gen. Winfield Scott and Dr. R. H. Cabell, of this city. . . . We have never witnessed a more imposing spectacle of this description. The immense building on fire, the large masses of light which were scattered in all directions, illuminating grove and lawn,—the large groups of people collected around,—the heaps of furniture piled up at the several points; formed a *tout en semble* of the most striking character ! . . . . But the most impressive thing of all, was the *moral* effect imparted by the presence of the venerable lady of the mansion, who sat in front of the burning ruins, amid the masses of furniture, without one tear, one lamentation or murmur, inspiring all who saw her with the deepest sympathy and respect for one who bore herself so firmly, so nobly, under so severe and sudden a calamity ! "

Mrs. Mayo lies interred near her husband and children in

the family cemetery of Powhatan Seat, a short distance below Richmond; where two white marble obelisks adorn their honored graves.



#### MRS. MARY W. MOSEBY, OF CURLS.

The next hallowed name we select from Richmond annals of female excellence and talents, is that of Mary Webster Pleasants, the late consort of John G. Moseby, Esq., of this city.

And who that knew her can ever forget her, or fail to treasure the remembrance of her virtues and genius?

Gentleness, piety, charity, liberality, and energy of mind and character, were her distinguishing traits, combined with talent and intellectual cultivation.

She was profoundly versed in all scriptural subjects, and what is very remarkable, had included in her studies, that of *medicine*, regarding that branch of knowledge as a necessary part in the education of one residing in the country. I have been informed, too, that her proficiency in it has excited the surprise of several eminent Physicians.

For many years her ready pen supplied a number of Magazines with the rich harvests of its industry, and often were the verses and prose pieces of "Marcella" and "M. M. W." (her usual signatures) lauded by the most fastidious votaries of literature: they were always filled with

pathos and religious feeling, for they were always the spontaneous effusions of a brilliant mind and pious heart.

Her poem of "Pocahontas," the only one she ever *published*, was eulogized by the ablest critics and reviewers.

In her youth, Mrs. Moseby must have been very handsome: the writer had not the happiness of knowing her, personally, till late in life, and even then her features were delicate and regular, and her countenance sweet and intelligent; but owing to protracted ill health, her complexion was pallid.

It is now time to say something of her birth and parentage, the particulars of which have been obtained from one who justly idolized her, and still deeply mourns her death!—from her husband.

She was born on the 25th of April, 1792, and was the daughter of Mr. Robert Pleasants, of Curls, in Henrico county, whose father (also named Robert) was one of the most distinguished members of the society of "Friends" in Virginia.

Her mother was Miss Elizabeth Randolph, of Tuckahoe, the daughter of Col. Thomas Mann Randolph, and the sister of Col. T. M. Randolph, (formerly Governor of Virginia,) and of Mrs. David Meade Randolph, Mrs. Harriet Hackley, and Mrs. Virginia Carey.

At nine years of age, Mrs. Moseby was left an orphan, but the loss of her parents was *almost* supplied by her venerable paternal grandfather. Being exceedingly strict in his reli-

gious principles, he sent her, when old enough, to his brother, (Mr. Samuel Pleasants, of Philadelphia,) with directions that she should be placed at Weston School, which was under the superintendance of persons of his profession of faith; but notwithstanding these precautions, after her marriage she followed the dictates of her conscience and embraced the Episcopalian religion.

She resided seven years at Weston, and received every advantage that the most careful education could bestow; and that the good seed was sown upon a rich and grateful soil, was plainly evinced by her refinement of mind and manners, her agreeable conversation and useful habits.

At eighteen she bestowed her heart and hand upon Mr. Moseby: they were blessed with children, and for many years enjoyed ease, happiness and prosperity. But the evil day came at last!

Like many others, they were destined to prove experimentally, that "Riches make unto themselves wings and flee away." . . . Necessity demanded the sacrifice, and they parted with their pleasant rural residence on the banks of James river, and located themselves in a small house in Richmond.

In this season of trial, the virtues of Mrs. Moseby shone with a lustre brighter than ever, and gained her still farther the esteem and love of those who witnessed her fortitude, and cheerful fulfilment of every duty, in the midst of reverses so sudden and great!

It was in 1842 that to these were added the failure of her health. She was attacked with disease of the heart ; and although the most skillful physicians were consulted, and unremitting attentions paid to her case, and every exertion made for her restoration, all were in vain. In the City of Richmond, on the 19th of November, 1844, her sainted spirit took its flight !

The following lines are a feeble tribute to her memory :

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Thou art gone where no ills can beset thee,  
Where friends re-unite ne'er to part ;  
Thou art gone !—but I ne'er will forget thee—  
Thine image is graved on my heart.

Like the warm breath of spring-time, bestowing  
New life on the foliage of earth—  
So affection within my breast glowing,  
Sweet musings about thee, call forth.

And I see thee in dreams, with bright spirits,  
Whose rapturous anthems arise  
In rich chorus, with saints who inherit  
Their promised rewards in the skies.

There the arms of the Saviour enfold thee—  
Oh, the thought is a balm for *all* grief !  
And 'tis thus—yes, 'tis thus I behold thee  
In visions delightful, though brief.

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## LETTERS FROM A SISTER.

The acting personages in the following letters are fictitious characters ; but the circumstances marrated are founded on fact, and the descriptions strictly correct. The writer visited the scenes and places described, and has merely changed a journal she kept at the time, into the form of a correspondence.

### LETTER FIRST.

*Voyage—Havre de Grace—Light Houses—Frescati Baths, and Sea Bathing—Tower of Francis the First.*

### HAVRE DE GRACE, —.

MY DEAR JANE :

The last wave of your handkerchief, when we parted from you at Southampton, made me feel quite sad for some time ; but the bustling scene around me at length diverted my thoughts from their gloomy course, and I employed myself in observing the rapid movements of the sailors, as they obeyed the orders of their captain, who had the voice of a stentor, and took no pains to soften it. Our fellow passengers were an elderly gentleman and his two sons, whom he was going to place at a boarding-school near Havre. We reached this celebrated port in the evening, and I am happy to tell you (*now that it is over,*) not without an adventure.

Our parents and Edgar were not very sea-sick, but alas ! for Sigismund and myself ! we were the *Jobs* of the party. I mean as regards *suffering*, not *patience* ; for of the last we both stood in need. I already detest the sea, and dread re-crossing it. But all this time you are unacquainted with our adventure ; it was this. When within a few miles of Havre, a sudden squall arose, and for more than an hour our situation was truly terrifying. Fortunately the wind blew from the land, or we should have been wrecked on the "iron-bound coast," which was very near us. The sails of our small vessel flapped with such violence, that the captain says they must have been torn to pieces if they had not been perfectly new.

We have occupied ourselves since our arrival here, in walking about the town and riding in its neighborhood. Yesterday we visited the two light-houses on Cape la Heve, and ascended one of them to view from its roof the surrounding country, which is beautiful, and bounded on three sides by the ocean. We purchased of an old woman, residing in the light-house, some specimens of shell work ; and I chose for you a little dog, ingeniously made of small white shells, whose tiny black eyes shine as brightly as your own.

This morning we surveyed the Frescati Baths, and the reservoir for oysters in front of them. The baths are kept in elegant order, and the spacious mansion containing them presents a handsome exterior. I did not

relish the oysters ; they taste of copperas, like those we get at home—and this is natural enough, as they come out of the same waters. On the shore, contiguous to the bathing establishment, we witnessed the amusing spectacle of ladies and gentlemen in Turkish costume, struggling in the briny element, whose billows almost threw them down, although supported by the arms of sturdy sailors, and clinging to ropes suspended from stakes on the beach. Last night we went to the theatre, and were much entertained by the performance of Lepeintre, an excellent comic actor from Paris. Havre is enclosed by lofty walls, outside of which are deep moats, and the borders of these are covered with a bright verdure. In the town there is a pleasant walk shaded by lime trees, and the square in front of the theatre is laid off in gravel walks, with seats on each side. Here the gentry of the city, and hosts of children, with their nurses to guard them, assemble every afternoon. It is also used for a military band to play there at sunset. The most interesting object in Havre is an old structure called the “Tower of Francis the First,” in which that monarch was sumptuously feasted by the [primeval] inhabitants of this place, three centuries ago. But money must have been of extreme value, and provisions very cheap in that age, as it is said the banquet cost only thirty pounds ; or perhaps what then was considered a *feast*, would in these days of luxury be thought an *ordinary meal*. The following anecdote will give you an idea of the strength of the edifice. A crazy

soldier once shut himself up in it while the garrison were dining, and although he was strongly besieged, maintained possession for two hours ere he was overcome. As we are to rise at five o'clock to-morrow morning, for the purpose of embarking for Rouen in the steamboat, I must retire to rest. Accept our love, and remember us affectionately to aunt Margaret and Albert. I hope you had a safe journey from Southampton, and found all well at the Lodge.

Yours,

LEONTINE.

LETTER SECOND.

*The Seine—Quillebeuf—Candebeck—Curious Rite at the Village of St. Arnold—La Mailleterie—Abbey of Jamieges—Charles the Seventh and Agnes Sorrel—Chateau of Robert le Diable—Arrival at Rouen.*

ROUEN, —.

MY DEAR JANE :—

What a silly creature you are, to be sure!—to have preferred the shades of Morren Lodge, and the company of good aunt Margaret, (not to say that of somebody else, for fear of a blush,) to accompanying us in our present tour! I am more and more enchanted as we proceed, and cannot help bewailing your decision, whenever we are partaking of any pleasure or amusement. 'Tis true, you tell us that

after your marriage next spring, Albert intends visiting the continent; but dear me! how many things may occur in the mean-while to alter your plans. Nay, the knot may never be tied—for its no “wonder of wonders” now-a-days for lads and lasses to change their minds. And should you prove a “constant couple,” and the wedding take place, I doubt that Albert will be able to tear himself from his books and musty parchments. You know I’ve often told you, that he never would have fallen in love with your ladyship, I’m convinced, had he not surprised you that eventful morning in papa’s study, reading the life of the American President, Thomas Jefferson, while the rest of us were playing at battledore on the lawn; and this you may tell him if you choose. “Well, enough of rattle, Leontine, (I hear you say,) and do let’s have something interesting.” So you shall, sister Jane; and I hasten to give you an account of our voyage from Havre to this ancient capital. It was delightful! We were favored with clear skies and propitious breezes, and remained on deck the whole day to enjoy the scenery, for the banks of the Seine are highly cultivated, and at every turn present beautiful points of view. We glided by many villages, and several monasteries and castles. Among the former I will only mention Quillebeuf and Can-debeck. Quillebeuf is famous for its ninety-nine pilots; and as the navigation there is extremely dangerous for vessels, they have full employment. It is remarkable that their number has always been ninety-nine from time immemorial. Can-

debeck is situated immediately on the bank of the river, and Vernet, the celebrated marine painter, pronounced the view from its quay one of the most beautiful water prospects in France. An old lady on board the steamboat told mamma and myself, as we were passing Candebeck, that a few miles from it there is a village called St. Arnold, which contains a pool of stagnant water, that many credulous people believe efficacious in healing cutaneous diseases, and that at a certain period of the year, numbers who are afflicted with such disorders go to bathe in the pool. First, however, a particular ceremony must be performed, or the water will have no effect. Each applicant for health must *steal* from the neighboring woods a stick, and cast it down to assist in forming a pile. In the evening this is set on fire by the curate of the village, who comes forth dressed in his sacerdotal robes, and accompanied by priests chanting a hymn. When the smoke begins to darken the air, a white pigeon is let loose from the spire of the church, and the poor deluded sufferers firmly believe it to be the holy ghost descending from Heaven to cure them! Quillebeuf and Candebeck are both associated with historical recollections. The former was fortified by Henry the Fourth, who considered it an important point, and wished to have it called Henry's-ville, after himself. This was not done, however, and since his death the fortifications have been destroyed. It was at Candebeck that William the Conqueror crossed the Seine in 1047, on his way to Arques, to quell a sedition among the

people there, under the Count of Arques. It was governed by the famous Talbot during the reign of Henry the Fifth of England, and the inhabitants distinguished themselves by their bravery in a combat with the English. At one period it was noted for its manufactures of hats and gloves; and at that time no one of *bon ton* would wear a hat that was not made at Candebeck. The revocation of the edict of Nantz proved a death-blow to the industry of this town. Soon after leaving it, we passed the Chateau of La Maille-raie, once the residence of Mademoiselle De la Valliere, during her youth. The mansion is spacious, and its gardens and thickets looked very inviting. In 1824 the Duchess of Berri visited this retreat, and breakfasted in the garden; and to commemorate this circumstance, a white marble column has been erected there. I wonder they did not surmount it with a *coffee-pot*. Beyond La Mailleraie the scenery is rather monotonous, but at length you approach the Abbey of Jamieges, (founded by St. Philibert,) and the landscape becomes lovely. This noble ruin, with its numerous Gothic windows, was a majestic spectacle. Being situated on a peninsula, round which our course extended, we had a view of it for a considerable time; at last, to my regret, it faded from our sight. Charles the Seventh built a fine villa in the neighborhood of Jamieges, and here the beautiful, but sinful and unhappy Agnes Sorrel, resided. At her death her heart was deposited in the Abbey, and her body carried to Loches, where it was interred with great ceremony.

in the choir of the collegiate church, for Agnes had been extremely munificent to the canons of Loches, giving them two thousand crowns and quantities of jewels, tapestry and pictures ; and these crafty ecclesiastics paid her remains all due respect during the life of Charles the Seventh, her royal lover ; but after his demise, while Louis the Eleventh was visiting their church, knowing that he detested Agnes, and designing to flatter him, they pointed out her tomb and requested permission to have it removed. “I consent,” replied the monarch, (indignant at their duplicity and ingratitude,) “but you must first restore the riches she lavished upon you.” The last object I will now describe to you is the Chateau of “Robert le Diable,” a wicked wretch, whose crimes sullied the earth, and whose spirit is believed by the superstitious still to haunt the places that witnessed them. The scanty remains of his fortress are just visible on a rocky height on the southern bank of the Seine. Beneath the steep you behold a La Vacherie, a neat little country seat that is worthy of notice, as being the residence of Madame Bocage when she composed her “Columbiade.” We landed at Rouen about six o’clock, and are located in a comfortable hotel, where papa says we will remain until we have seen all the curiosities of this interesting old city. You will therefore hear from me again ere our departure.

Yours truly,

LEONTINE.

## LETTER THIRD.

*Description of Rouen—Cathedral—Church of St. Ouen—Picture Gallery and Library in the Hotel de Ville—Square of Joan of Arc—Theatre—Dress of the Norman Peasants.*

ROUEN, —.

MY DEAR JANE:—

According to your request and my propensity to scribbling, I intend to be very circumstantial in my details. Pray don't grow tired of them, or if you do, keep it a secret, and my vanity may prevent my suspecting such a misfortune. Mamma gives me great credit for being so industrious with my pen. Sigismund and Edgar keep a journal; but that requires more exactness than I possess, so I prefer writing a letter when the humor takes me. We have been out *sightseeing*, every morning and afternoon, until to-day. A brisk rain now confines us to the house, and affords me leisure for again conversing with you. I will commence my agreeable task with a description of the town. Its environs are beautiful, but the interior rather gloomy—the streets are generally so narrow and the houses so old. It was formerly surrounded by walls and moats; the walls have been pulled down, and the moats filled up and converted into public walks. At Rouen, the ancient Dukes of Normandy held their courts, and it contains many vestiges of their magnificence. The palace of justice is a vast Gothic structure of the reign of Louis the Twelfth. Beneath it are prisons, to which they

were conducting two culprits as we entered. One of its various halls is of immense extent, and has a singular vaulted ceiling, that reminds you of the hulk of a vessel reversed—a comparison, by the bye, that is not original with me. The venerable cathedral, with its lofty spire and painted windows, engaged us a long while. The spire is three hundred and eighty feet high, and visible seven or eight leagues. There are two towers; one of them denominated the *butter* tower, because the expense of erecting it was defrayed with money that had been paid by the people for permission to eat butter during lent! It contained an enormous bell, nearly equal in size to that at Moscow, and the founder of it is said to have died in an ecstacy at its completion. This wonderful bell was destroyed during the revolution. Many illustrious persons are buried in the cathedral. Among them, Henry the Fifth of France, Richard Cour de Lion, the Duke of Bedford, and the Cardinals of Amboise. The monument of the two Cardinals is superb, and covered with arabesque work. They are represented kneeling on its summit. Above them is a gilded equestrian statue of St. George, their patron; below them (ranged in niches on the front of the tomb) are small marble figures, emblematical of the virtues they possessed. Opposite this mausoleum is another, equally remarkable. It is dedicated to the Grand Seneschal Breze, the husband of Diana of Poitiers, and Governor of Rouen in the sixteenth century. Of the numerous statues that adorn this tomb, that which represents the

Seneschal as an extended corpse is the most striking, and it is inimitably executed. The pinched nose, tight drawn skin, hollow cheeks, and sunken eyes, give it the exact appearance of a dead body. Over the grand altar of the church hangs a fine painting, by Philip de Champagne; the subject of it is the adoration of the Magi, and the light is ingeniously and beautifully reflected from the infant Jesus, (*the light of the world,*) upon the surrounding objects. But enough of the cathedral, Allons a Saint Ouen, famous for its fine interior perspective, which is curiously and perfectly delineated by reflection on the surface of the holy water, in the baptismal font, near the chief portal of the church. St. Ouen was originally a Benedictine abbey. Its architect, Berneval, is buried in one of the chapels, and there is an *improbable* tradition concerning him, viz : that he was hung for assassinating his apprentice, who, by excelling him in carving some trifling ornament for the ceiling, had excited his jealousy. The painted windows of St. Ouen are beautiful, and shed a mellow lustre over its triple aisle, which we regretted to exchange for the glare of the sun without ; but time pressed, and we hastened view the picture gallery and public library in the Hotel de Ville—neither of them extensive, though worthy of examination. We next proceeded to the square of Joan of Arc, where a statue of her is erected on the spot upon which she was burnt as a sorceress in 1430. Last night we went to the play. The theatre is a handsome edifice,

and the ceiling exhibits the apotheosis of Pierre Corneille. You behold him crowned by tragedy, while painting and sculpture vie in copying his features, and fame sounds his praise to the world. Apollo sheds over him his brightness, and time with his scythe drives away envy and other evil genii inimical to his glory. The ladies here dress well and tastefully, but the costume of the peasants is very queer. It is the same throughout Normandy. They wear high crowned muslin caps, tight boddices, full plaited short petticoats garnished with rows of black velvet, blue stockings clocked with red, and black sharp-toed shoes, cut low on the instep, and ornamented with rosettes. They always have a gold cross, suspended from a black ribbon encircling the neck, and a pair of gold earrings. But here am I continuing to scribble, and the weather has cleared off and the carriage is ordered for a drive, and I verily believe coming to the door. There! papa calls me to descend. In haste, farewell.

LEONTINE.

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LETTER FOURTH.

*Bridge of Boats at Rouen—Ancient Custom—Old Tower and Town Clock—Church of St. Paul—Jugglers and Tumblers.*

ROUEN, —.

DEAR JANE :—

“ Another letter from Rouen!” you’ll exclaim; yes, my

dear sister, even so,—for papa being well pleased with our accommodations here, and finding the town contains more curiosities than travellers are usually aware of, we have thus prolonged our stay ; but to-morrow go we *must*, as our seats are engaged in the diligence for Paris. Since I wrote you three days ago, we have seen divers other objects worthy of notice, though not so interesting as those I have described to you. To-day we saw the bridge of boats which connects the city with the suburbs of Saint Severe; it rises and falls with the tide, and is divided into compartments that can be easily separated for ships to pass through at any moment. The invention of this bridge is attributed to an Augustin monk. A handsome stone bridge is now building over another part of the Seine.

Every evening at 9 o'clock we hear the tones of a clear sonorous bell, sounding what is termed the "*retreat*." This is merely the continuation of an ancient custom, practised during the Norman wars, when it was necessary to give a signal for those persons who might be without the city to enter, ere the gates were shut for the night. This bell is also rung on occasions of public ceremonies, festivities, or calamities, and is called the *silver* bell, because, according to tradition, it was made of *money* raised from taxes. It hangs in the belfry of a curious old Gothic tower, whose archway spans one of the chief streets of Rouen, and on the side of which is placed the city clock, resembling the face of a gigantic watch. This afternoon we purpose visiting

the botanical garden, and after that, taking a farewell drive in the neighborhood of the town ; there are many beautiful prospects to be seen from the surrounding hills.

Yesterday Edgar and myself walked to the terrace of St. Paul, a plain and antique little church, built, it is said, on the ruins of a temple of Adonis. From the terrace you enjoy a fine view ; and near it is a mineral spring, the second in Rouen. Here we met with a number of ladies and gentlemen, and were much diverted at the tricks of a fellow who mimicked the peculiarities of different nations ; and when about to show off the *English*, cried out, “ Maintenant pour ‘ Got dam ;’ ” he made the most ridiculous faces you can imagine, and excited great mirth. It was surprising what power of muscle and expression he possessed ; one moment his nose appeared turned up, his eyes squinting and his mouth too small to admit a *plum* ; the next, you’d think he could take in a *melon*—and his physiognomy would so completely change, that you could scarcely believe it was the same person before you. Sometimes, to increase the effect, he put on a huge pair of spectacles and sung a droll song, a companion playing merrily on the violin all the while, and suiting the melody to the performance. After this came a band of tumblers, and three children tawdrily dressed—exhibited sundry feats on the back of a chair, and on the head and shoulders of a man. It was painful to behold the little creatures in such jeopardy ; and having con-

tributed our sous for their benefit, we quitted the scene.  
Adieu.

LEONTINE.

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LETTER FIFTH.

*Paris—Modes of Living—Rue de la Paix—Place Vendome—  
Rue Castiglione—Garden of the Tuilleries—Louvre—Italian  
Boulevard—Dress of the Ladies—Soiries—Admiralty—Made-  
moiselle Mars.*

PARIS, —.

DEAR JANE :—

Not a question, I pray you ! about the journey from Rouen hither. I can only tell you that we chose the lower route ; that the prospects were lovely. and the diligence rolled rapidly along the banks of the Seine ; that we stopped only to swallow our meals as quickly as possible, and had not time to examine any thing. We entered Paris by the Porte de Neuilly and Champs Elysees, at dusk, and witnessed the beautiful sight the latter presents, when illuminated by its numerous lamps, which, instead of being fixed on posts, were suspended high above our heads from ropes swung across the road. The resemblance of these lamps, when lighted to a range of brilliant stars, occasions the gate by which we entered to be called the “barriere de l'etoile.” We found rooms ready for us, papa having written to request Mr.

Dorval to engage a suite in the pleasantest quarter of the city.

Here there are four modes of living customary among visitors. First, boarding in a hotel by the day, week, or month: second, boarding at a lodging house by the week, month or year: third, hiring furnished apartments and eating at a restaurateur's, or being supplied thence: fourth, furnishing rooms yourself, and having your own cook. The first of these plans, being the least troublesome, we have preferred. It is, however, more expensive than either of the others. Our hotel is delightfully situated, and commands a view of the Italian Boulevard and of the Rue de la Paix, at the corner of which it stands; the latter, one of the widest and handsomest streets in the metropolis. From our windows we can also see the "Place Vendome," with its superb and stately bronze column, erected by Napoleon, in imitation of that of Trajan at Rome. It is made of the cannons taken by him at the battle of Austerlitz; the principal events of that campaign are represented in a *bas-relief*, which is carried spirally around the whole shaft, the figure of the Emperor being prominent in each compartment. His statue formerly crowned the summit of the column; but since his downfall it has been removed, and the vacancy is now supplied by a simple banner.\*

\* The statue of Napoleon has been replaced since the last revolution; the dress is the great coat and three cornered cocked hat in which he is so frequently represented, and he holds in his hand a short telescope, or rather opera glass.

Beyond the Place Vendome is the Rue Castiglione, with its fine shops and arcades ; and at the end of this street is the garden of the Tuilleries, where we repair before breakfast every morning, to enjoy its shades, and contemplate its statues, flowers and fountains. In flowers it always abounds, for they are planted in pots concealed in the ground; and as soon as one set goes out of season, it is replaced by another in bloom.

From eleven until four o'clock we study the pictures in the magnificent gallery of the Louvre, whose halls are open for the benefit of strangers and students on every day of the week, except *Monday*. On Sunday they are open to *every body*, and consequently on Monday require the operations of the broom and brush. The halls appropriated to sculpture are on the ground floor, and the ceilings of several are superbly painted. It was from the window of one of these apartments that Charles the Ninth fired upon his persecuted subjects during the massacre of St. Bartholomews, (August 24, 1572.)

Our usual evening resort is the Boulevard, where we listen to music, and observe the motley crowds around us ; and when tired, refresh ourselves with ices or lemonade in a cafe.

Dear me ! how tastefully the French ladies dress ! What beautiful robes, and hats, and gloves, and shoes and boots, they wear ! and how well each article corresponds with another. If they have on different colors, they take care that

they shall contrast agreeably, and not be an uncouth mixture, displeasing to the eye. In the morning their toilette is remarkably neat and appropriate. You'll probably find them, when you call, in a simple gingham dress, with pelerine to suit, and a black silk apron; their hair arranged in puffs, and quite unadorned. Now, is this not more rational than to be furbelowed, and curled, and richly clad, as if they were expecting company, instead of being usefully employed? At entertainments and in the public promenades, they display their fine clothes. We have already received and returned the visits of several of the French families to whom we brought letters; but much to our regret, the venerable Count Segur is out of town, and Baron Hottinguer, his lady and son, are at their country seat. The Minister of the Marine (Mr. Hyde de Neuville) and Madame his spouse, are extremely pleasing and amiable. They still have their regular soirées; notwithstanding the advanced season, and we intend to avail ourselves of their polite invitation to attend them. By the bye, I should tell you (what M. Dorval told *me*,) that in Paris many persons have an appointed evening for receiving their acquaintances, once a week, fortnight, or month, (as suits their convenience,) and on this evening they illuminate their rooms for the reception of their guests. The greater number of these remain only a half hour, and then repair to the opera, or to some other soirée, as such an assembly is termed. It is usual to go to three or four on the same night. There is seldom any re-

freshments offered, and the amusements are conversation and ecarte—sometimes billiards ; and when the soiree is social and small, they even introduce childish plays, such as “Colin-Maillard,” “Le Mouchoir,” “Tierce,” &c. in which elderly people frequently join with all the vivacity of youth.

Monsieur and Madame de Neuville reside in a superb mansion, that was formerly the “Garde meuble,” or royal wardrobe. It is now called the “Admiralty,” and appropriated to the use of the Minister of the Marine and Colonies. On its roof is a telegraph, and its front is embellished with sculpture and columns, which support a portico as long as the building itself.

A few nights since we were at the Theatre Francais, and saw Mademoiselle Mars perform the part of the Duchesse de Guise in “Henri Trois.” To the astonishment of every body she excels in this character, although it is a difficult one to play, and her first attempt at tragedy. Her talents hitherto, you know, have been devoted to comedy. She is the most lovely and youthful looking woman of her age I ever beheld. What do you think of her being past fifty, and yet not appearing as old as twenty-five? She is so graceful too, and then her voice is melody itself. But I must cease my encomiums, or I shall not have space to assure you that I am your affectionate sister,

LEONTINE.

## LETTER SIXTH.

*Palais Royal—King's Library—Hotel de Ville—Mint—Palace of Justice—Holy Chapel—Flower Market.*

PARIS, ——.

DEAR JANE ;

What a variety of places we have visited since I despatched to you my last letter. *Par exemple*, the Palais Royal, with its agreeable garden and jets d'eau, surrounded by arcades, under which are splendid shops and cafés, that are dazzling when illuminated at night; the Royal Library, with its vast collection of manuscripts and engravings, and its cabinets of antiquities and medals—the latter considered to be the most complete in the world; the Hotel de Ville, on the Place de Greve, where the guillotine sometimes plies its dreadful work; the Exchange, with its sixty-four corinthian columns, fine hall, and superb imitations of bas-reliefs, so admirably executed, that you can scarcely be convinced they are the effect of the *brush* instead of the *chisel*. Add to these several churches and fountains; the Mint, where we witnessed the curious process of coining, and the "Palais de Justice." In this vast structure of antiquity, the judicial courts of Paris hold their sittings. It was founded in the ninth century, and is termed a palace, because it was once the abode of the French monarchs. I remember having read in some history of the magnificent entertainments they

gave here, in a grand hall containing statues of their race and a marble table of uncommon size, at which none but princes of the blood were allowed to feast. In 1618 nearly the whole edifice was burnt, and the wonderful table and statues destroyed ; it was rebuilt by Desbrosses, the architect of the Luxembourg. Besides the court rooms and many others above them, filled with the judiciary archives of the kingdom, there are long galleries which have on each side rows of petty shops and stalls. Beneath these galleries are the gloomy prisons of the conciergerie, wherein such atrocities were committed during the revolution. Here we saw the dungeons in which Marie Antoinette and the Princess Elizabeth were immured ; the cell in which Robespierre was confined ; and that of Louvel, who assassinated the Duke de Berri. We were shown the prison room of the gallant Ney. The cells that inclosed the unfortunate queen and her sister-in-law are now converted into a small chapel, which communicates, by means of an arch, with another of larger dimensions. In the latter, the captives of the conciergerie are permitted to attend mass on the Sabbath. The arch is decorated with medallions of Louis the Sixteenth and the Princess Elizabeth, and a few lines extracted from his will are inscribed on an altar in the smaller chapel. On the wall of this hang three pictures in oil colors ; the first represents Marie Antoinette taking leave of her family just before she was brought to the prison ; in the second, you behold her standing wrapt in meditation by her miserable

cot-bed, after the door is barred upon her ; in the third, you see her at confession, preparatory to ascending the scaffold. Melancholy themes, and well suited to the gloom of the place! You approach the Palace of Justice through an enormous iron gate remarkable for its workmanship and gilding. On the left of it stands an ancient building, called the "Holy Chapel," from its having been erected by Saint Louis for the reception of the sacred relics he brought with him from Palestine, whither he went on a crusade, in fulfilment of a vow he had made during a dangerous illness. His oratory is still shewn, and once served as a refuge from popular fury to the present King Charles the Tenth, in the time of the revolution. The painted windows of the chapel are beautiful,—the colors so bright and various. Around the interior, instead of altars and *confessionals*, are a range of cases, containing archives and records. By the bye, among those we saw in the upper galleries of the Palace of Justice, (which communicates with the "Sainte Chapelle,") were the condemnation of Joan of Arc, and that of Jean Chatel, who attempted to stab Henry the Fourth, but failed, and having been seized was put to a dreadful death, according to the mandate which we read. He was stretched on the rack, then drawn on a sledge to the Place de Greve, his flesh torn with hot pincers, and his right hand cut off ; finally, his limbs were tied to four wild horses, and thus rent asunder. When dead, his body was burnt, and his ashes scattered to the winds. The dress he wore when he attacked the King,

and a rope ladder he used in endeavoring to escape while confined, are carefully preserved in a box, with a scull that was found in the possession of a famous robber, and is said to have served him as a cup, out of which he compelled his victims to drink wine, and then swear allegiance to him. The condemnation of Joan of Arc is replete with superstition and abuse of that poor warrior damsels; she is pronounced a sorceress, a blasphemer, a devil, &c., and numerous other opprobrious epithets are given to her besides. We were likewise shown the hand-writing of Francis the First, Louis the Eleventh, and that of several others of the French monarchs; and to speak the truth, I don't think their penmanship does them much credit.

Returning home, we stopped at the flower market, and were surprised at the beauty and cheapness of the flowers. You may buy them growing in pots, or arranged as bouquets. The market is held on the Quay Dessaix, under two rows of trees, in the midst of which a plentiful fountain refreshes the air, and affords water for the plants. Adieu. Ever yours,

LEONTINE.

## LETTER SEVENTH.

*Church of St. Roch—Pere la Chase.*

PARIS, —.

DEAR SISTER :—

Your letter (received within a few hours) gave us all great pleasure, and we are rejoiced to learn that *folks* and *things* are going 'on so well at the Lodge. What a fine time you and Albert have for *sentimentalizing*! Make the best of it; for you know October is only a few months off, and when it comes you'll perhaps find me at your elbow oftener than you anticipate. I shall have so much to talk about; for believe me, although my communications are so long and frequent, a great deal will remain to be told when we reach "sweet home."

Now, let me inform you of the strange sight we have just been witnessing in the Church of St. Roch; a funeral and two weddings solemnizing in the same place and at the same moment! To us it was shocking, and *certes* if I had been one of the votaries of hymen on the occasion, I should have experienced sad forebodings of evil in the connubial state. Really, it was sometimes difficult to hear the priests who were performing the marriage rites, their voices being drowned in the loud requiem chanted over the dead. The coffin was strewed with white flowers, emblematical of the youth and maidenhood of the deceased.

We have visited Pere la Chase, and spent nearly a whole day in reading the inscriptions on its numerous and varied monuments,—many of them so magnificent! many so neat and simple! The inscriptions are generally beautiful and touching—they speak to the hearts of all; and the lovely and odoriferous flowers that decorate the tombs, seem to rob the grave of its sadness, and shed their balmy influence o'er the mind of the beholder. Several tombs are also adorned with miniatures inserted in the stone, and portraying the once animated countenances of those who rest beneath them. This romantic burying ground spreads itself over the side of a hill, and from the upper part you have a noble prospect of the city and its environs. In the fourteenth century it was the site of a splendid mansion, built by a wealthy grocer, whose name was Regnaud. Its magnificence being incompatible with his rank, it was soon entitled “Regnaud’s Folly.” The Jesuits afterwards obtained possession of it, and gave it the name of “Mont Louis,” because Louis the Fourteenth when a boy witnessed from its summit the battle in the Faubourg St. Antoine, between the *Frondeurs*,\* commanded by the Prince of Conde, and the Court Party, under Marshal Turenne. I recollect reading

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\* This party were termed *frondeurs* or slingers by their opponents, in allusion to the boys who were then in the habit of throwing stones with slings in the street, and who ran away when any one appeared. The *Sobriquet*, as has frequently happened, was adopted by them as their distinctive appellation.

in Voltaire's history of that monarch's reign, that during this bloody skirmish, Mademoiselle d'Orleans (Louis' cousin) sided with the Prince of Conde, and had the cannons of the Bastile pointed against the royal troops. This ruined her forever in the opinion of the king ; and Cardinal Mazarin remarked, knowing her desire to marry a crowned head, "*ce canon là, vient de leur son mari*"—"that cannon has killed her husband." But I've digressed from my original theme, and hasten to resume it. Pere la Chase, one of the Jesuits, became confessor to Louis, and had entire control of ecclesiastical affairs. The King was very fond of him, and as a mark of his esteem, presented him with the estate of "Mont Louis," having considerably enlarged and embellished it for his use. On the death of the holy father, it reverted to his brethren, and was called after him. These wily priests projected there the Revocation of the edict of Nantes, and issued thence many a lettre de cachet, decreeing imprisonment to their enemies. They retained possession of the place until the abolition of their order in 1763, when it was sold for the benefit of their creditors, and had divers owners, until purchased by the Prefect of the Seine, and appropriated to its present purpose in 1804. There are three kinds of graves : first, those termed *public*, in which the poor are gratuitously buried ; but each body can remain only five years, the time supposed to be sufficient for its decomposition. These graves resemble immense ditches, and the coffins are deposited one upon another, and side by side,

as close as they can lay. They are wretchedly made, and soon drop to pieces ; and therefore it is not uncommon, in burying a corpse, to see the exposed head and limbs of another ! Is'nt this horrible ? Second, *temporary* graves, wherein the dead remain undisturbed during ten years, for the sum of fifty francs. At the close of that period, unless the grave be rendered of the third kind, *perpetual*, by the payment of a larger portion of money, its ghastly tenant is removed. The oldest and most interesting sepulchre is that of Abelard and Heloise ; it is formed of the ruins of the paraclete, and covered with antique sculpture and ornaments. It represents a gothic chapel, in the centre of which the bodies of the lovers are represented extended on a bier ; the whole is of gray stone. The monument of the Countess Demidoff, a Russian lady, we considered the richest and handsomest in the collection. It is composed of pure white marble highly polished. A part of the cemetery is appropriated to the use of strangers, and a considerable space allowed to the Jews. The gate is always thronged with carriages that have brought either visitors or mourners. On each side of the entrance are stalls, where wreaths and bunches of flowers may be purchased. I must now conclude, and am sure you will dream of church-yards and hobgoblins, after reading this letter, from your attached

LEONTINE.

## LETTER EIGHTH.

*Hotel des Invalides—Chamber of Deputies—Pont Louis 16th—  
Bridges of Paris—The Pont Neuf.*

PARIS, —.

DEAR JANE :

“ Let them gild the dome of the Hotel des Invalides,” said Napoleon to an officer, who informed him that unless the war with Italy was discontinued, there would certainly be a revolution in Paris. The mandate was issued, the dome covered with the shining leaf, and the minds of the people immediately turned from the operations of war, to those of the artizans employed on the cupola of the military asylum. Napoleon foresaw this, for well he knew the character of his subjects. A mere trifle, having *novelty* to recommend it, attracts their notice, engages their attention, and forms the theme of their conversation for a long while—at least, until another new bubble arises. This we must own is a happy disposition, and better calculated to render a nation contented and joyous, than the sober, phlegmatic temperament of our Islanders.

Thus, my dear Jane, have I managed to describe to you, in a very few words, the dome of the Invalids and the character of the Parisians. Knowing you hate prolixity, I rejoice at my success, and for the same reason, proceed without delay to give you an account of the Hospital in ques-

tion. It is a stately edifice, and was erected by Louis 14th, for the reception of brave and disabled old soldiers. In approaching it, you traverse a vast esplanade embellished with a fountain and bordered by a grove of lofty trees, with seats beneath them to tempt the lounger and rest the weary ; some of them were occupied by veterans whom I readily imagined to be telling “ how fields were won.” We spent three hours in their noble asylum, examining its spacious halls and dormitories, its cleanly and well-arranged kitchen, its library and magnificent church, and its cabinet of architecture, which consists of two large rooms, containing models of all the fortified towns in the kingdom. These are most ingeniously and beautifully executed, and give you a perfect idea of the places they represent. The council chamber adjoins the library, and this and two other apartments are decorated with the portraits of the deceased marshals of France : while the originals are living, their likenesses are deposited in the “Salle des Marechaux,” at the Palace of the Tuilleries. In the church we saw the mausoleum of Turenne and that of the famous engineer Vauban.\* The interior of the dome and the ceilings of six chapels surrounding it are richly painted, and the tessellated pavement, interspersed with fleurs de lis and other symbols, is exceedingly beautiful. Three hundred flags, the spoils of differ-

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\* He was deformed, and being once asked by the king what his enemies thought of his back,—“ Sire, (he replied,) they have never seen it.”

ent nations, were once suspended from the dome ; but when the allies entered Paris, the *invalid* warriors tore them down to prevent their being retaken.

From the Hotel des Invalides we rode to the Chamber of Deputies, adjoining the palace of Bourbon, and situated on the southern bank of the Seine, which separates it from the “Place Louis Quinze.” It is a handsome building, adorned with statues and corinthian columns, and has a pleasant garden attached to it ; the deputies hold their assemblies in a semi-circular hall, lighted from the top and appropriately arranged. Monsieur de N—— was so kind and polite as to send us tickets, and we have been twice to hear the debates ; they were very animated, though whenever a member wished to speak, he was obliged to curb the *spirit that moved him*, until he could cross the floor and mount a rostrum, which delay I should think is most unfavorable to extemporary eloquence.

Returning, we passed over the Pont Louis Seize, and examined the twelve colossal figures of white marble that have been recently placed on it ; they are masterly pieces of sculpture, but too gigantic for the size of the bridge and their approximation to you. There are no less than seventeen bridges athwart the Seine, but not one of them can be compared to those of Waterloo, Blackfriar’s, or Westminster at London, as regards strength or magnitude. The Pont Neuf is the largest ; it is more than sixty feet wide, and lined on each side with stalls of every description ; the

passengers are continually beset by the importunities of the shoe-black, the dog-shaver, the ballad singer, the bird seller, the fruiterer, the pedler, the vender of second-hand books, and various other petty dealers. Good night, dear sister. My paper and candle warn me to conclude, which I fear you will not regret.

LEONTINE.

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LETTER NINTH.

*Arrival of Friends—Voyage from London to Calais—Route from Calais to Paris—Levee at the Minister's of the Marine—Expiatory Chapel.*

PARIS, —.

MY DEAR JANE :

We were agreeably surprised the day before yesterday, while at dinner, by the arrival of the Danvilles, the American family with whom we were so charmed at Bath last summer. Leonora is as lovely as ever, and delighted at the idea of spending the fall and winter here ; she expects, too, to be joined by her cousin Marcella, of whom we have heard her speak with such affection and admiration. She has been so good as to let me read her journal, and I have obtained her permission to transcribe a part of it for your perusal. It

concerns the journey from Calais to Paris, and as I have given you a sketch of that from Havre here, this will enable you to compare the two routes. I dare say you will like, also, to read her observations about the Thames and our steam boats. She writes thus :

" Soon after leaving London, the Thames quite astonished me. I had no idea it was so considerable a river. For many miles it is broad and winding, and each shore presents fine scenery. We had a good view of several noted towns, and remarked the superb hospital at Greenwich and the royal dock yard at Woolwich, where ships of war are made. At Gravesend we passed two vessels transporting convicts to Botany Bay, and I regretted to observe that the women were more numerous than the men.

" The motion of the English steam boats is still more disagreeable than that of ours, but their machinery is less noisy. Coal being used for fuel instead of wood, the passengers soon look dingy in face and dress : therefore one should not travel in them handsomely clad, as clothes are quickly ruined by the smoke and dust. There is no particular hour for breakfast ; each person calls for it when it suits his pleasure, and has a table to himself. Dinner is served at five o'clock.

" We reached Calais about eight P. M. At the custom house the officers were not strict in their examination of our luggage ; this surprised us, for we had understood that they were always very rigid in performing this troublesome duty. Perhaps our being Americans was the cause of their me-

ration in disturbing our trunks and boxes,—for the French like *us* almost as much as they detest the *English*. On landing, we were highly diverted at the scene on the Quay. The instant we left the boat we were beset with men and boys on every side, recommending different hotels,—and frequently cards of address were absolutely forced into our hands. When one overheard another advising any of us to go to a particular house, he would cry out, “never do you mind that fellow, ma’am, (or sir,) he tells a lie ; he always tells lies!” Or, “no such thing, sir; that house is full, sir; you can’t get in, and he knows it !” Or, “that hotel is not a good one, sir,—indeed it is not; try mine, sir ; mine’s a palace to it!” and fifty other such droll speeches, at which (tormented as we were) we could not help laughing. Sometimes they would even seize us by the arm and entreat us to accompany them to their hotel, if only to see how comfortable it was. These *besiegers* (we have since been told) receive a trifle from every innkeeper to whom they carry a guest, and it is their anxiety to obtain this fee that renders them so annoying to travellers.

“Ere leaving Calais, we had sufficient leisure to walk about the town and visit the church, the town hall on the “place d’armes,” and the column on the pier commemorating the landing of Louis 18th, on the 24th of April, 1814. It is a plain stone pillar, surmounted by a ball and a fleur de lis. In front of it is a representation in bronze of the print of the king’s foot (or rather his shoe) upon the spot he first stepped on from the vessel. We found the country between Calais

and Paris uninteresting and generally barren. Once or twice we had a fine view of the sea. The French villages appeared horribly dirty after the exquisite neatness of those in England. The highways presented a bustling and entertaining scene; for men and women, boys and girls, gaily dressed, continually passed us, carrying baskets of fruits, riding on donkeys, or driving along pigs, sheep, cows, or geese. The venders of fruit would frequently jump up behind our carriage, and thrust in, at the window, peaches, pears and grapes, beseeching us to buy them, and assuring us we had never tasted better in all our lives. Whenever we stopped at an inn, or ascended a hill, we were surrounded by dozens of paupers, begging for a sous. Sometimes they looked so miserable, it was impossible to refuse; at others, we were fain to bestow it in order to get rid of them. Little urchins would also solicit a penny, and scamper after us a considerable distance, often springing up behind and sticking their heads into the coach. Upon the whole, I am contented with our journey hither; for if it was not picturesque, it was highly amusing.

“ The principal towns we have passed through, are Boulogne, Abbeville, and Beauvais. The first is said to have been founded by Julius Cæsar; and Le Sage, the author of *Gil Blas*, died there in 1747; the house in which he expired, is yet shewn as a curiosity. Within a mile of Boulogne is a corinthian column, which Bonaparte began to erect as a memento of his victories over the English; he

left it unfinished, and Louis 18th had it completed for his own honor and glory."

Thus far, dear sister, I have copied from Leonora's diary; now for something of my own. Last night we were at M. de Neuville's grand levee ; he has one every week, and being exceedingly popular, his rooms are generally crowded. We saw, there, many distinguished characters ; among them, Monsieur de Chateaubriand, whose travels have afforded us so much entertainment and instruction, and General Saldanha, the brave Portuguese. He has a commanding figure and face, and wears a pair of tremendous mustachios, which are so frightful and so fashionable ! To-day we devoted a portion of our time to the Expiatory Chapel, a beautiful building, constructed in honor of Louis 16th and Marie Antoinette ; it covers the spot where their remains were first interred ; for since the restoration of the Bourbons, these have been conveyed to the royal vault at St. Denis. The entrance and interior of the chapel are very handsome; the light is admitted from the cupola, beneath which are fifteen niches, destined to hold statues of the chief victims of the revolution. There is a neat altar, and the will of Louis and that of his sister (the Princess Elizabeth) are engraved in golden letters, on two white marble tablets. A subterranean apartment contains another altar; and in front of this, a black marble slab, bearing an inscription, still designates the original grave of the royal and unfortunate pair. In the court of the chapel, many of their faithful Swiss guards

are interred. The testament of Louis, wherein he expresses good will towards his enemies, and forgiveness of his unloyal and cruel subjects, is very touching. A peasant girl was reading it when we entered, and her cheeks were bedewed with tears.

I regret to inform you that mama has had a return of her consumptive cough, and is compelled to drink asses' milk. She is plentifully supplied with it every morning, by an old man who drives a flock of female asses about the streets, and milks them before the door of each customer. The tingling of a little bell, which he carries, gives notice of his arrival whenever he stops. Farewell: kind greetings to those around you,—and above all to yourself. From

LEONTINE.

LETTER TENTH.

*The Luxembourg—The Observatory—Notre Dame—The Pantheon—Madame Malibran—Mlle Sontag.*

PARIS, —.

DEAREST JANE :

On inquiring the day of the month, I am quite surprised to find that my pen has been idle nearly a week. I will now try to make up for lost time, by describing to you some of the places we have visited in the interim ; and the Luxembourg being first on the list, will commence with that. It is one of the most magnificent palaces in Paris. The exterior

is highly embellished, and, to use the words of an English tourist, "the architecture throughout is distinguished by its bold and masculine character, and by the regularity and beauty of its proportions." This palace was built by order of Mary de Medici, the widow of Henry 4th; it afterwards became the property of some of the French nobility, but was finally restored to the crown. During the revolution, it was used as a prison; the Senate afterwards occupied it; at present it contains the Chamber of Peers,—and its galleries are filled with the chef d'œuvres of modern artists, whose productions are not admitted into the Louvre until their death. Of course, the collection of paintings here is much smaller than at the Louvre; but the pictures are all on the most interesting subjects, and are seen to greater advantage, the light being let in from above instead of from the sides of the rooms, as is the case at the Louvre. There are some choice pieces of sculpture; one of them (by Charles Dupaty) represents the Nymph Biblis changing to a fountain. It is both a singular and ingenious production. The Chamber of Peers, like that of the Deputies, is semi-circular in shape; it is hung with blue velvet; and the marble effigies of several orators, legislators and warriors of old, grace its walls. From the ceiling, which is painted, hangs a splendid chandelier. I will only mention one or two more of the apartments—the Salle du Trone,\* as being particularly rich, and the billiard room, which is tapestried with white vel-

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\* Hall of the Throne.

vet, with various views of Rome beautifully delineated on it in water colors. On the ground floor is the chapel--this is very plain ; near it is the gorgeous chamber of Marie de Medicis,—the ceiling, walls and shutters of which are covered with gilding and arabesque paintings. The principal staircase of the palace is remarkably grand and magnificent ; there are forty-eight steps, each twenty feet in length, and formed of a single stone ; on the right and left of it, are statues and trophies. The garden of the Luxembourg is shady and pleasant, and has the usual embellishments of gods and goddesses amid fountains and flowers. As you are fond of the marvellous, I will tell you a tradition I have just read respecting it.

There once stood a castle on the site of this garden, which, remaining a long while uninhabited, was said to be haunted by frightful demons and apparitions ; the whole neighbourhood was nightly disturbed by them ; no person would venture out after sunset, and finally the inhabitants were compelled, for the sake of rest, to seek other dwellings. In this state of things, the monks of a Carthusian monastery at Gentilly (who were doubtless at the bottom of the mystery) promised to drive away the malicious spirits by exorcism, if St. Louis would grant them the castle and its appurtenances. Their request was complied with ; and they so faithfully performed their part, that peace was soon restored, and the chateau converted into a convent, which existed about six hundred years,

From the Luxembourg we proceeded through a long sunny avenue, to the observatory. On the left of the road, Arnaud, our valet de place, pointed out the spot upon which Marshal Ney was shot. “Regardez, Mesdames ! ce fut là (pointing with his finger) l'endroit où le brave Maréchal Ney fut massacré—J'étais présent et il me semble que je le vois tout sanglant dans ce moment,” said he, shuddering. We paused to look at the once bloody spot, now verdant with grass and so sadly interesting. The observatory may be considered a wonderful building, for neither iron or wood have been used in its construction ; it is entirely of stone, each piece being ingeniously fitted to another. Four astronomers pursue their avocations here, and have the advantage of a good library and apparatus ; there are, likewise, an anemometer for indicating the course of the wind, and a pluviometer for measuring the quantity of rain that falls at Paris. A geometrical staircase leads to the entrance of some spacious caverns where experiments in congelation are made, and these caverns communicate with subterranean galleries that were originally quarries, and extend a considerable distance under the city, containing beautiful stalacities, formed by water oozing through the rocks. We did not see them, for they cannot be entered without a special guide, and a written permission from certain persons appointed by government to superintend and inspect them.

But my stars ! I have exhausted nearly all my paper, and have yet a dozen places to describe ! Well, well, you must

be contented with an account of two of the most important; and by the time I have finished with them, I shall have to squeeze in my name, no doubt. And now let me decide which of the various objects we have examined, I ought to regard as chief. Why, the mother church of France “*Notre Dame*,” and the Pantheon, to be sure! The first is the most ancient religious structure in the city, and is pronounced to be one of the handsomest in the kingdom. Being built in the Gothic ages, its architecture is according to the fashion of those times, very singular and bold. The interior of the building corresponds with the outside in curious carving and designs; the choir and the stalls surrounding it are covered with grotesque sculpture. There are no less than thirty chapels, and all of them contain pictures, but are generally very indifferent. There are several fine ones around the choir—among them the “*Visitation*,” by Jean Jouvenet; this painting was executed entirely with his left hand, after he lost the use of his right by a paralytic stroke. Behind the altar, is a good piece of sculpture by Coustou ; the subject is the “*descent from the cross*.” In the vestry room, we were shown some extraordinary relics,—such as part of the crown of thorns that was worn by our Saviour, and a bit of his cross! We also saw the regalia of Charlemagne, and the splendid robes given to the priests of this cathedral by Bonaparte at the period of his coronation; upon which occasion they were used; they are embroidered in the richest manner with gold and silver, and amazingly

heavy. Numerous sacred festivals are celebrated at Notre Dame in the course of the year ; and in August there is to be a procession in fulfilment of a vow made by Louis XIII. This is done on the 15th of that month annually, and the royal family always join in it. We shall go to see it, of course ; and how I wish you, aunt Margaret and Albert were of our party.

The Pantheon, or Church of Saint Geneviéve, is a magnificent structure, and its dome is the most striking object that presents itself as you approach Paris. The interior of it is beatifully painted, the artist having chosen for his subject the apotheosis of Louis XVI and his family. When the work was finished, the King went to see it, and after looking at it attentively for a quarter of an hour, he turned to the painter Gros, who was anxiously awaiting his opinion, and said to him, "Eh bien Monsieur le *Baron* votre ouvrage est très bien fait!" thus recompensing his talents, by bestowing on him a title of nobility. Saint Geneviéve, the patron Saint of Paris, is buried in the Pantheon, and her tomb is always surrounded by lighted tapers, the votive offerings of those who come to demand her intercession for pardon or blessing. In the vaults beneath the church, many distinguished men are interred. Indeed, it was to receive the ashes of such, that the Pantheon was designed ; and Louis XV, who was the liberal encourager of science and art, was the founder of it.

Contrary to my expectations, I find I've yet space enough.

to inform you that we have been twice to the Italian Opera, to hear Madame Malibran and Mademoiselle Sontag. The former seems really adored here. At her benefit, many gentlemen voluntarily paid one hundred francs for a ticket, instead of twenty, the actual price. She sings enchantingly and acts with great spirit ; so does her rival, Mademoiselle Sontag. In fact, I know not to which of these nightingales I prefer listening. Adieu.

LEONTINE.

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LETTER ELEVENTH.

*Malmaison, Tomb of the Ex-Empress Josephine---Engine for conveying water to Versailles and St. Cloud---St. Germain en Laye---Nanterre---St. Geneviève.*

PARIS, ——.

Although quite fatigued, I cannot retire to rest ere I have rendered my dear sister an account of to-day's excursion to St. Germain and to Malmaison, the favorite residence of the late Ex-Empress Josephine. We took an early breakfast, and sat off by ten o'clock ; the Danvilles in their carriage, accompanied by Sigismund, and we in a remise, or, as it is termed in England, a glass coach. We soon alighted at Malmaison, it being only two leagues from Paris, and spent more than an hour in walking over the house and grounds, and thinking of poor Josephine. A great deal of the fur-

niture yet remains as she left it ; even her music books are kept as she arranged them. The room she occupied as her chamber, is exceedingly beautiful. It is circular, lined with cloth of crimson and gold, and surrounded by mirrors inserted into the walls and doors. The bed is supported by golden swans, and the coverlid and curtains are of silver lama. In the library we saw the writing table and inkstand of Napoleon. The first bears evident marks of his penknife ; which, while meditating, he used to strike into the wood. The domestic who conducted us through the apartments, spoke of the Ex-Empress with great affection ; and so did the gardener, a West India negro, whose ebony visage was a novel spectacle to us. They said she was beloved by all the household and neighborhood, for her affability and kindness. The green house is filled with gay and choice flowers and shrubs ; and it is melancholy to reflect that these, the frailest productions of nature, have outlived their lovely mistress, and still blossom and flourish and shed their fragrance around, while she, like a shadow, has passed away ! After following awhile the windings of a stream that meanders through the garden, we found ourselves at the threshold of a pretty little temple dedicated to Cupid. The mischievous urchin himself, treading upon roses, is placed in the centre, and on the pedestal beneath him, this vindictive couplet is inscribed :

Il l'est, le fut, ou le doit être,  
Qui que ce soit, voici ton Maitre.

We quitted the shades of Malmaison with regret, and proceeded to the neighboring village of Ruelle to visit the tomb of Josephine in the church there, where her ashes repose. The monument is of white marble, and was erected to her memory by Eugene Beauharnais, her son. On its summit she is represented clad in a folding robe with a diadem on her head, and kneeling before an open breviary. It is a handsome tribute of filial love.

Near Ruelle is a chateau that once belonged to Cardinal Richelieu, and since then to Marshal Massena, whose widow still inhabits it.\* Being informed that the family were absent, and that it was customary for strangers to visit this sojourn of those distinguished men, we drove there; and, alighting from our carriages, were demanding permission of a person in the yard to see the mansion and its grounds, when a lady suddenly made her appearance, and we had the mortification to find that we were intruding on the privacy of Madame Massena herself. We immediately explained our mistake, and would have come away, but she insisted on our entering, and was so polite that we could not refuse. The chateau is very plain, and furnished with corresponding simplicity. In front of it is a limpid sheet of water, and behind it a pleasant garden, where we wandered awhile, and then took leave, gratified with our adventure, awkward as it was at the commencement.

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\*This lady is since dead. She died soon afterwards.

Retracing our steps a short distance, we continued our ride to St. Germain en Laye, and observed on our left a stupendous steam engine, which, on inquiry, we found is used for supplying the fountains of Versailles and St. Cloud with water from the Seine, and has succeeded the famous machine of Marly. This machine had become so decayed in some parts before its removal, that it occasioned the death of several persons who were examining its construction, and heedlessly stepped on an old board, which, giving way, they were precipitated in the river and drowned, or crushed to death by the wheels. St. Germaine en Laye derives its name from the extensive forests adjoining it, which is considered the finest in France, and has ever been the favorite hunting ground of the French monarchs. While partaking of the pleasures of the chase, they inhabited the spacious palace that still exists, and is at present a barracks for soldiers. That abject king, James the Second, resided in it twelve years, supported by the munificence of Louis le Grand, and finally closed his earthly career in this noble retreat. He was buried in the adjoining church, and his heart is enshrined in a paltry looking altar, before which a lamp is constantly burning, and upon which is an inscription informing the reader why it was erected. But what renders the palace at St. Germain peculiarly interesting, is its having been the residence of the Duchess de la Vallière; and in the ceiling of one of the rooms appropriated to her use there is a trap door, through which it is supposed her enamored sovereign

descended when he visited her clandestinely. On the left of the castle is a terrace one mile in length, and bordering an acclivity that overhangs the Seine, and is highly cultivated in vineyards and fruit trees. This terrace is much frequented by persons who resort there for the purpose of enjoying fresh air and a fine prospect. Some go in carriages, but the usual mode of conveyance is by a donkey, and this we chose. The streets of the town are wide, and the houses generally large ; which might be expected, as court festivities were so often held here ; and now-a-days, many of the Parisian gentry pass the summer months here.

We finished the day by dining at a neat auberge, (inn,) with a garden teeming with flowers just in front of our parlor. Returning home, we passed through the village of Nanterre, (the birth-place of St. Geneviéve,) and stopped an instant to buy some of the cakes for which it is renowned ; they are merely buns, and we did not think them deserving of their fame. *Nanterre beer* and *Nanterre sausages* are also held in great estimation ; but of these we did not taste, being quite satisfied with our trial of the cakes. I imagine you know the history of St. Geneviéve ; though lest you should not, I will tell you, in a few words, that she was a shepherdess, whose virtues and piety caused her to be canonized after her death, and made the patron saint of Paris. There is a lovely picture of her at the Louvre, by Pierre Guerin, representing her turning a spindle while guarding her flock. Good night.

LEONTINE.

## LETTER TWELFTH.

*Lafayette and his Family---Sèvres Manufactory---Palace of St. Cloud---Madame de Genlis---Savoyards---Ballet of Mars and Venus.*

PARIS, ——.

DEAR JANE :

We have formed acquaintance with some delightful characters since I wrote to you a few days since. We have been introduced to the good and brave General Lafayette and his family. On Wednesday he came with his son, Mr. George W. Lafayette, to see Mr. Danville, and the latter presented us to them. The print you have seen of this distinguished patriarch is a correct likeness; and his manners are as benevolent as his countenance. He has a soirée on every Wednesday night, and we have gladly accepted the kind and pressing invitation he gave each of us to attend them. The ladies of the family, consisting of his daughters, his grand-daughters, and daughter-in-law, Madame G. Lafayette, have also called, and we find them very amiable and pleasing.

We have likewise had an introduction to Madame de Genlis, for which we are indebted to Mrs. Danville; who, rightly conjecturing it would be gratifying to us to know this celebrated lady, and being well acquainted with her, requested her permission to present us to her. This was readily granted, and this morning appointed for the visit. Accordingly, after an early ride to the Sévres manufactory

of porcelain and the Palace of St. Cloud, the most splendid of all the King's habitations, we repaired to her residence. On arriving, we were conducted up stairs by a tidy-looking *femme de chambre* and ushered through a small bed-room, plainly furnished, into an apartment that, from the variety of its contents, might be compared to Noah's ark. Besides the usual appendages of a parlor, it contained a piano, a harp, a guitar, a folding screen, and several tables loaded with books, papers, baskets and boxes, &c.

We found the venerable authoress seated in an arm chair, near the window. Her regular and delicate features and fair skin still indicate former beauty. Her nose is aquiline, and her eyes clear blue; as they are weak, she is obliged to wear a green shade, to protect them from the light, but has never yet found it necessary to use spectacles: this is astonishing, for she will be eighty-two on the 25th of next January! She wore a black silk gown, and a simple muslin cap; and when Mrs. Danville introduced us, she offered her hand to each, and, as soon as we were seated, entered into conversation with a degree of vivacity that quite surprised us; we were still more so, at her vanity. She talked a great deal about her own works, and in their praise! We asked her if she continued to play on the harp. "Oh oui! très bien!" she replied. "And on the piano and guitar, Madame?" "Oh, oui, tout, tout, très bien!" She told us she often practised on the harp and composed in prose at the same time; and that while reciting verses aloud in a distinct voice, and with

strict attention to punctuation and emphasis, she could read a page from any author, and then recount to you, in regular rotation, every idea therein expressed ; and this proved, she said, that the mind is capable of two operations at once. Papa observed that Charles the Twelfth, of Sweden, proved it a century ago, when he played chess while dictating letters to different persons. She did not notice this remark, but proceeded to extol a novel she wrote some years since, entitled "Alfred the Great." She considers it one of her best productions, and gave it to a physician who attended her during a dangerous illness, and declined being paid for his services. She said she thought she could not compliment him more, than by making him a present of her work; that he seemed highly delighted with it, and declared he would have it published immediately, but that, much to her regret, he had not kept his promise.

Alfred is her favorite hero, and she expressed her wonder that he is not often made the subject of a romance. She informed us that she always retires to bed at half past ten o'clock, and rises at seven, and is careful to eat very moderately. Her faculties continue perfect, and she knows fifty-two trades ; such as sewing, knitting, spinning, embroidery, making baskets, weaving purses, &c. &c. We saw on the chimney-piece a snuff box that Mademoiselle d'Orleans, her *ci-devant* pupil, had sent to her. On the lid she had painted a harp entwined with a garland of flowers, and below it this sentence was written : "C'est votre ouvrage."

Having sat with her two hours, we took leave, and had quitted the room, when she called us back to show us with what ease she could rise from her chair without resting her hands on the arms of it to aid herself, as old people are commonly obliged to do. She has invited us to call on her whenever we can, and was so polite as to say she felt quite flattered by our visit.

On reaching home, we found Mr. Danville and Leonora much diverted at the exploit of a monkey that had climbed in at the window, and ere they perceived it, twitched from Leonora's hand a bunch of raisins she was eating. It was the property of a little Savoyard, who had taught it a variety of tricks, in order to gain a few sous by their exhibition. The Boulevard abounds with these little wanderers, and their marmosets.

This evening we are going to a fête at the Tivoli Garden; the *New* Tivoli as it is called ; the old one (which I am told was far handsomer) has been converted into ground for building. We have seen the Ballet of Mars and Venus, at the grand opera ; nothing can be more beautiful and splendid than it is ! Leaving it for your imagination to fancy, I subscribe myself your affectionate

LEONTINE.

## LETTER THIRTEENTH.

*Fête at Tivoli—The Catacombs—Cemetery of Montmartre—Abattoirs—Lady Morgan—Mrs. Opie—A Quaker Meeting.*

PARIS, —.

DEAR JANE :—

We were much entertained at Tivoli. The garden was brightly illuminated, and all sorts of amusements went on ; and what a variety of these the French have, and with what zest they partake of them! We did our part very well too. We swung, we rode on wooden horses, sailed in ships, looked at a cosmorama, witnessed a phantasmagoria, rope-dancing and fire-works, a play performed by puppets, and some metamorphoses of little paste-board figures, that were quite wonderful ; for instance :—a tiny lion was changed, as if by magic, into a cupid driving a car drawn by swans, a young lady into a basket of flowers, a butterfly into a beau, &c. &c. These transfigurations, I think, must be produced in the following manner : Two different objects are painted on a bit of pasteboard, one on the back and the other on the front of it ; the pasteboard is then folded into the shape of one of them, and threads, too fine to be visible at a moderate distance, attached to it ; after exhibiting the first figure a sufficient time, the threads are pulled and the pasteboard adroitly turned round and thrown open, thus displaying the second figure, to the form of which its edges are trimmed. As no person was visible, the threads were undoubtedly

passed through the scenes of the miniature stage into the hand of the skilful operator,—for skilful he or she was who conducted the business. When tired of strolling, we entered a fine café, situated in the centre of the garden, and refreshed ourselves with ice creams; afterwards, attracted by the sound of music, we repaired to an open space, where an orchestra was erected and a band of musicians were playing quadrilles for a party of beaux and belles, who danced away merrily, not on the *turf*, but in the sand; they were, however, so inspired by the tones of violins and clarionets, that they moved along as if on a board floor.

You will wonder, perhaps, how we sailed in ships without the aid of wind or tide! I will tell you. Two poles, with a little ship suspended by a rope from each end, were placed crosswise on a pivot, and turned as rapidly as you chose, carrying you round and round in the air, with an undulating motion, not dissimilar to that of a vessel at sea, and so unpleasant to our feelings that we soon *disembarked*. This diversion is termed “*les Espagnolettes*.” The wooden horses are arranged in like manner, except that they are firmly fixed on the ends of the poles, and consequently, in riding on them, you do not experience the sickening, waving motion. The machine for swinging is denominated a “*Balancoir*.” This consists of a couple of beams placed athwart each other, with chairs attached to their ends, which are thrown alternately up and down. Several parties, as they glided round on the wooden horses,

amused themselves by trying to pass a stick through a large ring, which was held towards them by a woman mounted on a bench. Whenever a ring was caught and borne off, it was instantly replaced by another, until one of the competitors had obtained *five*, and thus won the game.

I must now change my theme, and inform you of our disappointment as respects seeing the catacombs. They are closed at present by order of the government—I believe on account of the danger there is in visiting them. We have been to the ‘cemetery of Montmartre,’ or “Field of Repose,” as it is likewise styled. It is of much older date than “Pére la Chase,” but not so extensive, nor does it contain such handsome monuments; there are, however, some shady, melancholy dells and moss-covered tombs, that render it peculiarly interesting. Vestris, the celebrated dancer, and Very, the chief of restaurateurs, are buried there.

From the cemetery we proceeded to the “Abattoir,” or “Slaughter-house of Montmartre;” an establishment of this kind is erected in every department of the city. Within them the butchers exercise their sanguinary functions, and the expense of them is defrayed by taxes on the animals that are killed. They are kept in the neatest order, and composed of numerous buildings, each of which is appropriated to a particular branch of the business. In one, the poor animals are knocked in the head; and there is a receptacle for the blood, which trickles into it through furrows made in the floor: in a second, the carcase is skinned; in a third,

quartered: in a fourth, the entrails are separated and cleansed: in a fifth, the fat is boiled in an immense kettle. There are, besides, spacious stables, where the unconscious victims are sheltered, and amply supplied with food and straw, while awaiting their fate. It made me quite sad to behold them eating and reposing so calmly, and then to think of their bloody destiny! The "Abattoirs" are liberally watered and often washed, and therefore no disagreeable odour is perceptible about them. I wish our butchers would follow the example of their French brethren as regards these places!

We had the gratification of meeting with Lady Morgan last night at Madame B——'s. Mamma had a great deal of conversation with her, and found her extremely affable and agreeable. You know we were told she was ugly—we do not think her so, but she certainly dresses too girlishly, rouges too highly, and seems too desirous of admiration. This cannot be said of Mrs. Opie, to whom we were also introduced. She was as plain in her attire as a dark grey silk gown, and a white muslin kerchief and cap, could make her. In her manners she is unaffected; in her conversation, animated and intelligent. Her countenance is open and expressive of her lively mind. The moment we beheld her, we recognized her as a lady we had seen at a Quaker meeting, which we attended, from motives of curiosity, on Sunday. A Quaker meeting in Paris! you will exclaim. Even so, my dear, for what is there on the face of the earth

(that depends not on *soil* or *climate*) which may not be found in this bustling capitol? The meeting was held in a house in the Champs Elysées, belonging to a Quaker family with whom Mr D. was acquainted, and who gave him a cheerful permission to bring with him, whenever he wished it, any friends desirous of going there. We were shewn into a neat parlor, where about twenty persons were sitting in solemn silence, and for nearly an hour not a sound was heard, save the occasional sneezes of an old lady who had a violent cold in her head. At length, however, the spirit moved a dark-eyed gentleman, and he gave us a tolerable sermon. I conclude with love from all of us to yourself, aunt M. and Albert, and to our relations and friends in the vicinity of Morven Lodge. I have not always room for affectionate messages, or be assured they would always be inserted.

LEONTINE.

LETTER FOURTEENTH.

*Soirée at General Lafayette's—Benjamin Constant—Messrs. Perrier, Lafitte and Ternaux, &c.—“Conservatory of Arts and Trades”—Diorama—Georama—Neorama—“Royal Printing Office”—Manufactory of Plate Glass—Hospital of the Quinze Vingts—Castle of Vincennes—Fountain of the Elephant—Franconi's Circus—The Duchess of Berri's family.*

PARIS, —.

DEAR JANE :—

Another busy week of pleasure and amusement has glided by since you have heard from us, and two evenings of it have

been spent at two delightful soirées. The first at Madame de N——'s; the second, at the gallant old General Lafayette's, in the rue d'Anjou; where he has a suite of small and neat apartments, illuminated for the reception of his expected guests on every Tuesday evening. We made our debut there about 9 o'clock, and found them crowded. Among the throng there were many celebrated and interesting personages, for the worthy and enlightened of all nations seem ever ready to do homage to the virtuous patriarch of Lagrange. At his soirées the greatest ease prevails—the refreshments are simple and plentiful; and in compliment to the Americans and English, tea is always served, a custom not practised among the French. We again saw Sir Charles and Lady Morgan and Mrs. Opie, with whom, by the bye, we have exchanged visits. Then there was the orator, Benjamin Constant, a pale, thin man, with light blue eyes and snowy hair, looking as if he were far on his passage to the next world. He was environed by a crowd of gentlemen, to whom he was speaking very earnestly with a great deal of gesture. Not far from him we observed other stars of the Chamber of Deputies, and these were Messieurs Casimir Perrier, Lafitte and Ternaux, whose countenances bespeak their noble minds. Monsieur Ternaux has introduced here, and carries on the manufacture of cashmere shawls, and they not only equal those of India in tints and texture, but surpass them in the beauty and richness of the borders. To him also is attributed the discovery of the

art of stamping patterns in relief on cloth table covers, &c. In the next room, we saw Mr. Cooper, the American novelist, and his lady—the two Miss P——'s, cousins of Lord Byron, and Mr. and Mrs. ——. She is the daughter of Gen. Bertrand, and a beautiful creature she is. The lovely Countess d'A—— was sitting near her. She is the sister of Madame George W. Lafayette, and is an intelligent and fascinating woman. She called here yesterday, with Madame Lasteyrie and her daughters.

It is now time to speak of some of the curiosities of Paris; to which we have recently been devoting our mornings. I believe the “conservatory of arts and trades” stands first on the list. It is also termed the “museum of industry,” and is a collection of all sorts of machines and models, patterns and specimens of things that French genius and labor have produced ; for the government obliges every Frenchman to deposit here a sample or model of whatever he improves or invents, and to accompany it with an account of its manufacture or construction. Besides several halls exhibiting machines and models, there are others filled with specimens of porcelain, glass, stone ware, lace, silks, ribbons, tapestry, colored and stamped paper, scissors, knives, fans, watches, clocks, lamps, and a thousand other articles. One of the halls contains a number of *miniature* buildings, representing sundry manufactories. They are open in front, and display in different apartments the various processes of each business, and the implements required in it, not omitting the

most trifling tool. Another hall contains a library of 10,000 volumes, written in almost every language, and treating on subjects connected with the purport of the establishment—and professors of geometry and natural philosophy give lectures there to such pupils as are recommended by the minister of the interior. Would it not be shameful if the French nation did not rapidly progress in the arts and sciences, when the government is so liberal in encouraging them, by affording those persons who possess talents every advantage gratuitously, so that the poor may rise as well as the rich, if blessed with abilities? Among the patterns of tapestry is one, concerning which a droll story is related, viz : that Vaucanson, a skilful mechanic, being offended with the inhabitants of Lyons for undervaluing some looms he had invented, tied an ass to one of them, and made him execute the piece of embroidery from which this specimen was cut, and which excelled any *they* had ever done.

We have also visited the Diorama, the Georama and the Neorama, the royal printing office, the manufactory of plate glass, and the hospital of the “Quinze Vingts.” A diorama you have seen. A georama is a panoramic representation of the earth, with its divisions of land and water ; the spectator standing in the centre. A neorama is a painting, so ingeniously designed and arranged as to produce the illusion of your being within whatever building it represents. The one we saw is a picture of the interior of St. Peter’s at Rome, and M. Dorval, who has been there, says it is an exact copy.

The royal printing office is an establishment of great magnitude. There is a vast collection of types and several hundred presses. We were informed that Pope Pius VII visited this office during his sojourn in Paris, and that while he was there the Lord's prayer was printed in no less than 150 languages and presented to him.

At the plate glass manufactory, we beheld mirrors of wonderful magnitude. The plates are cast at Cherbourg and at St. Gobin, (a castle in the department of Aisne,) and sent here to be quick-silvered and polished. Eight hundred workmen are constantly employed in the business. The French are indebted to the great Colbert for this establishment ; prior to its foundation, plate glass could only be had by sending for it to Venice.

Having satisfied our curiosity here, we proceeded to the hospital of the "Quinze Vingts," founded by St. Louis in 1220 for the maintenance of 300 blind—a larger number is now admitted. It was customary in the age of St. Louis to count by twenties; and there being 15 twenties in 300, this institution derived its appellation from having that number of pensioners. We were pleased with the neatness and comfort that reigned, and arrived there just in time to hear a class of the blind sing and play ; for those who evince a talent for music are instructed in it. The women were the vocalists; and the men performed on various instruments. Even the leader was sightless ! They kept time very well, and we enjoyed their concert exceedingly, though the dis-

torted faces some made while singing were horrible. They are taught a variety of trades, and not only reading, but the art of printing; and we saw a man arrange the types and print several words with both skill and quickness. The types were extremely large and made of wood, and no ink was used in the operation; but the letters pressed on the paper, so as to leave the traces of them perceptible to the slightest touch.

On Wednesday we went to the castle of Vincennes, a gothic fortress, about three miles from the city. It contains the state prisons and an armory. A note to the commandant, from Mr. Warden, the American Ex-Consul, and a kind friend of the Danvilles, gained us admission, and we spent two hours in examining the castle, within whose gloomy turrets, nobles and monarchs have sighed in captivity. The celebrated Mirabeau was a prisoner there during four years, and there wrote his letters between Gabriel and Sophie. The duke d'Enghien was shot in a moat of this castle: the spot where the execution took place is designated by a willow tree and a black column, bearing this inscription, "Here he fell." In the chapel is a handsome mausoleum enclosing his ashes. Returning from Vincennes, we stopped on the *Place de la Bastile* (once occupied by that terrific building) to view the model of the fountain of the Elephant. It is of plaster, and 72 feet high. A tower on the animal's back is to serve as a reservoir for the water which is to flow from the proboscis, and one of the legs is to contain the

stair-case leading to the tower. The whole mass is to be of bronze, but it is doubtful if this grand fountain will ever be made ; it was one of Napoleon's gigantic designs, which adversity and death prevented his accomplishing. Last night we witnessed the wonder of an Elephant acting a part in a play at the Cirque Olympique, a theatre of the same description as that of Ashley's in London. The house was crowded almost to suffocation, and the docile and astonishing creature excited universal admiration by her performance. She is called "Mam'selle Dyjeck," is a native of the island of Ceylon, and was purchased from some Indian jugglers by Monsieur Huguet, her present owner. She is so attached to him, that she shews evident distress if he is long absent from her, and extreme delight when he returns. If he be fatigued or indisposed, it is said that she even undresses him, puts him to bed, and watches by him while he rests. Travellers, I know, are expected to exaggerate, but I assure you I am not availing myself of the privilege in the present instance. The play was entitled "l'Elephant du roi de Siam," and was written expressly to exhibit the address and sagacity of M'lle Dyjeck, who really acted throughout as if she were a human being. At the close of the performance, the audience vociferated for her re-appearance; and after a few moments elapsed, the curtain rose, and the *royal lady* came forth, proudly tossing her trunk. She advanced to the edge of the stage and made three courtesies, retreating all the while; and looking round on the spectators as she rose, until

she had sufficiently receded, she walked off amidst a roar of applause. It was quite an inspiring scene. The Duchess of Berri and her suite were present.

Apropos—Madame F. lately gave us a most interesting account of her Highness' children, the little Duke of Bordeaux and M<sup>lle</sup> Louise. She says they are both remarkably amiable ; and *le petit Duc* holds a levee daily, is dressed *en militaire*, and assumes all the airs of a grown gentleman. He is so proud of his sword, that the severest penalty his tutor can inflict, when he misbehaves, is to deprive him of it. He is a pretty boy : we have often met him taking an airing in his coach and four, surrounded by gens d'armes ; for the Bourbons are so unpopular, that for fear of his sharing the fate of his father, he is always strongly guarded whenever he appears in public. He pays dearly for his lineage, poor little fellow ! and I never see him without thinking sorrowfully of the probability of his perishing by the ruthless hand of an assassin. But mercy ! what a packet. Have patience, dearest ! with your

LEONTINE.

LETTER FIFTEENTH.

*Foundling Hospital—Hotel Carnavalet—Count de Ségr.*

PARIS, —.

MY DEAR JANE :—

This morning, we visited the Foundling Hospital. Being told we should go there very early to behold the empty-

ing of the baskets in which the babes are deposited at the gate during the night, we hastened there ere seven o'clock ; but we had been misinformed, and were disappointed in our wishes. The infants are carried there at all hours ; none, however, were received during our visit.

We were conducted through the numerous wards, and saw many forsaken little creatures—a distressing sight, indeed ! Then to behold the sufferings of such as were diseased ! Some of them lying on hard beds, with a bright light from opposite windows torturing their eyes, which were generally inflamed from being thus exposed. Some of the nurses, too, were exceedingly rough. For instance, in an apartment attached to the sick wards, four or five women were occupied in *dosing* and feeding several babies : one of them asked another, who stood by a table, to hand her a spoon ; instead of handing it, she threw it, and so carelessly, that the poor child received a blow on the cheek. I could have boxed the vixen ! Each infant is swathed, and wears on its wrist a piece of pewter, telling the hour, the day of the month, and the year, of its reception at the hospital ; this enables a parent, who may desire to reclaim a child, to find it. About six thousand children are annually received here, and frequently as many as twenty in the course of a day. A considerable number are sent into the country to be nursed ; and during our stay, a half a dozen carts drove off, filled with peasant women and their helpless charges. The destiny of these we thought enviable, when compared with that

of those who remained. At two years of age, the children are removed to another hospital, and there instructed until old enough to be put to some trade.

After breakfast, we visited a place of a more pleasing description ; this was the Hotel de Carnavalet, formerly the residence of Madame de Sévigné. It is now inhabited by a Monsieur de P——, an eminent engineer, with whom we have become acquainted, and who kindly invited us there, to see the very chamber and cabinet occupied by that lady, when she penned those charming letters to the Countess de Grignan. The window of the cabinet overlooks a small garden, in which is a flourishing yew tree, that was planted by Madame de Sévigné herself. As I viewed it, and thought of her who reared it, Lord Byron's beautiful lines on the cypress came forcibly to my mind.

“ Dark tree ! still sad when other’s grief is fled,  
The only constant mourner o’er the dead.”

The charming old Count de Ségur has returned to town, and we have paid him our respects at his residence in the Rue Duphot. He was here yesterday, and invited us to dine with him *en famille* to-day ; we are going, and I shall close my letter with an account of the party, when we come back. At present, I must abandon the writing desk for the toilet table.

Eleven at night. We reached home a half an hour since, and having changed my dress for a robe de chambre, behold me quite at my ease, and again in possession of the pen,

We spent our hours delightfully at the Count's! On alighting there, we were for some minutes sole tenants of the parlor, and thus had an opportunity of examining a beautiful portrait that decorates the wall of the room, and which, we afterwards learned, is that of the Countess de Ségur. It was painted during her youth, and if the resemblance be a good one, she must have been a lovely creature! Our observations were interrupted by the entrance of the Count from his library, adjoining the parlor—and our circle was soon increased by the addition of several French gentlemen, to whom he introduced us, but I quite forgot their names. One of them had recently been in Greece, and described a horrible scene of carnage he witnessed there. In the evening, the Count had many visitors, this being the time he prefers his friends to call on him. Among those who came in, was the authoress of "*Adèle de Senange*," that interesting novel we read together last winter. You may depend I heard the name of Madame de Susa announced with great satisfaction. She entered, and we beheld a plain looking woman, apparently about fifty years old. Then there was Monsieur de Marbois, who wrote the history of Louisiana, one of the United States; and Count Philip de Ségur, author of the "*Russian Campaign*," who is considered the ablest military historian of the age. I am now so sleepy, I can write no more; so bid you, in the name of all of us, a fond adieu.

LEONTINE.

## LETTER SIXTEENTH.

*Saint Denis—Montmorency—the Rendezvous—the Hermitage—Enghien—Mass at the Tuileries' Chapel—the Bourbons..*

PARIS, ——.

DEAR JANE :

Marcella Erisford has arrived, accompanied by her father, who returns to Soissons to-morrow. He has been residing there eleven months, in order to settle some business, relative to a legacy left him by an intimate friend ; in the spring he expects to re-embark for Philadelphia, his native city. He resembles his sister, Mrs. Danville, and appears equally amiable and desirous of contributing to the happiness of those around him. We shall sincerely regret his departure. Marcella is quite a beauty, with her glowing cheeks, hazel eyes and pearly teeth, although her features are by no means regular. She is less lovely than Leonora, but just as intelligent and accomplished ; so you see I have two delightful companions to console me (if it were *possible*) for your absence. Our brother Edgar is, I think, desperately smitten with Marcella ; certes, when she is by, he has neither eyes or ears for anybody or anything else.

Now for our peregrinations. The weather being remarkably fine on Tuesday, and the carriages at the door by 9 o'clock, according to order, we proceeded to Montmorency and the Abbey of St. Denis. Oh, how your pensive spirit will luxuriate in wandering through the solemn aisles and caverns of this “ hoary pile,” among the sepulchres of its

mighty dead ! You are aware that, during the revolution, this asylum of deceased royalty, was invaded by a barbarous populace, who dragged the corpses from their graves, loaded them with indignities, and cast them into ditches and other places of filth. It is related, that the corpse of the brave Louis XIV, when thus profaned, raised its arm, as if to strike the miscreant who dared the deed, while that of the good Henry Quatre (which was found uninjured by time) smiled benignantly on his ungrateful subjects ! The tombs have since been restored by Napoleon, who intended for himself, and his descendants, the vault which is appropriated to the Bourbons. It is secured by two massive bronze gates, which he had made to close upon his own ashes, that now repose under a simple stone on the barren island of St. Helena ! So changes the glory of this world and its mighty ones !

The Abbey of Saint Denis was originally a plain chapel, erected by a pious and wealthy lady named Catulla, to shelter the remains of that martyr (St. Denis) and his companions, after their execution. The generosity and care of various monarchs, have transferred the humble chapel into the present majestic cathedral. The relics of St. Denis are enclosed in a splendid shrine, the gift of Louis XVIII ; and the sumptuous altar in front of this, with its enormous gold candlesticks, was given to the church by Bonaparte, after his marriage with the Empress Marie Louise, on which occasion it was first erected in the Louvre, where the cere-

mony was performed. In the side isles of St. Denis, are several superb monuments, in memory of Francis I, Henry II, and Henry III, and their Queens. The antique sepulchres of Dagobert, and his spouse Natilde, are near the door, and that of Dagobert is most curiously carved. In one of the vaults we saw the stone coffin of King Pepin ; it is open and empty, and when struck on the side, sounds like metal. Near the mausoleum of Francis the I, stands the mimic bier of Louis XVIII, canopied and richly decorated with funeral ornaments. It will remain until succeeded by that of Charles X, for such is the custom of France. What gave rise to it I know not ; but we may reasonably suppose that it was intended, like the monitor of Philip of Macedon, to remind the reigning monarch of his mortality.

At Montmorency we had fine sport, riding about on donkeys to the different points of view that merit notice for their beauty. The little animal upon which Mr. Erisford rode, was at first extremely refractory, and the trouble he had to force it along excited our mirth ; then my saddle girth broke, and this was another source of merriment. After riding over the valley, we alighted at the hunting seat of the unhappy father of the murdered Duke d'Enghien, the present Prince of Condé, who is said to be yet overwhelmed with affliction at the untimely and cruel end of his noble son. The place is called the “ Rendezvous ;” it is shady and pleasant—the house a plain stone building : we did not enter it, but partook of some cool milk beneath the trees,

in front of the door. We purchased it of the game-keeper and his wife, who reside there.

Retracing our path, (and the little donkeys, I assure you, trotted back *much* faster than they *went*,) we stopped at the Hermitage. This is the most interesting object to be seen at Montmorency, and indeed the chief attraction to that spot—although circumstances induced us to defer our visit to it till the last. It is a quarter of a mile from the village, and was the residence of Jean Jacques Rousseau, and afterwards of Andrew Gretry, the musical composer, whose family still occupy it. They are so obliging as to allow strangers to visit this rural retreat of those celebrated men, and have arranged, in a small apartment, various articles that were owned and used by them, and that are consequently interesting to the spectator; for instance, the bedstead and table of Rousseau; the cup and saucer of Gretry; his comb and spectacles, and the antique little spinet upon which he tried his compositions. A flower garden adjoins the mansion, and there we saw a rose bush that was planted by Jean Jacques, and the stone bench upon which he used to sit while writing his “*Héloise*.” From the bay tree that shades it, I procured a leaf for your herbarium. A rivulet meanders through the garden, and empties into a small lake, near which is the bust of Gretry, supported by a column, with an inscription in gilt letters. Rousseau’s bust occupies a niche in the wall, and is covered with a glass to protect it from the pencils of scribblers, which have disfigured it considerably.

Bidding adieu to the Hermitage, we returned to the "White Horse," an excellent inn we had selected in the town, and, having recruited ourselves with a hearty dinner, resumed our seats upon the donkeys, and repaired to the village of d'Enghien, (a mile distant,) to see its neat and commodious sulphur baths, and the pretty lake of St. Gratién, on the border of which it stands. In the centre of the water is a restaurant, to which, if you choose, you are conveyed in a boat; but it was so late, that our parents would not consent to make this aquatic excursion, and we therefore returned to Montmorency, and thence to Paris. A bright moon lighted us home, where we arrived about 11 o'clock, pleased with our day's adventures, and so sleepy we could scarcely reach our chambers without falling into a slumber on the way.

On Sunday, Mr. Dorval brought us six tickets of admission to the Chapel of the Tuileries, where high mass is performed every Sabbath, while the king is in the city. Not a moment was to be lost, so we hastened to array ourselves for the occasion, as full dress is required, if you sit in the gallery with the royal family, and our billets were such as to admit us there. Marcella, Leonora and myself had just purchased new bonnets, and these we wore. Their's are of straw colored crape, ornamented with blond and bunches of lilacs, and are very becoming ; mine is of pink, and decorated with blond and white hyacynths. Our party, consisting of mamma, papa, Edgar, and our three ladyships,

was soon ready and at the palace. The chapel was crowded, but we found no difficulty in obtaining seats—for, on presenting our tickets, the captain of the guards handed us to them, and the throng yielded to him without hesitation. The music was very fine, and we had a close view of the Bourbons and their suite. They were sumptuously clad, and the King and Duke and Duchess of Angoulême seemed very devout. The Duchess has a most melancholy expression of countenance, owing, perhaps, to the sad vicissitudes of her youth. Neither she, her spouse or uncle are popular. The Dutchess de Berri is exceedingly so, and is considered one of the most charitable ladies in the kingdom. She is extremely fair, has light hair and a pleasing face. She is not sufficiently dignified, I think, and is a terrible fidget; during service, she was continually adjusting her tucker, necklace, or sleeve. It is reported, that when the omnibuses, or circulating carriages of the Boulevards, were first introduced, she made a bet with the king that she would ride in one of them, and actually did so, in disguise! I am summoned to the parlor to receive visitors—so kiss my hand to you.

LEONTINE.

P. S. Our guests proved to be General and Mr. George Washington Lafayette. They came to take leave of us ere their departure for La Grange. The Chamber of Deputies having dissolved, they go to the country to-morrow, where the rest of the family have already established themselves. We

have been so pressingly invited to pay them a visit, that we have determined to do so, and anticipate great pleasure and gratification from spending a day or two in the midst of this charming and highly respected family. Again adieu. L.

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LETTER SEVENTEETH.

*The Garden of Plants—The Camel Leopard—The Library, Museum, and Cabinet of Anatomy—Manufactory of Gobelin Tapestry.*

PARIS, —.

DEAR JANE :

I do not wonder that you are surprised at my not having yet described to you the “Royal Garden of Plants.” The fact is, we have been thrice disappointed in our arrangements to go there, but at last have accomplished our project, and devoted both Tuesday and Wednesday to the investigation of this famed spot, and we have seen nothing in Paris that has interested us more. It is of great extent, and affords the visiter as much information as amusement. It was founded by Jean de Brosses, the physician of Louis XIII, and much improved by the exertions of Buffon, the naturalist. It contains various enclosures, some of which are appropriated to botany, and display every plant, flower and shrub, native and foreign, that can be made to grow there. Each is labelled, and bears its botanical name; and there are spacious hot-houses for such as require shelter and

extreme care. We remarked here some fine specimens of the bread tree and sugar cane. Other enclosures are filled with all sorts of culinary vegetables. There are, besides, nurseries of fruit trees and samples of different kinds of fences, hedges and ditches, and of various soils and manures. The enclosures are separated by wide gravel walks,

“Bounded by trees, with seats beneath the shade,  
For talking age and whispering lovers made.”

In the centre of the garden is an artificial hill, crowned with a temple, from which you enjoy a view of the city, and may aid your sight with a spy glass, by paying a trifle to a man who owns it and generally sits there, for the purpose of hiring it, and indicating to strangers the names of the public edifices visible in the prospective. On the way to the temple, you pass under a huge and towering cedar of Lebanon, which De Jussieu, the botanist, planted more than eighty years ago. This superb tree was considerably injured during the revolution ; and had it not been for the remonstrances and influence of Humboldt, the traveller, the whole garden would probably be now in a ruinous condition—for when the allies were in Paris, it was owing to his exertions that the Prussians were prevented encamping there.

The menagerie exhibits the greatest variety of animals. The ferocious are kept in iron cages ; those that are gentle, in enclosures and habitations suitable to their propensities and natures, and embellished with such trees and shrubs as

are found in their native climes. Goats, for instance, are furnished with artificial acclivities for climbing, and bears with dens and rugged posts. The populace often throw biscuits and fruit to the bears, in order to witness their endeavors to catch them ; but this is dangerous diversion, for in doing this, a boy was not sufficiently alert in his movements, and, ere he withdrew his arm, had it severely lacerated by the eager animal. On another occasion, a careless nurse, while amusing herself in a similar manner, let a child fall in, which was instantly devoured ! Among the gentlest and most curious of the quadrupeds, is the giraff, or camel leopard, which was brought from Africa about two years ago, and threw all Paris into commotion. Thousands visited him daily, and belts, reticules, gloves, kerchiefs, and even cakes and blanc mangés, were decorated with his image. It is said that he possesses both sagacity and sensibility, to prove which the following anecdote is related of him. As his keepers were bringing him to Paris, they were joined by a man on horseback, who continued to bear them company for several miles, until he came to another road. The giraff, which had manifested great delight when the traveller first appeared, then evinced deep distress, and even shed tears ! Upon inquiry, it was found that the traveller's horse and the giraff were from the same part of Africa, and probably old acquaintances. This is a marvellous story, I must confess ; nevertheless, many persons believe it. I will now tell you another less incredible, and which shews to what perfection

the flower makers here carry their art. The giraff is very fond of rose leaves ; and not long since, seeing a bunch of artificial roses in a lady's bonnet, and thinking them natural, he seized hold of them, and pulled with such force, that he soon had possession of hat and all. It must have been a ludicrous scene. He is so delicate, that strict attention is obliged to be paid to his food and lodging. The first consists of *delicate* vegetables, and the heat of the last is regulated by a thermometer ; and his African attendant sleeps near to guard him and supply his wants. Leaving the quadrupeds, we proceeded to look at the birds, which are also admirably arranged. The water fowls have their pools and lakes—the ostrich its sands, and so on.

I have now detailed what we saw on Tuesday. On Wednesday, we returned to the garden, and examined the Library, the Museum of Natural History, and the Cabinet of Comparative Anatomy, where, for the first time in my life, I beheld the human form, divested of its skin and flesh, and changed to a machine of dried bones and sinews, and bloodless veins ! The sight made me shudder, and I felt relieved when we came away,

Not far from the Garden of Plants, at the corner of the Rue Mouffetarde, is the celebrated manufactory of Gobelin Tapestry, which derives its name from a dyer who first owned the establishment, and employed himself in coloring worsteds. Colbert, the patriotic champion of the arts and sciences, during his ministry, occasioned the rise and per-

fection of it in the following manner. He engaged workmen to weave tapestry in imitation of that of Flanders. The attempt succeeded, and such has been the proficiency of those who have since carried on the work, that their productions are now equal to any others of the kind. You may imagine what care and expense is required in the business, when I inform you that a single piece of tapestry frequently demands two "years' labor to finish it, and has cost almost three hundred pounds sterling!

The clock is striking two, and I must prepare for a ride in the Bois de Boulogne. It being a delightful afternoon, we shall no doubt find it alive with carriages, pedestrians and equestrians. Those who repair there in coaches, usually drive to a pleasant spot, and then descend to walk to and fro in the shade, for air and exercise, until the approach of the dinner hour, or some other engagement calls them elsewhere. Farewell.

LEONTINE.

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#### LETTER EIGHTEENTH.

*Ceremony of taking the Veil—Palace of the Warm Baths, a Roman Ruin.*

PARIS, —.

Oh! Jane, how we wished for you yesterday! Early in the morning we received a note from Madame F—, saying that if the ladies of our party would like to witness the

ceremony of “taking the veil,” and would repair to her house by nine o’clock, she would accompany them to a neighboring convent, where it was to be performed about the hour of ten. The Abbess being her friend and cousin, she had obtained her consent to our attending on the occasion, in case we wished it. We *wished* it, you may be sure, and her kindness was eagerly and thankfully accepted. On reaching the convent, its portals were opened by two of the sisterhood, who greeted Madame F—— very cordially, made their curtsies to us, and then conducted us to the gallery of a small chapel, the main body of which was filled with nuns clad in black, and seated on rows of benches, each side of the aisle. In the centre of it, upon a damask chair, sat a young lady richly dressed. She wore a yellow silk frock trimmed with lace, white satin shoes, long white kid gloves, and ornaments of pearl. A wreath of orange blossoms mingled and contrasted with her dark hair, and were partly concealed by a flowing veil. Madame F—— related her history, and, to our surprise, we learned she was an English girl who had been placed in the convent at an early age to be educated. As might have been expected, associating so constantly and closely with Catholics from childhood, she became one herself; and when her parents came over to France for the purpose of carrying her home, they found her resolved on becoming a nun. Having tried in vain to dissuade her from it, they at length yielded to her entreaties, and were even present when she took the vows;

and as they did not appear distressed on the occasion, I suppose they had finally become reconciled to their bereavement. But to proceed to the ceremony.

Long prayers were said, incense scattered, and a fine hymn chanted—the novice kneeling down before a table covered with a crimson cloth, and reclining her head upon it, in humble submission to that Divine Power to whom she was dedicating her heart and days! When the music ceased, the Abbess advanced, and, taking her hand, led her out through a side door; and while they were absent, a nun distributed among the sisterhood a number of large wax candles, which she afterwards illumined. The Abbess now re-entered with her charge, and prayers and incense were again offered, a second hymn sung, and the novice had her hair, or a portion of it, cut off; she then prostrated herself before the altar, and a black pall was cast over her, to signify she was dead to the world. On rising, she retired a second time with the Superior, and in a few minutes reappeared, clad in the habiliments of the cloister, and went round the chapel to receive the kiss of congratulation and welcome from each of the community; after which the lights were extinguished, and every one departed, leaving her to solitude, meditation and prayer, until the vesper bell should tell the hour for rejoining her. How awful I felt while a spectator of the solemn scene; and how strange, is it not? that reflecting beings, who know the fickleness of human nature—that “nature’s mighty law is change”—can

venture thus to bind themselves for life to stay in one limited space, and pursue one unvaried mode of existence ! I hope and think I love religion truly ; but I am sure, if I were a *saint* upon earth, I should never hide my light in a monastery.

I ought to mention, that except the father and brothers of the new nun, no gentlemen were admitted to the ceremony ; and I ought also to state that *she* was very pretty. Leonora says that, notwithstanding the scene and place, she was constantly imagining the interference of some brave youth, to save the fair creature from her fate, by rushing in and bearing her off by force ; but alas ! the age of chivalry is long past, and now-a-days a *hero in love* would be thought a prodigy and hard to find, unless, perhaps, he was sought for in a certain old-fashioned fabric in the vicinity of Morven Lodge. *There*, peradventure, such an *extraordinary personage might be discovered.*

From the convent we drove to what is called the “Palace of the Warm Baths.” This is a relic of Roman antiquity. In it, the Roman emperors, and after their dominion ceased in France, the French monarchs, used to reside. Its foundation is attributed to Julian, the Apostate. The sole remaining apartments consist of an extensive and lofty hall, and some cells beneath it. The hall is lighted by an immense arched window, and its vaulted roof for several ages supported a garden. By this we may judge how firmly and strongly the Romans used to build. I cannot, for lack of

space, express to you the kind messages with which I am charged. Suffice it to know, we all love you dearly.

LEONTINE.

LETTER NINETEENTH.

*Visit to Versailles—The Little Trianon—The Grand Trianon—Church of St. Louis, and Monument of the Duke de Berri—Mendon—Chalk Quarries—Tortoni's—Wandering Musicians—An Evening at Count Segur's—Children's Fancy Ball.*

PARIS, —.

DEAR SISTER:—

I have really a great mind to give you a *scolding*, instead of a *description*, for your perusal. What are you all about at the Lodge, that you have not written to us for this fortnight. Papa and mamma are quite out of patience with you, and desire me to request you will answer this the moment it reaches you. Indeed, I hope you *will*, for they are evidently uneasy in consequence of your long silence.

Now, let me tell you of our visit to Versailles. We spent Friday there, and, carrying with us a cold dinner, partook of it under the trees near the Petit Trianon, having gained a keen appetite by first walking over the immense palace and its garden; of the splendors of both you are well aware. We were not much pleased with our rustic mode of eating on the grass, the premises of the table-cloth being frequently invaded by insects. Like dancing on the turf, such arrangements are pleasanter in description than in reality. The

Petit Trianon was the favorite residence of Marie Antoinette, and there she passed a great deal of her time, free from the bustle and formality of the court, and devoted to rural occupations. The place still exhibits evidences of her taste and innocent amusements. The grounds are diversified with grottos, cottages, temples, mimic rivers and cascades. Then there is a beautiful little music room, a labyrinth, a dairy, and a lake. The palace is a tasteful edifice, and a part of the furniture is the same that was used by the decapitated queen.

The Grand Trianon, another palace, situated in the park of Versailles, is superior to this in elegance and embellishments, but not half so interesting. The parterre, behind the mansion, teems with Flora's choicest gifts, and reminded me of the saying, that "Versailles was the garden of waters; Marly the garden of trees; and Trianon that of flowers." In the orangery at Versailles, we were shown an orange tree which is computed to be three hundred years old! It is denominated "The Old Bourbon," and has been the property of several kings of that race. Its trunk and foliage are remarkably thick. The garden and park are five miles in circumference; and only think of these, and the magnificent structure overlooking them, being completed in seven years! But, perhaps, did we know the number of workmen employed upon them during that period, the fact would not seem so amazing.

We rode through the wide streets of the town, visited the

Church of St. Louis, where a simple monument is erected in honor of the Duke de Berri, and then turned our course homewards, stopping for an hour at Mendon, a royal chateau that Napoleon fitted up elegantly for his son ; it is now unoccupied, though I believe the Duke de C—— sometimes spends a few weeks there. A noble avenue leads to the house, and from the terrace in front of it, the prospect is very fine. As we traversed the grounds, guided by an old soldier, we were quite diverted at the astonishment he expressed, on discovering, from an observation of Leonora's, that she and her family were Americans. "Mais comme vous êtes blondes !" cried he, "et j'ai toujours entendu dire que les habitans d'Amerique étaient rouges ou noirs !"<sup>\*</sup>

At the foot of the hill of Mendon, near the banks of the Seine, are large quarries of chalk, that we were told merited our attention ; but it was too late to profit by the information, and we hastened on to Paris.

After resting ourselves and drinking tea, we sallied forth again, and strolled on the Boulevards as far as Tortoni's, to eat ices. He is master of a grande café, and famous for his ices and déjeunés a la fourchette. His establishment is splendidly illuminated every night, and so thronged with customers, that it is often difficult to procure a seat. Some prefer regaling themselves before the door in their carriages; and there is generally a range of stylish equipages in front

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\* But how fair you are ! and I have always heard that the inhabitants of America are *red* or *black*.

of the house, filled with lords and ladies, and beaux and belles, partaking of the cooling luxuries of iced lemonade and creams, and listening to the bands of ambulatory musicians, that here are always to be found and heard, wherever there is a crowd. They select the popular airs of the theatres and those of the first composers of the day, which are as familiar to the common people as they are to amateurs.

We recently spent another delightful evening at Count Séguir's. We found him, as usual, surrounded by the learned and refined ; and he met us with his accustomed smile of benevolence and bonhomie. There was a lively young relative of his present, and when most of his visitors had departed, she insisted on his joining her and myself in playing "l'Empereur est Mort," &c., and with the utmost amiability he complied with her wishes. The play of l'Empereur is similar to that termed the "Princess Huncamunca."

While we were at the Count's, Mr. and Mrs. Danville attended a levee at the Hotel Marine, and the girls accompanied a young friend of Marcella's (a Miss Y—— from Soissons) to a fancy ball given by the children of Madame Clément's seminary. Miss Y—— being a pupil, had the privilege of inviting two acquaintances, and chose Marcella and Leonora as her guests. They were highly entertained. All the scholars wore costumes, and several supported the characters they assumed with proper spirit. There was a little round, rosy faced girl, of five years old, decked as a

Cupid. She was entwined with a silken drapery, thickly studded with golden stars ; sandals laced on her feet, and a quiver slung over her plump and naked little shoulders ! In her right hand she held a gilt bow, and her curls were confined by a glittering bandeau. They danced until ten o'clock, and as none of the masculine gender were admitted, the elder Misses played the part of beaux. I should have liked to join in the frolic, I confess, though not upon condition of foregoing the pleasure we had at No. 13, Rue Duphot, Count Ségar's residence.

Papa has presented me a beautiful watch, and intends purchasing another for you. With tender regards to aunt M—— and Albert, I remain your attached sister,

LEONTINE.

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#### LETTER TWÉNTIETH.

*Mechanical Theatre--The Boulevards--The derivation of the term.*

PARIS, —.

“Joy ! joy !” cried I, on looking out of the window yesterday, and spying Arnaud returning from the post office with a letter, which, according to our wishes, proved to be from our naughty Jane. Arrant scribbler that I am, I hasten to answer it, though you must feel you do not deserve to be replied to so speedily. However, as this is the first time you have been negligent, we ought not to be relentless—so here

is my *hand* in token of forgiveness and good will ; but beware of repeating the offence.

Having finished my lecture, and knowing you are fond of listening to adventures, I will now recount a droll one that happened to us last evening. At sunset we were walking on the Boulevard du Temple, which abounds in every variety of the lower order of amusements, when suddenly a violent shower began to fall, and, of course, every body to scamper to some shelter. We took refuge in the portico of an illuminated building, entitled, in large transparent letters over the door, "Theatre Mecanique," and finally determined to enter and witness the acting within. We accordingly purchased tickets of the woman employed to sell them, and following her up a narrow flight of stairs, were ushered into a confined gallery, overlooking a dirty pit, the highest grade of whose occupants seemed to be that of a cobbler. Four tallow candles lighted the orchestra, where *two hard* plying fiddlers performed their tasks. We began to think we might be in "*Alsatia !*" and then the actors and actresses ! what were they ? Why, a set of clumsy wooden figures that tottered in and out, and were suspended by cords so coarse, as to be visible even amidst the gloom that surrounded them. A ventriloquist made these puppets appear very loquacious ; and, whenever they stopped to make a speech, it was quite ludicrous, for they vacillated to and fro like the pendulum of a clock, for more than a minute. We would have rejoiced to get out, but the rain still poured, and we were compelled to remain.

After the piece was concluded, and the fiddlers had put up their instruments, and were puffing out and pocketing the bits of candles, and we were reluctantly preparing to issue forth into the storm, up came the above mentioned vender of billets, (who, it seems, was manager likewise,) and calling to the musicians to resume their operations, begged us to be re-seated, in order to see the first act repeated, which we had lost by arriving too late. We availed ourselves of her politeness and *honesty*, but could scarcely refrain from laughing as we did so—and, fortunately, during the half hour that succeeded, the weather cleared, and we were thus enabled to get home without the dreaded wetting; but the Boulevards not being paved, the walking was exceedingly muddy, and it was so long ere we reached a stand of carriages, that when we did, we thought it more prudent to continue our route on foot than to risk sitting in our wet shoes.

As you may not know what is meant by the “*Boulevards*,” I will tell you. They are wide roads, or streets, edged with spreading umbrageous elms, and formerly bounded the city, but now, from its increase in size, they are *within* it. Their appellation of “Boulevards” is derived from “bouler sur le vert,” to “bowl upon the green”—being once covered with turf, and the frequent scene of playing at bowls. Here, nightly, the citizens forget the cares and labors of the day, and resign themselves to pleasure and mirth. Rows of chairs, owned and placed there by poor persons, may be hired for two sous a piece. Adieu.

## LETTER TWENTY-FIRST.

*Places of Protestant Worship in Paris—History of Mr. Lewis Way, an English Divine.*

PARIS, ——.

DEAR JANE:

Here is an interesting narrative to amuse you, which I have just heard related. In the *Champs Elysees*, there stands a beautiful Protestant chapel, where we attend divine service almost every Sabbath; if we do not go there, we repair to the oratorio, a Protestant church, in the Rue St. Honoré, or to the English Ambassador's, where there is public worship every Sunday, or to another temple consecrated to our form of worship, (the Church of the Visitation,) in the Rue Saint Antoine. Bishop Luscombe officiates at the oratorio, and Mr. Wilkes, a Presbyterian clergyman, assembles his congregation in an upper apartment adjoining the church. The history in question, is that of the Rev. Mr. Lewis Way, who owns the chapel in the Champs Elysées and preaches there; he is extremely eloquent and energetic, and speaks plain truths to his flock without hesitation, when necessary. It is said that when a youth he had an ardent desire to be educated for the church; but his parents being extremely poor, and not having any relatives to assist him, he became a student of law at the temple, and was one morning proceeding to his labors, when he observed his own name inscribed on the door-plate of a handsome dwelling. He immediately ascended the steps, and requested to

speak with the master of the house ; and on his appearance, after apologizing for the liberty he was taking, told his story, represented his forlorn situation, and begged to be informed if there was any relationship between them. On comparing notes he found there was *not*, and was taking leave ; but the gentleman, who was an odd old bachelor, insisted on his prolonging his visit, and, in the interim, sent a trusty servant to inquire his character of the lawyer under whom he studied, and who happened to be the one whom he (*Mr. Way, senior*) usually employed.

The lawyer's answer was highly creditable to his pupil, and from that moment the old gentleman adopted him, enabled him to take orders, and, dying soon afterwards, bequeathed him a fortune of 300,000 pounds sterling. The sudden accession of such wealth affected his brain, and he was crazy for several years. Now, I think he must have been so, when he introduced himself so strangely to his benefactor ; but be that as it may, on regaining his senses, he resolved to make Paris his future home, and to devote his time to the Protestants in that city. He accordingly came over here, purchased the hotel Marbœuf, his present abode, and converted a portion of it into the tasteful little chapel, where he addresses and edifies a numerous congregation on all holy days.

The seats of the chapel are covered with cerulean velvet, the windows ornamented with paintings, and there is a good organ, upon which one of his daughters (for he has married

and has several children) always performs. A shady and pleasant garden adds to the beauty and comfort of the place. And thus ends my story, for the truth of which, remember, I do not vouch.

But just as it was told to me,  
Have I detailed it unto thee.

And with this flourishing rhyme conclude. Yours,

LEONTINE,

LETTER TWENTY-SECOND.

*Excursion to Lagrange—Count de Tracy and Madame La Fayette—Theatre of Monsieur Compte—Chinese Baths.*

PARIS, —.

I thank you, beloved sister! for your affectionate letter of the — instant, and shall not delay answering it, for I am impatient to inform you of our recent agreeable excursion to Lagrange. On Friday we availed ourselves of the kind General's invitation, and, rising very early, commenced our journey to his castle. We partook of coffee, eggs, and bread and butter, at a village some leagues hence, and, having rested the horses, went on so rapidly as to reach Lagrange in time for dinner; met with a cordial reception from all the family, and were introduced to several distinguished guests. Among these, were the venerable Count de Tracy and the celebrated Monsieur Constant. The former is the father of Madame G. Lafayette, and a charming

old gentleman he is. The latter, the intimate friend of Madame de Stael, and the leader of the liberal party in the Chamber of Deputies, I have described to you in a previous letter. Madame George W. Lafayette is the presiding hostess of Lagrange, and has uncommonly affable and affectionate manners ; indeed, the whole family (as I have already remarked) are extremely amiable, and so charitable, that many poor persons in their neighborhood are supported by their bounty.

Madame Lafayette, senior, you know, died of a malady contracted in the damp and noxious dungeon of Olmutz, while she shared her husband's captivity. Her memory is deservedly venerated by him, and I am told that he cannot speak of her, without shedding tears of sorrow and gratitude, at the recollection of her sufferings and self-sacrifice for his sake. He showed us a miniature of their jailor, which was taken by his eldest daughter, Madame de Maubourg, during their imprisonment, in the following singular manner. She drew it first on her thumb nail with a *pin*, not being allowed a pencil or paper ; however, having found means to obtain a piece of crayon and a blank leaf from a book, she copied the head sketched on her nail, and, as the resemblance was striking, her father has since had it painted in oil colors, by an artist, who has enlarged the design ; by portraying the old Cerberus with a huge bunch of keys, and in the act of unlocking the prison door. It is quite an interesting little picture.

I will now describe the farm, for we examined all parts of it. Order and neatness reign throughout the domain, and the General himself sees that nothing is neglected. He has a numerous flock of merino sheep, well guarded by a shepherd and two faithful dogs. Their sagacity and vigilance are remarkable ; if one of the flock separated itself from the others only a few feet, these dogs would observe it in an instant, and hasten to drive back the wanderer to its place, which they always did with evident tenderness. The horses, cows and swine were in a thriving condition, looking contented, fat and sleek. The poultry yard contains foreign as well as domestic fowls; they are accommodated according to their habits, and form an amusing spectacle. The regulations of the kitchen, the dairy, the ice-house, stables and pig-styes, are admirable, and you may tell Albert, that I advise him to come over and take a lesson in such useful arrangements, though I will answer for it, *you* entertain so exalted an opinion of his knowledge on all subjects, that you deem more 'acquirements or improvements unnecessary. "Mais revenons au Chateau."

It is a stone building, enclosing three sides of a square court. There are five towers, one at each corner, and one in the centre of the left side of the castle, as you enter through a large arch which leads into the square court ; it is surrounded by a thickly spreading ivy, which was planted by our great statesman, Charles James Fox, more than twenty years ago, while on a visit to Lagrange. You ap-

proach the arch by a bridge, thrown over a moat, bounding two sides of the castle, and terminating in a small lake. Here may sometimes be seen floating an American boat, that in 1824 beat an English one, in a race on the water at New York, and was afterwards presented to the good General. He is adored by the Americans, and quite devoted to them and their interests. His drawing room is decorated with the portraits of their Presidents, and in an adjoining room may be seen, in golden frames, their declaration of independence and the farewell address of Washington ; also, the colors of the " Brandywine," the ship they sent out with him when he returned from an excursion to their country four years ago. These colors were presented to him by the officers of that vessel, and the midshipmen gave him, as a testimony of their respect, a handsome silver urn, with an appropriate inscription. The library and a cabinet of curiosities are likewise supplied with American productions. In the first, are beautiful engravings of various parts of the United States, some American works, and the cane of Washington ; and in the second, divers odd articles of Indian manufacture.

On Saturday, we took leave of Lagrange and its inmates ; their kindness and attention to us, and the pleasure we derived from our visits to them, we can never forget ; they will be associated with our most agreeable reminiscences of France. Last night we went to the theatre of Monsieur Compte, where all the performers are

children ; the little creatures acted remarkably well and with great spirit, and we were highly diverted. Monsieur Compte is considered the best ventriloquist in Europe.

Edgar and Sigismund have been taking lessons in swimming ; there are several excellent schools here for teaching the art, and one for *ladies* ; and Marcella, Leonora and myself had serious thoughts of entering as pupils, but finally concluded we had enough of *water-works* at the delightful "Chinese Baths," on Wednesdays and Saturdays, our regular bathing days, when we usually rise extremely early, so as to accomplish our purpose, and get back in time for breakfast. The "Chinese Baths" are so called, because the building containing them is in the Chinese style ; in front is a parterre of flowers, and, beyond this, masses of artificial rocks, with a couple of Chinese figures among them ; the whole arrangement is singular and picturesque. The H——'s have returned to town for a few weeks, and we are engaged to pass this evening with them. I do not covet going, however, for their parties are said to be very stiff.

With our usual affectionate greetings to aunt Margaret, Albert, and yourself, I conclude.

LEONTINE.

## LETTER TWENTY-THIRD.

*A sociable evening at the Ex-Minister's of the Marine—Museum of Artillery—Bay Market—Corn Market—St. Germain l'Auxerrois.*

PARIS, —.

DEAR JANE :

Our stay here is drawing to a close, and, consequently, during the last ten days, we have been so occupied in shopping, visiting and *sight-seeing*, that I have found it impossible to write ; but here is a rainy day, and I take advantage of it to resume our correspondence. We called yesterday to take leave of Monsieur and Madame de N——, and they looked happier, I assure you, in their own residence in the Faubourg du Roule, than they did when inhabiting the sumptuous edifice of the “Admiralty,” on the place “*Louis Quinze.*” I suppose you have learnt from the newspapers that Monsieur de N—— thought it prudent to resign his office, and has been succeeded by Monsieur —.

We found him and Madame de N—— surrounded by friends, who had accidentally dropped in as well as ourselves, and the evening being sultry, the company were regaled with delicious *sorbets* and iced creams. *Ecarté* was soon introduced among the elder gentry, and several of Mr. de Neuville’s young nieces being there, our brothers and two other youthful beaux, the girls and myself, joined them in playing “*Tierce*” and *Blindman’s-buff* in the saloon. We enjoyed ourselves thus till quite a late hour.

One of the most curious and interesting places that has

recently attracted our attention, is the "Museum of Artillery," in the street of the University. It is the depot of a great variety of antique armor, ordnance and implements of war, and among the first we beheld the coat of mail of many a famous champion, and that of Joan of Arc, which we thought uncommonly large to fit a woman. Every article is kept beautifully neat and bright, and a number of the things are labelled, which saves the trouble of a guide to explain their names and use. Another most singular place we have seen is the "*Marche du Vieux Linge*," or "rag fair." This is an enormous building divided into four halls, containing 800 stalls or petty shops. And oh! the queer articles that are in these shops!—tawdry second hand hats and dresses—old shoes, old gloves, old ribbons, old trunks, old carpets, bedding, chairs, and other furniture. These castaways are vamped up for sale, and wo betide the unfortunate wight whose path lies through or near the market; he is sure to be assailed and deafened with loud importunities from every quarter, to "come and buy," and may think himself lucky if he be not seized and absolutely forced into some of the stalls, to behold their wonders. We went out of mere curiosity, and were glad to hurry out as quickly as our feet could carry us, the people were so rude and presuming.

The "Halle au Blé," or "corn market," well merits examination. It is a large circular edifice of stone, enclosing one immense hall with a vaulted roof of sheet iron; sup-

ported on an immense framing of cast iron ; from a window in the centre of which the light descends. The bags of corn are heaped in enormous masses at regular distances, and through the myriad of narrow passages formed by these you thread your way.

To-day we visited the venerable church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, the bell of which tolled the signal for the Catholics to commence their direful murders on the eve of St. Bartholomew, in 1572. It was once rich in pictures and statues ; at present, it is remarkable only for its antiquity and the curious carving around its portal. Its founder was the cruel and superstitious Childebert, and two statues of stone, near the entrance, are said to represent him and his wife. On the *fête de Dieu*, the royal family walk there in procession from the palace of the Tuileries, to hear mass. They are magnificently arrayed and attended by a concourse of priests and soldiers, and by a band of females clad in white, who strew roses in their path. From St. Germain, we hastened to the palace of the fine arts on the quay Conti. For an account of it, you must wait till my next letter reaches you ; this, you perceive, is almost full, so, while I have room, I had better insert the name of your attached

LEONTINE.

## LETTER TWENTY-FOURTH.

Packers—*The Muette de Portici*—*The Whale*—*Place Louis Quinze*—*Manufacture of Chocolate*—*Iced Creams*—*Champs de Mars*—*Racing*—*Palace of the Fine Arts and Royal Academy or Institute*.

PARIS, —.

“What! again at your pen Leontine?” inquires Marcella; “assuredly you are a most indefatigable scribe or an exceedingly devoted sister!” “Leave out the *or*,” I answer, “for I am *both*.” You, dearest Jane, can bear witness to the truth of my assertion, and I hope it will ever be my pride to merit the second appellation. Indeed, it would be shameful if I did not endeavor to deserve it, as you continually set me the example. This will be my last letter from Paris, for the signals of our departure are resounding through the saloon, from the hammers of the packers there busily engaged. Here, for five francs, you may have your fine dresses and hats, &c., &c., safely and neatly arranged for travelling, by men who thus gain their living; and it is surprising with what adroitness and fitness they adjust each article, depositing more in *one* box or trunk than we could in *two*, and fixing every thing so securely that it cannot get injured, no matter how violent the motion of the carriage may be.

On Wednesday, we shall set out for the borders of the Rhine. Papa has determined to proceed to Strasbourg, and thence descend the river as far as Nimueguen, where we

shall abandon the steamboat for the stage, and commence our tour through Holland. How I shall regret to part with the Danvilles ! Poor Edgar, it will cost him a severe pang to bid farewell to Marcella, though I verily believe she has refused him, judging from certain indescribable, but very *expressive* symptoms in their recent behaviour towards each other. Alas ! we shall probably never see her again. Mr. Danville has promised to rejoin us at Morven Lodge, about the period of your marriage. Papa, without assigning the reason of his request, has urged him to be with us there by the 10th of April ; but I have been so loquacious as to explain all to Leonora, and we have decided on acting as bride's maids, which you must own is extremely kind. Pray, don't scold me in your next for tattling, and don't tell Albert of my volubility ; you know, he always insists that the stale and foolish saying, "a woman cannot keep a secret," is correct, and he would be sure to crow over my frailty. This evening we are going to see the opera of the "*Muette de Portici*," in which there is a representation of Mount Vesuvius in a state of eruption, and the imitation is considered excellent and wonderful. Our party will be large, but I suspect not gay, for the reflection, that in two days we shall be far separated, will doubtless cast a gloom over the mind of each. As for me, I cannot bear to dwell upon the subject in thought or word, so will hasten to another.

Who should drop in upon us yesterday evening, while

we were at tea, but Ernestus Blanford, and he rendered himself doubly welcome by delivering your despatches. Thank you for my share of them and for the beautiful embroidered reticule. Mamma is much pleased with her's. Really, you are cunningly skilled in producing, *Love in a Mist, Heart's Ease, and Bachelor's Buttons*; may you be as successful in creating the first and second in the hymeneal state; for the third, there will then be no demand. Our father and brothers desire their acknowledgments for the watch-guards you wove them, and Sigismund bids me say, that if the chains with which you have encircled Albert are as soft and silken as those just received, he is no longer amazed at his tame submission to thraldom.

We took a farewell drive through the city this morning, and visited the whale now exhibiting on the place "Louis Quinze," in a neat edifice erected for its reception; and what do you think of their having converted the poor dead monster into a reading room? It is a fact, that the interior of the carcass is decorated and furnished for that purpose, and is the resort of the newsmonger, as well as the curious! It was on the place "Louis Quinze," (from the centre of which, the view of palaces, avenues, colonades and bridges, is superb,) that the royal martyrs, and thousands of other victims of the reign of terror, met their fate, at the foot of a statue of Liberty, erected during that bloody period on the ruins of an equestrian statue of Louis XV. This was overthrown by the remorseless revolutionists, although it

was universally regarded as an exquisite piece of sculpture, (especially the horse,) and was the chef d'œuvre of Bouchardon. Issuing like Jonah from the whale, but probably with less *velocity*, we went to the Bazaar to purchase some rolls of sweet chocolate, which we are advised to carry with us, as being agreeable and wholesome to eat early in the morning, when travelling a long distance to breakfast. While the woman who sold it was tying up the package, we questioned her about the conflagration of the old Bazaar, that happened several years ago, and among other things she told us that two Anacondas, confined in a room of the building, perished in the flames, and, during their torments, shrieked like human creatures.

It is quite amusing to remark the variety of forms into which chocolate is cast here. Tiny boots and shoes, pots and kettles, bugs and nuts, little men and little women, and numerous other objects, are represented by the ingenious manufacturer of that luxury. As for the bugs with their wire legs, and the divers sorts of nuts, you can distinguish them from real ones only by the touch or taste. While on the subject of eatables, let me mention the peculiar manner in which iced creams are served at balls and parties. Each kind is moulded into the shape of the fruit with which it is flavored, and frequently a peach or apple dexterously tinged with red, to render the semblance of nature more complete. The plates containing them are usually in the form of a golden grape leaf; the stem turned up constitutes a handle,

and golden spoons accord with the burnished leaf. When an entertainment is given, it is only necessary for the master or mistress to send a mandate for the requisite number of ices, to Tortoni, Hardi, or any other adept in the *freezing* art, and at the appointed hour they arrive, disposed in the tasteful order just described.

We have lately witnessed a race on the "Field of Mars," the spot appropriated to such sports and to military parades. It is a vast plain, in front of the military school, and is capable of admitting the evolutions of 10,000 soldiers within its boundaries. These consist of rows of trees and a verdant bank, or a wide wall of turfed earth, which affords a safe and convenient station for the spectators of the scene below. The race road is immediately beneath the bank, and separated from the area of the plain by stone pillars connected with iron chains—beyond these, the carriages and horsemen are ranged. We observed several ladies dashing about on horseback at a fearless rate, and among them the pretty Mrs. W., the Yankee wife of a rich banker. On one side there was a pavillion wherein we procured seats, and the royal family occupied another near it, which had been prepared for them. The little duke of Bordeaux and his youthful sister were in extacies whenever the horses ran by. The chief contention was between a courser of Monsieur Casimir Perrier and one belonging to Lord Seymour. The French steed gained the victory, much to the delight of the populace. But some Englishmen surmised that if Purdy

had been there, matters would have ended differently. I asked Mr. Danville who they meant by Purdy, and he informed me that he is a countryman of ours, who once distinguished himself in America (at the city of New York, I think he said) by mounting a famous horse, *ycleped Eclipse*, and wrestling the palm from Henry, a celebrated racer of the South. At present, I must fulfil my promise of describing to you the “palace of the arts,” anciently termed the college of the four nations, because it was designed by its founder, Cardinal Mazarin, for the reception of pupils from among the four nations subdued by Louis the great.

It is a handsome structure, extending for many yards along the borders of the Seine. Its designation has been changed, and it is now used by the “Royal Academy or Institute,” for their private meetings and general assemblies. This corps of Savans was established in the reign of Louis, and is composed of the élite of the philosophers, artists and literary men of the kingdom. They correspond with the literati of all countries, and have done much in the cause of literature and the arts and sciences. They have ranged themselves into four classes; the first is devoted to the improvement of natural philosophy, chemistry and mathematics, and is denominated the “Academy of Sciences;” the second makes the language and literature of France its care, and is called the “French Academy;” the third applies itself to history and ancient learning, and bears the title of the “Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres;” and the

fourth, the “Academy of the Fine Arts,” is employed on music, painting, sculpture and architecture. The classes meet separately once a week, and hold each general annual association in the months of March, April, July and October; at which times prizes are awarded by the Academy of the Fine Arts, to such as deserve them; who are afterwards permitted to repair to Rome and remain there some years to improve themselves in their vocations, the government paying their expenses. The hall in which the general meetings are held, was formerly a chapel; beneath it Cardinal Mazarin lies buried. The members wore a costume of black and green, and the successful candidates are sometimes crowned with wreaths of laurel. The hall, and several apartments leading to it, are decorated with statues of various distinguished characters,—as Bossuet, Fenelon, Sully, Pascal, Descartes, Rollin, Moliére, and others, whose names are venerated by the learned and good. The post hour has arrived, so farewell to my “bonny Jean”—we shall soon be still farther from you, but *any* where and *every* where I shall still be your devoted sister,

LEONTINE.



THE DEAD BRIDE;  
OR,  
“THE FOUNTAIN OF TREVIL.”

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A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

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In the spring of 18--, two young ladies, attended by their brother, sallied forth from one of the chief hotels in Rome, to view some of its architectural wonders and inhale the balmy air of a glorious morning.

Day, “beautiful day!” shed a golden lustre upon dome, column and spire, each of which seemed rejoicing beneath the brightening influence, as in gleaming grandeur it towered to the skies.

The pedestrians proceeded first to the “Fountain of Trevi,” which is considered the most beautiful and most wholesome in the city. They admired its capacious basin, which is many feet in circumference and several feet deep; its pile of artificial rocks in the centre, and the colossal figure of old Neptune in his car of shells, drawn by sea-horses and guided by Tritons; its emblematical statues and basso-relievos, one of the latter representing the peasant girl who directed some thirsty soldiers to the source of this fountain, (eight miles distant,) from which circumstance it is termed “Aqua Virginia;” and another portraying the valiant Marcus Agrippa, the embellisher of Rome, to whom the ancient city is indebted for the Pantheon, and many of its noblest edifices.

As they stood upon its brink, examining its decorations

and listening to its musical ripplings—"What a charming conception for a fountain!" exclaimed Constantia, the younger sister, whose dark and mirthful eyes, glowing cheeks and dimpled mouth contrasted strongly with the pale and pensive, yet lovely face of Dora, the elder. "All hail to the son-in-law of Augustus, for having had this water conducted to Rome, although it was merely for the selfish purpose of supplying his baths. And more thanks still to Clement the Twelfth, for the ornamental devices and statues he has lavished upon it, thus rendering it so goodly a spectacle for our present benefit! How refreshing just to look upon it and hear its murmurings!"

"Do you remember," said Dora, "Madame de Staél's beautiful description of it in her thrilling novel '*Corinne*'? I should like to come and read it here on the spot some clear moonlight night. Suppose we do?"

"Agreed, thou romantic girl, if Ernest will again be our escort," replied Constantia.

Their brother acceded to the proposition; and they continued their ramble to the Piazza Monte Cavallo, a noble square, pleasantly situated on the Quirinal Hill, and surrounded by magnificent buildings. In the midst of these, rises a lofty Egyptian obelisk of red granite, flanked by two celebrated specimens of antique sculpture, attributed to Phidias and Praxiteles, the majestic figures of Castor and Pollux with their struggling chargers. From these superbly executed coursers, the square derives its name of "*Monte Cavallo*."

After gratifying curiosity and admiration here, they proceeded to the Rospiglio Palace, to see the famous picture of Aurora, or morning personified, by Guido Reni. It is painted in *fresco*, (an art now lost,) on the ceiling of a basement

room, and wonderful is it for beauty of design, coloring and expression !

Another party of English visitors were present, and quite enthusiastic in their encomiums on it, and among them a young lady so intent upon inspecting the picture, that, gazing upwards and walking backwards at the same time, she came suddenly against Constantia, and was near being prostrated. Recovering her balance, she turned to apologize for her rough intrusion on the pretty foot she had pressed, when the owner of it and herself simultaneously ejaculated in joyful surprise—"Why, my dear friend, are *you* here?" At the same moment, Dora and Ernest approaching, affectionate greetings were exchanged between them all ; for who should it be but their friend and former schoolmate, Sophia Elfort, standing so unexpectedly among them ! They had parted the year before in London, and at that time she had no idea of following them to Italy ; but, in the meanwhile, two wealthy relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Mervin, having invited her to accompany them in a tour on the continent, she accepted their kindness, and was thus again united, much sooner than either of the three anticipated, to her favorite associates.

She introduced them to the Mervins, and after spending an hour together in social chat, and promising to meet often, the travellers separated and returned to their respective hotels to breakfast.

We will now retrograde in our story, in order to render it more intelligible to the reader.

Mr. Wentworth, a rich merchant of Bristol, a man of sense and refinement, and of high parentage, was travelling for his health, accompanied by his wife, his two daughters, Dora and Constantia, and his only son Ernest, a chief actor in some of the scenes to be described.

The family had passed the winter in Florence ; but, owing to Mr. Wentworth's indisposition, they lived very retired, with the exception of Ernest, who, becoming intimate with two gay and fashionable young men from England, was often induced to join in their amusements and mingle with the world. After spending many weeks in a round of dissipation, he determined on going to Rome with his new friends and boon companions, Herman and Medway, and there awaited the arrival of his parents and sisters, who purposed remaining a month longer in Florence. They departed with letters of introduction, that soon enabled them to share in the festivities of Rome as they had done in those of Florence, and they joined in the frivolities and mad frolics of the carnival with great zest.

At that time, there resided in the Rue de Ripetta, an Italian gentleman, the Signor Albertini, with his only daughter, the lovely Laura, and his orphan niece, the fair Eudosia, whose father, Mr. Sanford, was an Englishman, and once a resident of Naples, where he married the sister of Albertini. Eudosia was about seven years old when her parents removed to London to take possession of an inheritance bequeathed them by a distant relation. In the course of a few years they also died, and she was left, at the age of thirteen, a wealthy heiress and unprotected. Albertini immediately offered her a home, (his motives, we will not scan,) and she gladly exchanged "the vapors, clouds and storms" of old England, for the bland and sunny clime of her native "Italia," where she soon became the devoted and beloved companion of her beautiful cousin, Laura. Being nearly of the same age, they attended the same schools, and pursued their studies congenially together until womanhood, when,

buoyant with spirits and pleasant anticipations, they entered society.

For poor Laura, these were quickly blighted. The avaricious disposition of her father proved as fatal to her budding hopes and affections, as is the breeze from the baneful upas to the flower upon which it may chance to blow. Talented, and very lovely, she attracted numerous admirers, and among them a rich nobleman, Lord V. She disliked him exceedingly, and avoided and repulsed him on every occasion ; but he was as invulnerable to slight and rudeness, as was Achilles to the weapons of his foes—nay, more so, for the Greek champion *could* be wounded in the heel, but Lord V. was *entirely* callous ; and perceiving that the sordid Albertini favored his suit, he prosecuted it with an ardor which rendered him still more detestable to the object of his passion. Compelled, at length, by her stern and inexorable sire, to listen to the addresses of her tormentor, and consent to sacrifice herself at the shrine of mammon, the timid girl became almost broken-hearted. Eudosia deeply sympathised with her, and vainly strove to soothe and cheer her. Calm and tearless, she moved about, as it were, in a lethargy of grief, and every day the roses faded from her cheek.

Things were in this sad state, when the Duchess of M. gave a ball, and she being the aunt of Lord V., Albertini insisted that his daughter and niece should attend her gala. He was not to be disobeyed, and they did so, though most reluctantly.

Dressed in virgin white, and pale as the snowy wreaths that twined her hair, Laura entered the splendid halls of the Duchess, accompanied by Eudosia and Albertini, who, as he advanced between them, reminded one of a dark and

lowering cloud separating two lovely stars. Having paid their respects to the hostess of the palace, they stationed themselves in a favorable position for viewing the dancers, where we will leave them for the present, and recount what was passing on the opposite side of the ball-room between two young cavaliers, conversing as follows :

" Ernest, did you ever behold a more complete realization, in face and form, of Byron's Zuleika, than that beauteous being now before us ? What a divine creature ! "

" She is, indeed !" replied his companion, involuntarily repeating the lines alluded to, as he gazed upon the unconscious girl to whom his attention was called—upon Laura, who, fair and drooping as a lily—fit emblem of her purity and sweetness—stood leaning on her father's arm.

" Oh, cease your poetizing, Ernest," cried Herman ; " for to me it now seems very prosing, as I am impatient to find out who she is ; and before the revels are over we must form her acquaintance—for she is a goddess at whose shrine I fain would worship : so come along."

" What think you of the blue-eyed sylph on the other side of that scowling old gentleman ? " asked Medway, who had just then approached and heard their remarks.

" Aime les yeux noir si tu ~~voudras~~ *voudras*  
Moi, j'aime les yeux bleu."

" Ah ! well, aid us in our voyage of discovery, and we will not interfere with your choice," was the reply, and the lively trio mingled with the crowd around them.

A few hours afterwards, Medway was dancing with Eudosia, and Ernest and Herman holding " sweet converse" with Laura.

Seated in an alcove, apart from the " busy throng," they

listened to her gentle tones, and, alike entranced by her beauty and intelligence, the friends became rivals. Lord V. witnessed, with jealous and angry feelings, their devotion to his betrothed, and, seeking Albertini, the destiny of poor Laura was soon decided ; for he demanded and obtained the promise of a speedy union.

At a late hour, Albertini returned home with his daughter and niece, and informed them that in one month from that night the proposed nuptials were to be solemnized, as Lord V. would not consent to delay them any longer.

In vain did Laura and Eudosia plead for a respite : it was peremptorily denied ; and oppressed with disappointment and sorrow, they retired to their chamber, not to rest, but to mingle their tears and vain regrets. At early dawn, Laura arose from her sleepless couch, and wrote the following note to her father. Pity that it had not softened his adamantine heart, and changed his stern resolve.

“ Father ! father ! once more I supplicate for mercy. Oh ! grant it to me, I beseech you ! I am almost frantic at the thought of marrying Lord V., that hateful man ! He is odious to me, and a union with him will be more dreadful than the bitterest death ! Father, will you not save me from it ? Would that he had never crossed my path, which he has so strewn with thorns. Father, again I call upon you to save me from him, to rescue me from a fate that will impel me to destruction with a power as irresistible as that which draws the doomed vessel into the maelstrom ! ”

The appeal was useless—her fate was sealed.

We will now return to our three heroes, Ernest, Herman and Medway.

After the departure of the cousins from the ball, they also left it, and repaired to their lodgings, where, before re-

tiring, they talked over the events of the evening. Medway acknowledged himself deeply smitten with the charming “les yeux bleu,” and Herman and Ernest confessed the passion with which the beautiful Laura had inspired them ; but, at the same time, pledged themselves by the sacredness of friendship and fellowship, not to impede each other in the pursuit of her favor, but to be strictly guided in their course by the partiality she might evince for either. Striking hands to this *Pythian* game, they sought their pillows.

The following afternoon they were gallantly mounted, and mixing with the crowd of carriages and horsemen which daily assemble at four o’clock to drive and ride in the “Strada del Corso,” the gayest and most fashionable street in Rome, and so called from the *races* which annually take place in it. In these the horses run without riders, and are covered with leather straps furnished with small iron points, which prick the poor animals at every motion, and, together with the shouts of the spectators, urged them to full speed. It is a cruel sport.

Our adventurers had not proceeded far, ere they descried the objects of their search in an open landau, attended, as usual, by the watchful sire and his chosen son-in-law.

On recognizing Herman and Medway, Laura and Eudosia bowed and blushed, and the shafts of Cupid sank still deeper into the hearts he had already pierced. That night, at the witching hour of twelve, dulcet sounds and melodious voices broke upon the slumbers of the cousins, and from their balcony they listened, and their gentle bosoms responded to the tender strains that were chaunted beneath it.

Again and again were these serenades repeated, and afforded poor Laura the only moments of happiness she enjoyed ; for whenever Eudosia and herself went out, though

they always met Herman and Medway, they could seldom converse with either, as Albertini and Lord V. generally escorted them. But love is as shrewd as it is watchful, and, during the carnival, opportunities had occurred, whereby they had eluded the vigilance of their *male Duennas*, and with the eastern eloquence of flowers, told tales of ardent attachment, and in stolen interviews exchanged vows of eternal fidelity.

And what of poor Ernest? 'Tis time we should speak of him and tell how nobly he acted—how (true to his pledge) he withdrew from the fascinations of Laura as soon as he perceived her predilection for Herman. His parents and sisters arriving in Rome, he devoted himself to *them*; but his saddened aspect and pallid cheek betrayed a secret sorrow within his breast, despite his efforts to conceal it. It was an unquenched and unrequited flame that preyed upon him, baffling his every struggle to subdue it. Lest he should meet with Laura, he kept out of society—lest he should hear her spoken of, (he even dreaded the “magic of a name,”) he avoided his friends, Herman and Medway, and held no intercourse with them for many weeks. During that period, how wretched was the object of his adoration!

Preparations were made for her approaching nuptials, or, more properly speaking, her *immolation*. Rich and rare was the trousseau which the golden coffers of Lord V. provided; and if silks and velvets, lace and jewels, could create felicity, the highest might have been hers—but alas! what avail such gewgaws to the stricken heart! It turns from them in disgust.

“Young ladies, are you ready for our walk to the ‘Fountain of Trevi?’” demanded Ernest, one evening, shortly after the events recounted above. “The moon is shining

brightly, and the heavens without a cloud—if you have found the book, pray let us go."

"Here it is," observed Constantia; "but Sophia Elfort has not arrived, and we cannot proceed without her. What can thus detain her?"

Just then they heard her voice in the corridor, and she entered, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Mervin.

"Well, really, my friend, we quite rejoice to greet you," said Dora. "We began to fear you would not come, as you are generally *so* punctual to your engagements, and it is now long past the hour appointed for assembling."

"Pardon me, dear girls, for thus trying your patience," she replied; "but when you learn the cause of my fault, you will excuse me, I'm sure. Know, then, that as we came by the 'Chiesa del Jesu,' we observed it was illuminated, and entering to see what was going on, we beheld a most touching, painful, yet beautiful spectacle!—the lifeless body of a young and lovely girl, clad in bridal attire, and laid on a bier surrounded by a railing to prevent intruders from approaching too near to the sacred remains. Oh! she was as fair and beauteous as the orange-blossoms that decorated her clay-cold brow! We learned her melancholy history from a bystander, and I will relate it as we sit by the fountain—to do so now, will delay us too long. Come, let us hasten on, for, perhaps, after listening to the sad tale, you will like to repair to the church and gaze upon the dead."

They proceeded—Ernest with a dark presentiment in his mind, which made him shudder, and dread to hear the promised recital.

A month had elapsed since he had received tidings of Herman and Medway, or the family in the Rue di Ripetta,

and what might not have happened in that time!—for “who knoweth what even a day may bring forth!”

The rays of the moon fell softly on the glittering spray of the Fountain of Trevi, as it danced and rippled over the mimic rocks in the centre. Madame de Staél’s pleasing and graphic description of it was read according to agreement, and quite hurriedly too; for both the reader and listeners were impatient for the narration Sophia had promised, and she declined giving it until the object of their visit was accomplished. This done, she began, and Ernest, almost breathless with anxiety, placed himself at her side, leaning for support upon one of the stone pillars which stand upon the brink of the reservoir.

“Our informant,” continued Sophia, “did not know the name of the beautiful corpse; he had only been told that she was the daughter and sole child of a crusty old Italian, whose avarice had compelled her to resign a young and ardent lover, whose affection she reciprocated, and with whom she had vainly tried to elope, and to marry a dissipated old nobleman who was very rich. Yesterday was to have been the wedding day of the ill-matched pair, and a numerous company were bidden to the espousals. They assembled at the appointed hour, and anxiously awaited the descent of the bride from her chamber, where, at her request, her attendants had left her alone a short time previous to that at which the ceremony was to be performed.

“The guests and attendants waited in vain—the hour struck and past—still she came not forth—they sought her apartment, the door was locked within; they knocked, they called—no answer was returned—the door was forced open, and horror-stricken, they beheld her in all her rich attire

and beauty, stretched upon the nuptial couch, and still and cold in death!

"To avoid the hateful union to which she was doomed, she had swallowed a subtle poison, and the too late repentant father was childless!"

As Sophia concluded, a groan, instantly succeeded by a heavy plunge into the deep and spacious basin of the fountain, caused the three girls to start and scream with alarm. Ernest had fainted and fallen in; his sisters and Sophia shrieked for succor, but it was late and the street forsaken, and many minutes elapsed ere help arrived. Alas! when it came it availed not the unhappy youth! Cold and senseless, he was drawn from the water and carried home, followed by the terrified and weeping females. Every effort to restore him proved unavailing: life was extinct, and he was buried in the same vault with the beautiful and lamented Laura Albertini, whose story and wretched fate our readers must doubtless have recognized in the sad recital of Sophia Elfort. On *his* tomb was engraved "Ernest;" on *hers*, "Laura"—nothing more bespoke the place of their rest—naught told of their virtues or their sorrows, save the records of memory in the hearts of their friends. Separated in life, in death they were united.

The anguish of Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth cannot be depicted—neither that of Herman. For weeks he was in a state bordering on frenzy. At length he grew more composed, and consented to return to England with the Wentworths, who, notwithstanding their own griefs, visited him in his affliction as being a "stranger in a strange land," and a chosen friend of their lamented son.

Medway parted from him reluctantly, but remained in Rome to console and wed Eudosia, who was almost distract-

ed at the untimely end of her darling cousin. After some months they were united in wedlock, and with the approval of her uncle, the miserable Albertini, who, agonized and softened by the loss of his lovely daughter, no longer opposed their wishes, and very soon after their marriage, retired to a monastery, where he endeavored, by a life of piety and penance, to obtain that inward peace the world can never give. Let us hope he succeeded. Lord V. wore mourning for his betrothed the usual period dictated by etiquette, and then resumed his pursuits of pleasure in the fashionable coteries of Rome and Florence.

And now for the moral of my story. Parents, take warning by the fatal and painful incident upon which it is founded, and let not a base regard for "filthy lucre," as the Scripture calleth it, induce you to sacrifice the happiness of your sons and daughters at the altar of hymen. Wedlock without love is bad enough; but to share it with one while the heart throbs with devotion for another, is insupportable misery; the mere anticipation of which has probably driven many to self-destruction, like the unfortunate heroine of our tale.

It is finished, save that for the edification of our readers we will add a few lines, to say that when time had alleviated the grief and despair of Herman, he sought further consolation in a union with the gentle Dora, and that previous to this event, Constantia and Sophia bestowed their hearts and hands upon two worthy nephews of Mr. Mervin.



WO AND WEAL;  
OR,  
THE TRANSITIONS OF LIFE.  
A TALE.

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“Man’s yesterday may ne’er be like his morrow;  
Naught may endure, but mutability.”

MRS. M. W. SHELBY.

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Harcourt and Reginald Delacy were twin brothers, and the only children of a brave officer, who was killed at the bombardment of Fort McHenry, near Baltimore, Maryland, during the war of 1812, between the United States and Great Britain.

That “misfortunes rarely come singly,” is as true a proverb as it is common, and this, their first calamity, was quickly followed by a second equally severe, the loss of their mother, whose constitution had been so enfeebled by long declining health, that she sunk under the affliction occasioned by her husband’s untimely death, and, a few months after that melancholy event, her sainted spirit took its flight from earth to rejoin him in a happier sphere.

A sketch of Mrs. Delacy may not be inopportune. She was the daughter of an Irish peer, beautiful, and an heiress, and, as might be expected, received numerous offers of marriage, but rejected all for the sake of him who had gained her young affections before she entered society—her cousin Oswald—the gallant Major whom she wedded.

Her disposition was extremely gay, perhaps too volatile;

but when maternal feelings were developed, they triumphed over every other propensity, and she readily abandoned the haunts of pleasure and devoted herself to her children, and a husband whom she idolized. He being a sensible and religious man, the force of his example caused her to render a lovely character still more lovely, by the additional graces of piety and its attendant virtues, humility and gentleness. Although in her fortieth year, and a prey to blighting sickness, many personal attractions still remained;—a set of delicately chiselled features, a fair skin, and large, lustrous hazel eyes, to which consumption, with that mysterious effect peculiar to *it*, communicated unusual brilliancy, while the softness of her voice, the elegance of her manners, (for she had been bred in the highest circles,) and the conviction, which her fragile appearance instantly produced, that her life was fast waning away, created interest and sympathy in the minds of all who knew her.

A touching and a holy scene did the chamber of that dying mother present, in the agonizing moment of separation from the loved ones of earth!

It was a gloomy November evening, and the wind in fitful gusts shook the closed blinds of the invalid's apartment, but comfort and quiet reigned within. A carpet and curtains of rich crimson, a brisk fire and an astral lamp diffused a cheerful glow around the room, and the atmosphere savoured of an aromatic perfume, from a pastil burning in a miniature castle of gilded porcelain. Near a table, covered with books and implements for drawing, and a tray of oranges and candied fruits, reclined Mrs. Delacy in an easy chair, while Reginald read aloud one of Mrs. Sherwood's excellent volumes, and Harcourt inspected a port folio of engravings. Suddenly, a slight faintness assailed her, and

she requested them to extinguish the pastil and open the door to admit air. They did so, but she grew worse, and they summoned her nurse, who, alarmed at the death-like hue and expression of her face, immediately sent for a physician, and dispatched a messenger for Mr. Fitzgerald, an intimate friend of the family, who resided a few miles off, and had acted as their protector from the period of the Major's death.

They came, and Mrs. Delacy was soon aware of her approaching dissolution ; she was undismayed, for she knew that the beneficent Creator she had served in prosperity would not forsake her in the hour of trouble, and on the threshold of eternity she was calm and collected. Raising her beautiful eyes and hands to heaven, for some minutes she appeared absorbed in fervent supplication; she then embraced and solemnly blessed her weeping sons, as they knelt by her side, and committed them to the guardianship of Mr. Fitzgerald, and the smile of an angel beamed o'er her countenance as she thanked him, the doctor, and nurse, for their kindness, and left affectionate messages for absent friends.

Ere morning, the vigils of love and duty were no longer necessary ; the sufferer was at rest, and the convulsive sobs of the bereaved brothers, the stealthy tread and low whispers of sympathising assistants, and the moaning of the autumn wind, which seemed chanting a requiem for the dead, were the only sounds that fell upon the ear, throughout the mansion of the departed.

“Until the grave shut from our sight it’s  
Victims, there is hope.”

And, although their mother’s increasing palor and debility ought to have prepared them for the “coming wo,” Harcourt and Reginald clung to the fond anticipation of her re-

covery, and their bereavement was a shock that overwhelmed them with despair.

Mr. Fitzgerald was faithful to his trust, and, when the last sad rites of sepulture had been performed over the remains of Mrs. Delacy, he removed his wards, then fifteen years of age, to Cherwell Cottage, his own rustic, but tasteful residence, in the vicinity of Oxford.

Here Mrs. Fitzgerald and her two little daughters greeted them with cordiality, and every thing was done to sooth and content them. Grief has but temporary power over the young ; it may cause them to droop like flowers for awhile, but like flowers will they revive, if bedewed with the waters of consolation and kindness, and thus treated, Harcourt and Reginald by degrees resumed their cheerfulness, and shared in the sports of their blythesome associates, Amanda and Rosa : these little lassies were several years younger than themselves, and as bright and blooming as the roses of Damascus. The income arising from the Delacy property was amply sufficient for the support and education of our young heroes, and, after a sojourn of considerable length at the cottage, they were placed at school, at Eton, in Buckinghamshire, that famous establishment founded by Henry the Sixth, where they continued several years ; in which interim, Harcourt, who was as wild and bold as D'Israelli's "Vivian Grey," headed a row for amusement whenever he had a chance, and was careful not to injure himself by too close an application to Greek and Latin, or the Classics ; Reginald, on the contrary, became their *devotee*. In truth, the patriarchal twins of yore, Jacob and Esau, were not more widely different in appearance, tastes and dispositions, than were these, our pen portrays ; and when qualified for their terms at College, the intellectual

and study-loving Reginald was fain to go, but the enterprising Harcourt insisted upon seeking his fortune in the West Indies. Mr. Fitzgerald remonstrated in vain against the proposal; his objections were over-ruled, and he yielded a reluctant consent.

Harcourt sailed for Cuba, and never trod his native soil again! He vested his property in a successful speculation: this tempted him to try another, then a third, a fourth; each proved fortunate, and in less than five years, he was the proprietor of a large and flourishing plantation, well stocked with negroes and overseers to cultivate it.

Yet, in the midst of this wondrous prosperity and augmenting wealth, he felt as did Damocles, when feasting with the sword suspended over his head; the slow but sure destroyer, withering consumption, which he inherited from his mother, attacked him even in Cuba's southern clime, and, notwithstanding the utmost prudence and care, for life to him was sweet, and he was loth to die, he became its victim ere he attained his twenty-fifth anniversary. He bequeathed his estate to Reginald, whose career had been far happier. Though Fortune had showered no *golden* favours o'er *him*, Love had lavished on him his rosiest smiles. Amanda Fitzgerald, now a beautiful woman of nineteen, had plighted to him her faith, and their nuptials were to be celebrated as soon as he commenced the practice of his profession, the law.

The intelligence of poor Harcourt's decease afflicted him deeply, though accompanied by the information of his rich bequest. Interest required that he should hasten to take possession of it, and he prepared to do so—to leave, for six tedious months, his betrothed! Had the inheritance consisted of Golconda's diamond mines, he would

have thought them well paid for, by the performance of such a pilgrimage. But the dread of evil, like the anticipation of enjoyment, generally exceeds its realization.

The evening appointed for his departure arrived, and he sauntered with Amanda in tender converse on the banks of the Thames at Oxford, where he had graduated, with distinction, the preceding year. A full-orbed moon poured down her silvery rays upon the turrets and buildings of the University, that venerable and illustrious seat of learning, and varied with light and shadow the thickly foliaged trees which reared themselves around. The calmness of the night diffused its influence over the minds of the lovers, and, for awhile, they ceased to speak ; Delacy at length resumed—“my sweet friend,” said he, “think of me when gone, as I shall think of *you*, frequently, fondly, fervently ! Pray for my welfare, as I shall pray for *your's*, and Heaven will surely bless me with a prosperous voyage and a speedy return, to claim this precious hand, and make it mine for ever !” Amanda responded to his affectionate appeal, and promised all he desired.

It was late ere they rejoined the inmates of Cherwell Cottage; and not till long after the College bells had chimed twelve, (which seemed to them a parting knell,) did they separate. The family had retired at an earlier hour, and left them together.

As he bade farewell, Reginald drew from his vest a chain of gold and clasped it round Amanda’s neck—“Dearest, this sacred relic, the gift of my angelic mother ! I leave with thee ; its purity and strength render it a fit emblem of our attachment ; so wear it for my sake, and now I claim the bridal lock you promised to have ready for me.” The boon was given, and he tore himself away.

Amanda accompanied him to the door, and thence gazed upon his receding figure as he traversed the lawn, till, in the depths of the avenue beyond, it was hidden from her view. With an aching heart she sought her chamber, and there yielded to the fulness of its sorrow. "Oh! that I could have been his bride and shared the perils of this voyage!" she exclaimed; "the wide, wide seas will soon roll between us, and I have sad forebodings we shall never meet again." Pressing the chain to her lips, she knelt and prayed for the beloved donor; then threw herself on the couch beside her sleeping sister; but day dawned ere slumber closed her eye-lids.

Her perturbed feelings communicated themselves to her dreams, and in them she beheld Reginald struggling amid the ocean's briny waves, and vainly trying to reach an island, near which the vessel was wrecked—at length, with extended hands, he grasped the shore, when a huge billow enfolded him and he disappeared. She uttered a piteous cry and awoke; the sun was shining through the lattice, and an April shower falling rapidly in large drops, whose loud patterning had probably contributed to the illusion of her stormy dream. Rosa was dressed and the matin bell had rung; so, springing from her bed, with her sister's aid, she was soon ready to descend to the saloon, where the family were at prayers, and as she joined in devotion, she felt her heart relieved of despondency, and full with faith that her lover would be protected and restored to her. Happy those who thus can find solace in communion with a merciful Providence! Amanda now reaped the blessings of a religious education; her parents were strict members of the Protestant Episcopal church, and had brought up their children in accordance with its holiest precepts—had taught them to love, honor, and trust in God!

At present, trace we Delacy in his peregrinations. After quitting Cherwell Cottage, he walked on without venturing a glance upon temptation in the form of the fair being he had left standing in the door-way. Guided by the light of the still presiding moon, he pursued the path to Magdalen bridge, so remarkable for its position and the beauty of its architecture. Spanning both branches of the Cherwell, a considerable portion of it lies over the ground which divides the river. Here he paused to cast a “lingering look” upon the exquisite landscape, and especially upon the poplar and leechen trees which towered in perspective, and sheltered the abode of the beloved one from whom he had just separated—perhaps for ever! The very idea was insupportable, and he hurried away to his lodgings, to try and banish it in the forgetfulness of sleep; but his repose, like Amanda’s, was disturbed and unrefreshing, and when at day-break he entered the stage-coach for London, his feelings were as sombre as the sky above him, then darkened by masses of clouds which ultimately descended in the plentiful shower already mentioned. Soon, however, the sun shone out and a rain-bow arched the heavens; it seemed an omen of good, and with the cheerful villages, verdant hedges and parks, and an exhilarating breeze, revived his spirits and his hopes.

Those who have traveled in “merry old England,” well know the ease and velocity with which its smooth and level roads are glided over by vehicles, public or private; the comfort and neatness of the inns—the smiling physiognomies and obligingness of the land-lords, land-ladies, waiters, and waiting-maids, particularly when the style and appearance of the traveler betokened liberal custom and *sure payment*. Reginald experienced all these, and in due time was

set down at Wright's hotel, near the strand. The following day he made purchases and preparations necessary for his voyage, and wrote a farewell letter to Amanda—the second found him on board of a noble packet ship, with full-spread canvass, moving like a stately swan across the blue waters of the British channel.

Among the passengers were a gentleman and lady from New York, Colonel and Mrs. Danvers, who, with their three daughters, had been making a tour through England and Wales, and spending a winter in London. The trio were lovely looking girls, and Delacy perceiving a strong resemblance between Adelaide, the eldest, and Amanda, often sought her society and paid her marked attention—reading, or playing chess and backgammon, or promenading, when the sea was smooth; they were constantly together. It was a dangerous intimacy for susceptible and sympathetic souls!

For many days the voyagers were favoured with propitious winds and sunny skies; but when within a week's sail of the American coast, the aspect of the heavens suddenly changed, and darkness seemed brooding o'er the vessel, as it rolled heavily from side to side on mountainous waves. Anon, flashes of lurid lightning gleamed upon the deep, accompanied by peals of hoarsest thunder, and white-crested billows dashed in furious tumult over the deck of the struggling ship, washing off all things that had not been securely corded to its masts or bulwarks. The straining and creaking of the timbers, the rattling of the ropes, the cries of the sailors as they dragged down the torn and soaking canvass, in obedience to their captain's orders, issued with a tentorian voice through a speaking trumpet, rendered the scene terrific! Those who have not witnessed a storm at

sea, cannot conceive its sublime horror, and the *awful* fear it excites in the breasts of the timid and inexperienced! Then the dizziness—the qualmishness—the revolting sickness! Oh, 'tis a time of trial! a rigorous test of every mental and bodily nerve!

The female passengers of the “Trident” were frantic with terror. Mrs. Danvers and her younger daughters clung to their father for support and protection, but Adelaide flew to Delacy. “If doomed to be lost, let us perish together,” she exclaimed, and threw herself into his arms, where she remained motionless, almost *breathless*, till the rage and violence of the elements abated, when, recovering her presence of mind, and abashed at this involuntary exhibition of a passion she had hitherto concealed, she broke from him and hastily retreated to her state-room.

Then and thus it was that Delacy discovered his civilities and kindness had been misinterpreted, and had won the heart of his artless companion. The conviction filled him with pain; generous, honorable, and benevolent, he would not allow even vanity to be gratified by so great, so fruitless a sacrifice, on the part of another, complimentary as it was. What course to pursue, he hesitated—to change in his demeanor and treat with reserve and coldness an innocent creature, who evidently adored him, seemed cruel; nay, impossible! and yet to persevere in his attentions would be cherishing a hopeless, and perhaps, a fatal attachment. He thought not of danger to *himself*—Alas! for Amanda! Alas! for woman’s love and man’s fidelity!

After a vast deal of meditation, Reginald determined, as young people generally do in cases of difficulty, to be guided by circumstances, (in other words, their own *impulses*.) and with that *perilous* resolve, instead of disclos-

ing his engagement and restraining his inclinations, he continued his usual intercourse with the bewitching girl, whose blushes and averted looks, when next they met, plainly betrayed her recollection of the inadvertent confession she had made during her alarm. Reginald was equally confused and tremulous with emotion, and his agitation was not lost upon Adelaide—*again* was he misunderstood.

They reached New-York in safety, and more than a month elapsed ere Reginald found a vessel bound for Havana, his destined port, beyond which lay the plantation bequeathed him by his brother. It was a month replete with incidents, which kindled hopes in one fond breast that never were to be realized.

Delacy became domesticated at Col. Danvers', and, strange to say, was unconscious of the spell that drew him there, till a fervent letter from Amanda awakened his sleeping conscience and made him aware that the fascinating American had engrossed, too completely, his time and thoughts, and that the hours spent with her in that luxurious parlor, in a fashionable square, or strolling through Broadway, or accompanying her in parties of pleasure on the water, to Staten Island, Flushing, and other places of amusement, had caused him to neglect the sweet friend who so lamented his absence. Only *once* had he written to her since he landed.

Repentant of his delinquency, he kissed as he refolded the letter, and hastened to answer it; and struck with his injustice towards Adelaide, and the danger and impropriety of his own position, he determined to mention his engagement, and forego the enjoyment of her society during the remainder of his sojourn in the city. He fulfilled his purpose the next evening, and the alternate flush and paleness

of her cheek alone betrayed the pangs his communication occasioned the unhappy girl; for wounded pride and dignity yielded strength and support through the hard trial, and not a reproach, or even a remark, escaped her lips. She quickly changed the conversation to an indifferent topic, and they parted tranquilly; yet *her* heart was almost breaking, and *his* was truly grieved.

He now saw, too late, how imprudent, how *irrational*, his course had been, and the pain of retrospection was only alleviated by the consideration that he had at last done his duty, and by the hope that time and absence would heal the wounds his presence had inflicted.

Fallacious reasoner! little he knew of the depth and durability of woman's tenderness ; the only *sure* conquerors of which, are harshness and neglect—'tis *these* which destroy the *romance* of attachment, and gradually weaken and undermine the *citadel* of strong affection. Time and absence are frail adversaries, when busy memories act as *sentinels* to oppose them.

At the end of a melancholy week, he called to bid the Danvers family a final adieu, and was not surprised at their treating him coldly; nor could he blame them, for he felt that his conduct appeared cruel and ungrateful. Ade-  
laide he did not see—they told him she had gone to visit a relation in Brooklyn. . . . .

Reginald embarked for Havana—he was an enthusiastic admirer of Nature, and but for the gloomy state of his mind, would have luxuriated in the magnificent scene around him, as the vessel scudded before a brisk wind, through the harbor of New-York, on the morning of his departure. He remembered too well, however, with whom he had oft descanted upon the beauties of *that* prospect,

even at that very hour ; when, as then, a brilliant sun-rise gilded the forests of masts which arose from the wharves of the city, and mellowed the green of the hills and shores encircling its bay. As he gazed upon the villas on some of the islands, with their teeming orchards and gardens, he remembered too well with *whom* he had visited their shades and culled their fruits and flowers—and as they entered the “Narrows,” the splendid sea-view occasioned such painful reminiscences as forced him, absolutely *soul-sick*, to descend to his cabin.

It was the fifth day, after leaving New-York, that he was suddenly aroused from a sound nap, at early dawn, by a terrible noise and commotion on deck, mingled with the clashing of swords and discharge of pistols in quick succession ; he leaped from his berth, and hastily dressing, rushed up the gang-way—the next instant he was struck down senseless by a heavy blow from the blunderbuss of one of a pirate band, who had attacked and captured the ill-fated schooner, in which he was a passenger.

How long he remained in this situation he knew not; but when he revived, and feebly raising himself, looked about, an appalling sight presented itself—the vessel’s deck was clotted with blood and strewed with corpses ! She was entirely dismantled, and floated without sail or rudder at the mercy of the waves and winds. The pirates had carried off every article that was valuable, and not a trace of them remained, save the dreadful carnage and devastation they had made ! Reginald reclosed his eyes in horror, but not despair—he inwardly prayed to heaven for protection and relief, and again sunk into unconsciousness. His petition was not in vain—towards evening the gory hulk, with

its ghastly burdens, was espied by the Montezuma, a Spanish merchantman, and was immediately pursued and boarded.

On perceiving that Reginald still breathed, the humane captain had him gently removed to his ship, and used every effort to restore him. The bodies of the slaughtered crew were consigned to the deep, with every mark of respect customary on such solemn occasions—rolled up in hammocks, containing weights to make them sink, they were laid in a row, prayers read over them, a gun fired from the bows of the Montezuma, and then, one after another, the dead were launched into the ocean.

For several days Reginald was unable to rise; he had a severe cut and contusion on his head, and the loss of blood and appetite rendered him weak and pale. With sorrow, too, he discovered that the braid of Amanda's hair, which he wore round his neck, was gone; it was attached to his watch, of which he had been robbed during his swoon.

Captain Laplata, from Cadiz, was bound for Havana, so that our traveller was neither turned from his course nor delayed by his adventure; in one respect it was favorable to his interest; it proved the means of an acquaintance and intimacy with his deliverer, which led, as will be shewn hereafter, to important results.

The worthy Captain once resided in Havana, and was pleased to show him the town and give him much useful information; he also introduced him to several agreeable families, and Reginald was astonished at the degree of luxury and fashion which prevailed among the high classes, and at the magnificence of the churches, and that of many private mansions, where he was entertained in quite a princely style. But being impatient to wind up his business and return to Europe, he soon hired a "*quitaine*," a light carriage pecu-

liar to the country, and proceeded to his plantation, where, in the midst of overseers and a numerous horde of slaves, we shall leave him for the present, and hold intercourse with the other characters of our story.

About four months after Reginald's departure from England, Rosa Fitzgerald, who had matured into as graceful and lovely a woman as her sister, received and accepted the addresses of a young gentleman of fortune and genteel standing, whose father was a Spaniard. Mr. Deltavega married in early life a lady of Liverpool, and became a resident there. He was the head of an extensive mercantile establishment, and had amassed considerable wealth. Having fitted his only son, Francesco, to succeed him, he determined to retire from business, and to begin his future holiday by a visit to Cadiz, his native city. Thither, after the union of Rosa and Francesco, Mrs. Deltavega and the new married couple were to accompany him, and the latter to spend the remainder of the summer in travel before finally settling in Liverpool, to enjoy the sweets of connubial felicity and domestic life.

Amanda had heard but twice from Reginald. His last letter mentioned that he intended to leave New-York immediately for Cuba, and should write, without delay, after reaching it; but he had not done so, and she knew not even where to address him—consequently, all communication between them had ceased, and she was so disturbed and depressed, and her health so evidently impairing from anxiety of mind, that her parents insisted on her joining the party to Spain, promising to forward, without delay, all packages that might arrive for her, while she was absent. She yielded to their wishes, and, after the ordinary routine of calms

and storms, the voyage was accomplished in due time and safety.

They found the city of Cadiz in great commotion—a gang of pirates had been captured and brought into port, and a crowd of soldiers and citizens were conducting them to prison.

The Deltavegas were soon established in comfortable quarters, and warmly greeted by relatives and friends. Time rolled tranquilly on with all save Amanda—tidings from home brought none of her truant lover, and she grew more and more restless and unhappy. She thought he must be *dead*, or *ill*; she could not, *would* not doubt his truth.

In fine weather, Rosa and herself usually walked out of an afternoon; and though not Roman Catholics, they frequently went to the Cathedral at the hour of vespers, to listen to the strains of sacred music which then pealed through its aisles.

One evening, while thus employed—"sister," whispered Amanda, "what tender memories do those sweet and solemn notes revive! tender and painful too—Oh! let us away! they oppress me, and I feel as if some dire calamity was hanging over me. 'Tis folly, I acknowledge, to yield thus to superstition, yet I cannot resist its influence."

And here we would ask, how is it that, between the spirit and the future a mysterious and strange communion *does* sometimes exist, which sways the strongest minds and saddens them with apprehensions of coming ill? It is one of the secrets of nature that cannot be explained.

The sisters quitted the church, and, after a short stroll, returned home. In the parlour, they found father Anselmo, a relation of Mr. Deltavega, sitting with the family, and

giving them an account of the execution of the pirates, which had taken place that morning.

The good old man had been summoned to shrive one of them, and had received from him, as an offering to the virgin, a rich gold watch attached to a braid of auburn hair, and bearing the initials R. D.

The penitent confessed that he had rifled it from the person of a young gentleman who was killed on board of an American vessel, which he and his accomplices had attacked and destroyed nine weeks previous to their own capture.

As he finished speaking, father Anselmo drew forth the watch from the folds of his gown, and, no sooner did Amanda behold it, than she recognized it as Reginald's, and the hair chain as the tress she had bestowed on him at parting. "Now, by that token of death, are my mournful forebodings realized!" cried she, and fainted away; a brain fever ensued, and for a long while her life was in danger.

Poor Rosa hung over her pillow night and day, and listened, with tearful eyes, to her delerious lamentations. She insisted upon substituting her own watch as a votive gift, in lieu of her lover's, and kept *that*, with the chain he had presented her, in her bosom, and often covered each with kisses and tears.

It was a melancholy period; but close attention and careful nursing at length prevailed, and the sufferer began to regain consciousness and health.

Oh! the fallacy of human hopes and earthly happiness! Scarcely six months had elapsed since Amanda's heart beat high with both, and all seemed bright and fair—now, dejected and careworn, to *her* the world appeared shrouded in darkness; and now were *her's*, though yet so young,

thoughts that banished sleep, affections withered in the bud, and sorrowful remembrances !

Change of air and scene was prescribed by her physician, and she accompanied Rosa and her husband in a tour through the South of Spain.

*Our* scene must now change also—'tis done—the curtain again rises, and lo ! the interior of a hovel, in an obscure street of New-York, and on a coarse, but clean bed, a woman lying apparently in the last stage of consumption. Her sunken and heavy eyes brighten, and o'er her pallid cheek a slight flush diffuses itself, as she listens to a youthful female who is sitting beside her, smoothing her path to death with words from 'Holy Writ'; those precious promises therein contained, of mercy and salvation to all who believe and *repent*, that, "though their sins be as scarlet, they shall be made white as snow."

The gentle girl lays down the book, to administer nourishment to her dying charge, and as she turns round, the lovely countenance of Adelaide Danvers is revealed to us. Yes, it is *she* who thus performs the duties of charity, and seeks to assuage her own griefs by alleviating those of her fellow creatures, and to exchange her earthly idol for a Heavenly one ! A blessed balsam for a wounded heart ! and verily she found it so : for, although she could never entirely subdue her hopeless passion, and, therefore, never married, yet was her life, in after years, serene and almost happy, for it was devoted to piety and beneficence.

Again must our curtain fall--again it rises and displays a more familiar scene ; the road to Cherwell cottage, and Reginald moving as rapidly over it as post horses can convey him.

He has arranged his West Indian affairs, re-crossed the

Atlantic, and is hurrying to his affianced bride. The chaise stops at the door—he alights and is about to enter the house, when an exclamation of rapture is heard within, and the next moment his arms encircle his sweet Amanda, who has flown to meet him. The bloom of health is once more on her cheek, and “the smile of contentment and love” in her soft blue eye.

Perhaps our readers will not object to be informed of the occurrences which brought to pass this pleasing termination of what has hitherto been a gloomy tale.

Shortly after the excursion through Spain, which proved less beneficial to the invalid than was anticipated, our old acquaintance, Captain Laplata, returned to Cadiz, and was invited to dine with Mr. Deltavega. In boyhood they were friends, but, since then, had not met before.

When the ladies retired from the dinner table, they remained discoursing over their wine, and the Captain remarked upon the beauty and extreme dejection of Amanda, whereupon Mr. Deltavega related her touching history.

When he concluded, the benevolent seaman replied, “How fortunate, my dear sir, that you have communicated to me these facts! for I can meet them with others which will doubtless act like the elixir of life upon the withering heart of Miss Fitzgerald.”

He then detailed the circumstance of his encounter with the plundered vessel, his discovery and rescue of Reginald, and their subsequent association; and read aloud a letter which he had just received from him, stating that since they parted, he had suffered from a dangerous fever, but was convalescent, and, having satisfactorily completed his business, was on the point of embarking for England, where he

feared some misfortune awaited him, as he had had no reply to any of his letters since leaving New-York.

The delight which this intelligence created, may well be imagined. How to impart it to Amanda in her present nervous state was a difficulty.

Some writers maintain that sudden joy is harder to bear than sudden wo ; and history avers that the messenger who brought to Athens the news of the victory at Marathon, died of extacy the instant after he had told the "glad tidings;" nevertheless, we are doubtful of the theory in question, and opine that the poor fellow's death *might* have been the result of over exertion in his vocation. Be that as it may, it was deemed expedient not to inform Amanda of her lover's continued existence, till Rosa had prepared her for the blissful revelation in the gentlest manner, and an unexpected auxiliary in the form of a dream favored her design.

On entering her sister's chamber (according to her wont) the next morning, she found her sitting by the window, with her head resting on her folded arms. "Dear Amanda, what is the matter?" inquired Rosa; "I hope you are not ill, though I perceive you are paler than usual." "No, my kind Rosa, I am not ill; but surely I bear a charmed life, or could I thus linger in this weary world, a prey to such wretchedness? Oh! Rosa, what a blessed dream was mine last night! Alas! that it was but a dream! Methought that the dead, to whom my fate is linked, was restored to life—that he had been saved from shipwreck, and borne to a beautiful and fertile island; that we were sailing hence for England, and stopped at this island to procure water and fruits; there we discovered him, and, amazed and transported, I uttered a scream which aroused me, and I awoke to bitter disappointment and vain regret."

Rosa listened in mute astonishment ; she was not superstitious, yet the remarkable coincidence of the dream with the events she had to disclose, made her almost believe that Providence had sent the vision to prepare her sister's mind for the happiness that was in store for her.

Tenderly putting aside the ringlets which clustered round her brow, and looking earnestly and somewhat archly in her face, she said, "suppose, Amanda, that this extatic dream should be realized, could you support the transition from wo to weal, from misery to gladness?" Amanda started, and, regarding her intently, was struck with the expression of her countenance ; "Rosa, Rosa," she exclaimed, "what *do* your words and manner imply? Rosa, you would not, you *could* not venture to trifle with feelings so sacred as mine!" Rosa was silent ; but drew from her pocket Reginald's letter to Captain Laplata, unfolded and placed it in her sister's hand. With convulsive grasp and throbbing heart she seized it, read it, and, throwing herself upon her knee, poured forth thanks to Heaven for its mercy. Then, completely overcome, she wept and sobbed aloud.

When this burst of feeling was past, relieved by it, she became more composed, and Rosa called in her husband and his parents, who added their congratulations to her's.

The embarkation of the happy party for England speedily ensued, and they arrived at Cherwell cottage just a week before Delacy made his appearance there, as above described.

Satisfactory explanations soon took place between the re-united lovers. Reginald had written several times ; but there being no regular mail to Havana from his plantation, which was situated far in the interior, his letters had, doubt-

less, miscarried. Illness, too, had prevented his writing for a long while.

The *episode* of Adelaide Danvers, he did not dare to touch upon; nor ever could, till long after he was a married man, and had heard of her well-doing and prosperity. Amanda's excuses we need not detail, as they are already known to our readers. . . . . . . . . .

A merry wedding at Mr. Fitzgerald's added its festivities to those of Christmas, in the month of December succeeding these events. The names of the bride and bridegroom may easily be surmised; and a handsome couple they were, as they stood before the clergyman to be joined in holy wedlock: *she* in her white crape and roses; *he* in his blue coat and snowy vest; *her* sole ornament, a rich gold chain; *his*, a watch fastened to a braid of glossy hair—which same valuables were carefully preserved and bequeathed to their descendants, with an interesting legend concerning them.

And now, as “all’s well that ends well,” we trust our story, with its happy denouement, will prove satisfactory to those who may chance to peruse it; and concluding, after the manner of a celebrated author, we bid them a friendly adieu.

## ILIA, THE HIGH PRIESTESS.

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The *principal* events of this story are historical; the rest is fiction, and the character of Brennus has been moulded to suit the writer's fancy.

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The day was resplendent with sunshine, and the streets of Rome were thronged with a gay and busy crowd. From the balconies and windows of the houses, hung draperies of yellow or crimson silk, bright colored carpets and festoons of flowers; each decoration more or less costly, simple or gaudy, according to the means and tastes of the inmates.

It was the anniversary of the "Vestalia," or "Feast of Vesta," and was to be celebrated with the magnificence and banquetings usual on such occasions.

At the head of a band of virgins, clad in snow-white vests and flowing mantles of purple hue, walked Ilia, their high priestess, whose gentle dignity and supreme beauty riveted the admiration of many spectators. Her dress was like that of her companions, save a circlet of gold which graced her brow and reflected the sun's rays as they shone upon it, radiating them like the mystic glory round the crown of a saint. In her hands she bore a richly embossed silver urn, wreathed with ivy, and containing an offering to her goddess. She was preceded by a lictor, carrying the Roman fasces.

The office of *Vestal* was very ancient, and is supposed to have been instituted by Eneas, King of Troy. Ilia, the mother of Romulus and Remus, held it for a time, but, violating her vestal oath, she was doomed to be buried alive.'

Ilia, the high priestess of our story, was called after the maternal parent of the royal twins, and early dedicated to the service of the temple. At ten years old, her faultless face and form attracted the notice of the high priest whose duty it was to supply vacancies in the vestal train ; and he induced her parents to consecrate her to that holy vocation. Being poor, and having other children, they were glad thus to provide for their little daughter, and to promote her, as they thought, to honor and happiness ; for in those days it was considered a blessing for any young girl if she could obtain admittance into the corps of Vesta's virgins, their privileges were so great. Every luxury was furnished them at the public expense, and they were treated with the utmost deference when and wherever they appeared; and as above described, a lictor, bearing the Roman fasces, or *consuls' rods*, always marched before them : the consuls themselves, as well as the people, reverentially made way for them as they passed along. If they met a criminal going to execution, they had the power of pardoning him, provided the meeting was *accidental* ; and in trials, their word was deemed sufficient, without an oath to confirm it—indeed they were frequently appointed to act as arbiters in cases of difficulty or doubt.

Behind the band of virgins came another, formed of the chief ladies of Rome. They were also clothed in white, and proceeded with downcast eyes, and uncovered heads and feet, slowly threading the streets of the city leading to the Fane they sought. On reaching it, the procession stopped ; the solemn music, which had sounded from various instruments in rich accord during its progress, ceased ; the flower-scattering multitude separated, and in silence looked on. Ilia ascended the steps of the temple, and entered its lofty

portal ; two and two her vestals followed, and for some minutes prostrated themselves before the altar where flickered the sacred flame ; then, as if impelled by one intuitive feeling, the fair worshippers arose, and Ilia, in accents sweet and clear, chanted the invocation and deposited the costly gift upon the shrine. An anthem, sung by melodious voices in full concert, and the burning of incense, concluded the ceremonies ; after which the crowd quickly dispersed, and the vestals repaired to a sumptuous feast that awaited them, where the beautiful Ilia presided, and innocent hilarily prevailed. But it was of short duration—fleeting as the brightness of a summer sky, when suddenly obscured by a storm-brewing thunder cloud. The banquet was not half over, when an attendant, pale with affright, entered the hall and proclaimed that the sacred fire they had left upon the altar was extinguished. Immediately, consternation and horror succeeded pleasure and mirth. The fair revellers rushed frantically forth ; the populace joined them on their way, and lamentations and cries of “to the Temple, to the Temple !” rent the air ; for the extinction of the holy fire was regarded as a sure prognostic of calamity to the state, and always created dismay among all ranks of the Roman people.

Prayers and libations were offered to Jupitor Pistor, and the sacred flame rekindled with rays from the sun, by means of glasses kept for the purpose, and all was again outwardly tranquil. But gloomy forebodings continued to disturb the minds of many, and, ere the year had run its course, were but too fully realized. The *close of that year* saw Rome in the power of her enemies ; her temples and palaces in ashes, and her inhabitants blockaded in the capitol, where

they had taken refuge, and fortified themselves within its ramparts.

At the period about which we are writing, the north of Italy was peopled by hordes of that fierce and gigantic race, the Gauls, headed by a bold chieftain, Brennus, whose success in war had spread alarm through the country. He was assaulting Clusium, the capitol of Etruria ; but, incensed at the conduct of some Roman ambassadors, he abandoned the siege of that city and led his army to Rome. On his way he encountered the Roman legions by the river Allia, and a battle ensued, in which, as usual, he was victorious. The news of this battle and its results were soon carried to Rome by fugitives from the scene of carnage ; and as the Gauls, whom conquest had rendered careless, loitered to plunder the camp of their adversaries and divide their booty, many of the Romans had time to save themselves by flight, and others to secure themselves in the citadel and prepare for resistance.

The vestals concealed under ground most of the sacred utensils in their charge, and fled with the remainder and the holy fire to the town of Cœre, which they reached in safety after much exertion and fatigue—all save Ilia. Seized with sudden illness, she was compelled to crave shelter in a shepherd's hut, where her companions left her. They would have remained to share her danger, but she urged them on. "Fly, fly, my beloved friends," she cried ; "be faithful to your solemn trust, and leave me to the fate the gods may destine for me. Preserve the sacred fire from the touch of the profane, and stay not your efforts till you have placed it in security." Accustomed to obey her mandates, they hastened away.

The kind shepherd and his wife rendered her all the

assistance in their power, and provided her with a pallet of dried leaves in a small back room, the only retired spot their habitation afforded. In a few days she recovered sufficiently to arise and partake of their frugal repasts of brown bread and goats' milk. At one of these, she thus addressed them : “ My kind hosts, as soon as my strength permits, I shall leave you, to rejoin my companions at Cœre, and shall probably never see you again ; but never will I forget your generous care and hospitality, and my prayers shall daily ascend to the gods for blessings on you, and rest assured that they will reward you for having succored and protected one whose life is consecrated to their service.”

She had scarcely uttered these words, when a strain of martial music was heard, and, on looking out, they beheld a part of the Gaulic army advancing. They were all both shocked and terrified ; yet there was no occasion for fear. Brennus, in his march to Rome, did not molest the quiet inhabitants of the country, saying that he had no cause for anger against *them* ; that to chastise the Romans for their insolence to him, through their ambassadors, was alone his object : so, as corps after corps passed orderly along, the trembling inmates of the cabin felt their courage revive.

The army was still moving by, tramp, tramp, tramp, when a warrior knocked at the door of the hut : it was opened to him, and he asked for a wrapping for his hand, which was wounded and bleeding profusely, though the gash was not a fresh one ; but an accident had re-opened it and rendered it very painful. With the usual benevolence of woman, Ilia instantly tore off a portion of her tunic, and with it bandaged the wound ; and as she twined the strip of muslin round and round it, the warrior was struck with her uncommon beauty, and gazed upon her, entranced ; and

his admiration was mingled with wonder, at seeing so radiant a being the inhabitant of so mean an abode.

After the humane task was completed, he thanked her and said : “ Beautiful maiden ! in return for thy great kindness and condescension, is there no service I can render unto thee? no boon which thou wouldest demand of Brennus, whose heart beats with gratitude for thy ready and benevolent aid, and yields due homage to thy surpassing charms ? ”

Ilia blushed, and with downcast eyes replied : “ Noble chieftain ! much thou over-ratest the small assistance I have been able to afford thee in thy need : none but the most unpitying would have refused it to a fellow creature : yet will I accept the gracious offer thou makest to repay the deed. Behold, before thee, the high priestess of Vesta, whom sudden illness has separated from her companions in their flight from Rome to Cœre, whither they have gone for refuge from the fearful numbers thou art leading on. Grant me a safe conduct to them ; and when with thy victorious bands thou hast taken possession of our fallen city, spare, oh spare, for Ilia’s sake, the shrine and temple of her virgin goddess ! ” The request was readily granted ; “ but first, fair lady,” said the chief, “ thou must accompany me to Rome, where I pledge to thee mine honor that thou shalt be treated with every respect and consideration, and that, when I have seen my followers there encamped, I myself will escort thee in safety to Cœre.”

A mysterious influence impelled Ilia to consent, and a litter was formed, in which she placed herself—first having taken a grateful and affectionate leave of the good old couple who had so befriended her. The litter was borne along on the shoulders of four stalwart soldiers ; and their commander walked by its side, watching over the lovely burthen it

contained, with all the care of a lover: for lo! the proud conqueror of the Roman legions had become an easy captive to Love's bewitching power, and it was this sudden infatuation that instigated him to carry Ilia to Rome before taking her to Cære, hoping, by a course of devoted attentions, to win her heart. Oh, Beauty, how potent is thy sway! and yet, oh Beauty, how frail thou art! Alas! for Ilia: little recked *she* of the fascinations of magnanimity and valor, combined with the most flattering and winning devotion, and such did Brennus employ to gain her affections. Placed in a gorgeous tent, and supplied with every luxury the times afforded, she was daily visited by him, and always treated with the most tender respect. Unconsciously her heart became enthralled, and by degrees she not only ceased to urge the fulfilment of his promise, but lent a willing ear to the confession of his passion. Soon she madly returned it; consented to be his bride, and they were joined in wedlock. Thus, like the illustrious matron whose name she bore, she broke her vestal oath; and by the laws of the state, forfeited her life, and, what was worse, by those of conscience, her self-esteem. Still, Brennus played the husband's part so kindly, that for a while she experienced a degree of happiness unknown to her before; yet remorse soon blighted it, and rendered her miserable and fearful. Often, when the veil of night had fallen, and she slumbered on her pillow by his side, dark dreams would disturb her repose, and, starting wildly, she would exclaim: "Brennus, my husband, save me! save me! the avengers of my perfidy are near; the executors of Vesta's wrath are kindling a funeral pile for me, her traitorous priestess!" Then would the chieftain awake and sooth his beloved to sleep again, as does a fond mother her offspring.

Months elapsed, and the wasted form and pallid cheek of Ilia plainly indicated the harassing conflicts of her mind. At length she could bear them no longer—Rome lay in ashes before her, and daily she heard the discussion of plans for effecting the conquest and destruction of the capitol, which still resisted the assaults of the Gauls. Her beloved temple, with its desecrated shrine, was a heap of ruins: notwithstanding the strict orders of Brennus that it should be preserved, as he had promised her, it was destroyed in the conflagration that consumed nearly the whole of the city. Pondering over these disastrous events one morning as she sat alone, dejected and care-worn, an irrepressible desire, a high resolve, took possession of her soul—it was to expiate her crime by the sacrifice of her passion and the idol which had occasioned it—to fly from Brennus and retire into the bosom of her family, to spend the remainder of her life in penitence and prayer. Falling on her knees and clasping her beauteous hands, she ardently implored the forgiveness and assistance of the deity she had offended, and just as she had finished her supplication, a dazzling sun-beam burst through a cloud that had, till then, obscured the heavens: regarding this as an omen that her petition was favorably received, she arose with a lighter heart and prepared to meet her husband, whose well known step she heard approaching. By a violent effort she stifled her emotion and received him with her usual affectionate greeting, though at sight of him her spirit again sunk within her, under the consciousness of the agonizing course she had determined to pursue.

Brennus, himself, was gloomy, having just returned from an unsuccessful attack upon the town of Ardea, which was defended by the celebrated Roman General and Dictator,

Camillus ; for the Gauls were so long encamped within and around the walls of Rome, that they grew tired of being stationary, and in separate hordes made frequent incursions on the neighboring states. Poor Ilia, perceiving Brennus thus melancholy, cast self aside and endeavoured to cheer him ; yet, though distressed for *him*, she could not but rejoice at the escape and safety of those who were of her own nation ; and it was such contending and exciting sensations as these, not unfrequently called forth, which combined with the reproofs of conscience in embittering her existence, and imperceptibly loosening the cords of life.

Several weeks had passed since the foregoing occurrence; the night was dark and boisterous, and the wind, in fitful and violent gusts, swayed the branches of the largest trees as if they had been mere saplings. On the banks of the Tyber, not far from the walls of Rome, stood an isolated building of brick ; it was moss-grown, and apparently the remnant of a strong tower which had been erected for some defensive purpose in former times. This edifice had long been the habitation of the bat and the owl ; but on this stormy evening its inmates were two girls and a youth, in the guise of minstrels. A fire blazed in the long forsaken hearth, and as the heat from the faggots ascended the capacious chimney, the ill-omened birds of night fluttered from their scorching nests. The noise blanched the cheeks of the maidens, and they pressed closer to their protector ; but soon discovering the cause of it, their alarm subsided.

Marcia and Lucia, the sisters of Ilia, and Fabius, her youngest brother, were they who thus sought shelter from the tempest ; while around them, in the gloom, lights twinkled from the tents of the Gauls, and the hoarse voices

of the sentinels could be distinguished in the transient pauses of the storm.

The party arranged themselves as comfortably as their dreary abode allowed—dispelling its chilling damps by keeping up a large fire with liberal supplies of wood, which Fabius had gathered on their arrival, before the rain began. A log sufficed for a seat, and, luckily for them, some one had deposited in a corner of the tower, a quantity of clean straw, probably for forage, of which they formed a bed, and covering themselves with their cloaks, fatigue soon acted upon them like a soporific, and they slept soundly till dawn.

The elements expended their fury during the night, and the sun rose bright and clear. Fabius was the first to awake, and while his sisters continued to repose, he revived the dying embers on the hearth, and adding more faggots, kindled a cheering flame; he then aroused them, and opening a small wallet of provisions, they partook of a plentiful breakfast and proceeded on their way.

“Who goes there?” demanded a sentinel as they sauntered by. “Three wandering minstrels, who would fain seek employment in Rome,” was their response; and in this manner they were repeatedly hailed, yet permitted to advance, until they reached one of the gates of the city, where the surly guards refused them entrance. “Avaunt! ye baggage,” they cried, “we want none of your whining here!” and thus coarsely repulsed, they retreated.

“Well!” exclaimed Marcia, “this is a rebuff I little anticipated—I thought minstrelsy was welcomed *every* where.”

“So it generally is,” answered Fabius. “but these horri-

ble barbarians have no relish for any thing tender or refined."

"Perhaps," observed Lucia, "one of our glees will soften their gruff nature, and serve as a charm to get us in; at least let us try the experiment." So they joined in a trio, seating themselves on the turf, and accompanying their voices with their guitars. It proved a happy thought of Lucia's; for, while they were singing, the Porta Capena was thrown open to permit the passage of a cortege, in the midst of which was the chief of the Gauls. Ever on the alert to promote the enjoyment of Ilia, his ear no sooner caught the sweet sounds that were flowing from the lips and instruments of the peasants, than he stopped and dispatched one of his train to bring them to him.

"Minstrels," said the messenger, "Brennus, our commander, desires your approach."

On hearing that dreaded name, the maidens instantly arose, and, with mingled hope and trepidation, followed their brother, who gladly obeyed the behest. The warrior, after asking them a few questions, which Fabius answered, ordered them to join his retinue and follow him. The cortege halted in front of a lofty tent, surmounted by a crown and guarded by two sentinels, slowly pacing their rounds. Brennus entered it alone, and in a few minutes the minstrels were summoned again to his presence. They were astonished at the splendor they beheld within; the interior was festooned with hangings of scarlet damask, edged with broad silver fringes; couches and smaller seats were placed around, decorated in like manner; and there were marble tables bearing candelabras of massive gold, and richly sculptured vases and urns, of Etruscan shape, in many of which bloomed the choicest flowers, that filled

the air with pleasant odors. Beneath a magnificent canopy sat Brennus and a beautiful lady, in whom, to their utter amazement, they recognized their sister, although she no longer wore the sacerdotal dress they had been accustomed to see her in, on festal occasions, in days gone by. The simple white vest and tunic, once emblematical of her truth and holiness, were exchanged for a mantle of blue velvet and a boddice ornamented with pearls and brilliants; a bandeau of these also adorned her hair, which was looped up behind with a large gold bodkin, sparkling with diamonds. Two female attendants waited near her. She looked, if possible, more lovely than ever, though very pale and very sad, except, now and then, when addressing her husband, her countenance would be radiant with a smile of affection; a gleam of pleasure as evanescent as bright. Ilia had not seen her sisters and brother since they were children: it was, therefore, not surprising that she did not know them when they so unexpectedly stood before her, greatly altered in stature and face. *They* remembered *her*, because they had often gazed on her with admiration and pride while she was officiating as High Priestess in the Temple, totally unaware of their being among those who were present.

Subsequently their father had removed his family to a cottage in the Appenines, where he cultivated a vineyard, and his wife plied the spindle and shuttle for support, assisted by their children. There a vague report had reached them, that Ilia was a captive in the Gaulic camp; and Lucius Albinus, a plebeian, who had overtaken the vestals, after their parting with her, on the road to Cœre, and charitably given them seats in the wagon in which he was transporting his own family from the enemy, confirmed the startling

intelligence, by relating the circumstances of her being seized with sudden illness and left behind in the shepherd's cot. The news deeply afflicted her parents ; and the good old Turnus, her father, unable to attempt the journey himself, resolved to send his two remaining daughters and his youngest son, who, during the summer seasons, perambulated the country as minstrels, to supplicate Brennus for her release from bondage. " Go, my children," said he to them, " and be of good courage—a father's blessing attends you ; and may the gods grant you their protection, and aid you to accomplish your pious design. Should you succeed in finding your unfortunate sister, then seek Brennus, and appeal to *him* for her deliverance ; in him valour and clemency, we hear, are united, and if so, surely he will listen to your prayers. Alas ! alas ! perhaps (oh ! torturing thought !) our darling Ilia, once so highly blest and honored, is now the victim of insult and cruelty."

The travellers departed, and had toiled over a weary distance, on the night they reached the lonely tower, when the storm suddenly arose and compelled them to take shelter within it till morning, when they hoped to gain admittance into Rome, and information respecting Ilia and an interview with Brennus. We have seen how Fortune favoured their plans, and threw them in his way. On entering the royal tent and discovering their sister, their first impulse was to rush to her arms and make themselves known ; but a natural timidity, in the presence of the chieftain, restrained the maidens, while feelings of a very different nature influenced the youth.

After playing a variety of Italian songs and tunes, they were liberally rewarded and dismissed, with directions to return again on the morrow. A subaltern conducted them

to the quarters allotted to them by the orders of Brennus ; and when he had left them, Lucia exclaimed, “ Why so moody, brother Fabius, when there is such cause for rejoicing at the success of our errand ? And then (only to think of it ! !) to have found our sweet sister no captive, as we anticipated, but enjoying all the honors of a Queen ! ”

“ I cannot believe they afford her *enjoyment*, ” answered Marcia, “ for the whole time we were playing, her face was the picture of wo ; and did you not observe how often her eyes were suffused with tears ? ”

“ She *deserves* to be unhappy, ” cried Fabius indignantly ; “ *I* feel no pity for her. Were she an unwilling prisoner in the power of the hated conqueror of our people, I would gladly yield my life for her rescue ; but to behold what she *is*, and to remember what she *was*, what she has forsaken, and for *whom*, excites my contempt for her, and increases my detestation of her destroyer ! ”

This sudden outbreak of passion overwhelmed the young girls with astonishment. Fabius was assuming quite a new character ; and he, a mere stripling, who was ever before thought gentle almost to effeminacy, now exhibited a degree of violence that alarmed them. The truth was, the latent pride and patriotism of his bosom were aroused at finding his sister, as he *thought*, a renegade from her faith, and the wife of her country’s foe ; and from that moment he determined, by some means, to separate them. In vain, that night, he courted sleep—rest, he could not ; so leaving his couch, he walked out to inhale the fresh air. A faint breeze was stirring, and the myriads of white tents glimmering in the star-light, looked like so many massive sepulchres.

While meditating on the subject that annoyed his mind,

he descried a light issuing from the royal pavilion, and the forms of two warriors, who appeared in earnest converse, and slowly moved towards the spot where he stood. As they advanced he screened himself from view, behind a large tree over-hanging their path, and heard enough of their discourse to feel assured that there was to be a secret attack made on the capitol ere morning.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Fabius bitterly to himself, "the gods favor my revenge, and furnish me with the means of carrying it into execution. To the Tarpeian rock will I hasten, and climb again the steep and tortuous path I once ascended in my boyhood, to prove my courage to the youngsters who were with me, and dared me to the feat. 'Tis known to few, and now shall avail me to mount the dizzy height once more, and give warning to my countrymen of the wily purpose of our foes."

Thither he quickly turned his steps, but to his amazement and agony he found he was too late! The Gauls were already tugging up the very path he sought. On, on, they mounted, clinging to whatever shrub, or projecting stone, or crag, they could lay hold of. Oh! horror!—the foremost of them gain the top! They are on the ramparts, and about to slay the faithless, sleeping guards; when, wonder of wonders! a flock of half-starved geese, kept near Juno's temple, utter shrill cries, arouse the drowsy watch, and defeat the bold project of the invaders! The intrepid Consul, Manlius, with other brave Romans, flies to the rescue—the Gauls are beaten headlong down the precipice, and the capitol is saved.

In the midst of the tumult and slaughter Fabius was hurrying back to his sisters, when the sight of a group of figures bearing a lifeless form, which he but too plainly re-

cognized, transfixed him with grief and horror. It was that of Ilia! Awakened from slumber by the noise and commotion in the camp, (for Brennus had kept the intended attack a secret from her,) and missing her husband from her side, she sprung up and ran wildly from her tent, calling piteously upon him, and followed by her affrighted attendants, who in vain endeavoured to calm her agitation. A soldier met them and informed them that Brennus was killed; he was mistaken, the chieftain was unscathed, but the shock proved too great for her shattered nerves—she fell to the earth and expired!

Thus ended the short and sad career of the beautiful High Priestess; she was but nineteen. With sorrowing hearts the minstrels returned to their distant mountain home, and imparted to their family the mournful tidings—yet not before the expulsion of the bereaved and unhappy Brennus and his army by Camillus, who became the restorer of Rome and the deliverer of his country.

## REMINISCENCES OF A TRAVELLER.

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### NUMBER I.

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“What a delightful day for roving!” I exclaimed, on opening my eyes one brilliant morning, and beholding the golden sun-beams illuminating our pleasant room. “Awake, awake, Ismelda, my sweet companion, and let’s be going.” We were quickly dressed, and on our way with a party of friends to the villa Doria-Pamphili. Oh, the exhilarating month of October! how we enjoyed our walk, and greeted with lightsome hearts the flowers and breezes which regaled us at every step. (Breezes which *re-galed* us—a tolerable pun; but, really, I did not intend to make one.)

We soon reached the villa, for it is but three-fourths of a mile from Rome. Its grounds are extensive and magnificent, and peculiarly interesting from the numbers of ancient tombs, inscriptions and statues scattered about; above all, from some excavated catacombs within its precincts. Surrounding every apartment of these catacombs, are rows of small arches, each of which encloses a cinerary urn in a *perfect* state, although centuries have elapsed since it was deposited in its sombre niche. As we surveyed these memorable antiquities, that solemn fiat—“Dust thou art, and to dust thou shalt return”—came forcibly to mind; for here the good, the brave, the beautiful, the proud, the wicked, reduced to heaps of earth, painfully illustrate its power and truth. I thought, too, of the probable struggles of many of

them for that alluring and deceiving meteor, worldly fame ! What availed their efforts ? Here, unknown, repose their ashes, while their virtues or their crimes, their very names, like their frail bodies, are buried in oblivion. Happy those whose wishes soared beyond these mortal scenes, and sought a surer friend in Heaven !

My ruminations were interrupted by a summons to share the rural breakfast of fruit, milk and biscuit, with which we had provided ourselves. On this luxurious domain are artificial cascades and grottoes, fountains of every description, an amphitheatre, and a superb lake. Seated on its borders, we partook of our repast, and, in defiance of sentiment and romance, did it ample justice—thanks to our early promenade and Italian zephyrs ! Vegetation prospers long in so bland a climate ; and on the 9th of October, 1827, we rambled through verdant thickets, and tripped over turf enamelled with flowers !

While we were in the amphitheatre, an old man, who acted as cicerone, slipped, unperceived by us, into a closet, behind a marble figure representing a shepherd blowing his flute, and turned a wheel ; immediately (as if the statue of Memnon had been transported from Egypt) dulcet sounds issued from that before us, accompanied by the murmur of a hundred little water spouts which sprung from the ground like magic, played while the music continued, and with it gradually melted away.

Among the various inhabitants of the poultry yard were snow-white pea-fowls. They were not comparable in beauty of plumage to those of the usual colors, but they strutted about with quite as much vanity. Two buildings, in the form of a miniature temple and tower, afford shelter to them and their feathery companions when necessary.

The interior of the villa does not correspond with the decorations without. We were surprised at its plainness, its coarse brick floors and faded, ordinary furniture. Some ancient chandeliers, however, were remarkable, and we admired several of its numerous old paintings and mutilated statues. From the roof we enjoyed a fine view of Rome and its environs, and quite feasted our eyes upon an adjoining grove of stately pines : they told of " dear native home." The villa occupies the site of the Emperor Galba's gardens, and was constructed in the sixteenth century for Prince Pamphili, by Alexander Algardi, a distinguished architect and sculptor of Bologna.

The present princess Doria is a beautiful creature, of majestic mien, and noted for her charity and religious zeal. During the celebration of the holy week, we witnessed the washing of the pilgrims in the establishment appropriated to the females ; and *there* we saw her bending over a pail of water and bathing the feet of an aged crone, with the humility of a Magdalen. She is exceedingly popular, and proves how lovely piety is in woman. It is carried to superstitious excess by both sexes in Italy. Shrines, dedicated to the virgin Mary, adorn every road-side, and are seldom destitute of votaries kneeling before them, " telling their beads," and imploring her protection and favor ; to conciliate which, and to evince their devotion, even the poverty-stricken will spend their last mite in purchasing a chaplet of flowers or a waxen heart for her brow or bosom.

Protestants often smile at what *they* term *Roman Catholic* credulity ; yet it is a blessed thing to possess such ardor and faith as we daily observed among the lowest ranks, producing content and cheerfulness, although common sense and industry were the consequent sacrifice ; and that such

was not *always* the result, the following incident will prove. I learnt it from Mrs. ——, and detail it, as nearly as I can, in her own words :

“ While travelling through Tuscany, we were attracted, one day, by the interesting appearance of a young peasant, who diligently whirled her spindle as she presided over a flock of goats. Her garments were coarse and much worn, but ‘clean’; and the countenance of the blooming girl so intelligent and prepossessing, that we were induced to bestow on her a trifle, and enquire about her parentage and situation. ‘They call me Teresa,’ she replied; ‘and the madonna takes care of me, for I have neither father nor mother. They died while I was an infant; and I do not even know what were their names. A poor woman had charge of me, but she treated me cruelly; and as soon as I was old enough to work, I ran away from her. In my distress, I prayed fervently to the madonna; she heard me, and moved the heart of a lady to have pity on my forlorn condition, and give me a home and employment. I still live with her, for she is a good mistress—gives me plenty of bread and grapes to eat, and never beats me. At night I sleep in her barn, and in the day I tend her goats and spin flax.’ After hearing this recital, we offered her more money: she was in raptures—kissed our hands as we cast it into her apron, and exclaimed, ‘never did I expect to be so rich! Now, I can buy a crown for the madonna, and go to mass and pray for blessings on my generous benefactresses.’ Happy Teresa! The madonna did not forsake her. Years afterwards, we met her in the same neighbourhood, neatly dressed and the picture of contentment and health.”

Our visit to the crater of Vesuvius proved less fatiguing than we anticipated. After an early breakfast, one morning in 18—, we proceeded from Naples to Portici, (four miles distant,) in carriages, and there devoted an hour to Herculaneum. Immediately over this buried city stand the villages of Portici and Resina; and to ensure their safety, by strengthening their foundations, the excavations beneath them have been so filled up, that only a very limited space remains to explore; and an extensive theatre is the sole building left exposed, to gratify modern research or curiosity. Of this, the stage, orchestra and seats are of stone, and in full preservation. In one of the lobbies we plainly discerned, on the hardened lava, an impression of the lips, nose and eyes of a face, probably that of some statue. To enter this nether region, we traversed the cellar of a house, and passing through a low door-way within it, followed a winding and narrow passage, which descended gradually into the earth and terminated in the vestibule of the theatre. Our waxen torches cast a yellow glare over every countenance, and added to the solemnity of the scene—it was something like the procession of ghosts in “Macbeth.” Danger, too, seemed impending, as we listened to the thundering roll of carriages in the streets above our heads; so that we were fain to finish our tour of inspection as expeditiously as possible, and to return to sun-shine and our inn. There, both annoyance and amusement awaited us—at least a dozen stout Lazzaroni greeted our approach—each had a donkey saddled and bridled, which he urged us to take to convey us to Vesuvius, and loudly proclaimed

its merits and the excellence of its gear, at the same time decrying the property of his comrades. "Oh," said one, "mine is the strongest, the swiftest, the surest! and the saddle is almost new—there is none here to compare with it—and see, it is the only one lined with red, (a favorite color with the Neapolitans)—the others are scarcely *fit* to carry a Signora." In fact I thought they would have pulled us to pieces; for, in their eagerness to obtain employment, they actually siezed hold of our dresses and arms. At length we contrived to make a selection, and moved off in cavalcade, amid the triumphs of the favored, and, for aught I know, the *maledictions* of the rejected. The saddles were large and comfortable, and bordered on the right side and behind by a ridge, several inches high, stuffed and lined, for the purpose of supporting the rider when ascending a steep hill or mountain.

On reaching the Hermitage of San Salvadore, which is just half-way up Vesuvius, we alighted and refreshed ourselves with some of the far-famed Lachrymæ Christi, (tears of Christ!) a luscious wine, worthy of its reputation. It is made from the grapes in the neighbourhood of the mountain, and derives its appellation from the manner in which it exudes from them, even before they are subjected to any pressure but their own weight; it *drops* from the press like *tears*, and is of crimson hue. A mile from the Hermitage, we again abandoned our mules, and climbed the "ashy steep" on foot. Advancing slowly, and secured to our guides by leather belts, we accomplished the task without difficulty; *peril*, there was none; for, at every step, we sunk into the dried and parched soil, as if treading on newly ploughed ground, and, of course, there was no risque of slipping; but the jerking motion, occasioned by

the unequal walk of our conductors, was extremely disagreeable, and I quickly liberated myself from *harness* and held the strap in my hand, to pull against, when assistance was requisite. As we progressed, our sensations of wonder and delight increased. There we were—environed by a surface of blackened lava, miles in extent, and totally devoid of a tree, or bush, or any semblance whatever of vegetation. Above us, curled the thick smoke of the volcano, mingled with white and greyish vapours, which, owing to the dampness of the weather, arose from the earth. Below us lay expanded the “blue glittering bay of Naples,” with its twin promontories, islets, villages and cities; beyond these, in perspective, soared a series of undulating appenines, tinged with that soft plumb-like hue so peculiar to Italy. Gazing *upwards*, I thought of Pluto’s dismal empire—*downwards*, of Paradise itself. The abodes of misery and happiness seemed to have changed places. The blending of light and shade was striking and beautiful! The traveller was right, I think, who designated light as the physiognomy of scenery, and compared a landscape to a regular set of features; avering that both may be good, but neither *speak*, unless the light of Nature, or of *mind*, illumine them.

Owing to the continual crumbling of the lava, the crater presents a different form almost annually; to *us* its outline was that of an oval; some parts of the edge were too hot to stand upon for more than a few minutes, and a sheet of paper thrust in, soon ignited. We descended fourteen feet into the abyss, and walked upon a broad and projecting rock, where we distinctly heard the crackling of the flames in the aperture whence oozed the fiery smoke. The next day this gigantic rock tumbled down, and created a dread-

ful panic in the vicinity of the mountain. The crash it made, and the quantity of ashes and cinders it forced into the air, caused persons, for an instant, to believe that an irruption was commencing, and to rush from their dwellings. When told of this event, I trust all of our party felt grateful to Providence for saving us from the awful end that would have been ours, had the avalanche occurred twenty-eight hours sooner. None of us desired the celebrity of Pliny, the elder, that "Martyr of Nature," as he is justly styled, upon condition of sharing his fate. When we grew tired of looking and admiring, (for even *contrast* may become monotonous,) we descended and remounted our donkeys, which manifested much more willingness in carrying back their burdens to Portici, than they had done in bringing them from there.

On reaching Naples, it was quite late, and we were rather exhausted, yet could not resist the temptation of going to the Opera, to see Madame Pasta in "Tancredi." The magnificent theatre of Don Carlos was brilliant with lamps, chandeliers, and gilding. Its drop-curtain was the most splendid I ever saw—it was blue and gold, with a rich border of roses, and the centre adorned with Cupids, in cars, drawn by various animals. To show that "Love conquers all things," was (I conjecture) the design. The King and Queen, with their suite, were present, and Pasta seemed inspired. She was more than human. We had heard her before, but never did she appear as lovely, or sing so divinely. Her voice might have vied with the clearest and softest flute, as she executed most difficult and exquisite passages in music. Well might she be called the queen of song. When we retired to our pillows that

night, it was to dream of her syren notes and eloquent acting.

Sulky clouds portended rain when we arose next morning, at an early hour, in order to prepare for another excursion—our goal, Pompeii, in its loneliness and desolation ! While breakfasting, the sky vented its wrath in a plentiful and rapid shower, after which the clear blue ether triumphed in the heavens ; and at 8 o'clock we departed, with the presage of a fine day, and travelling baskets well stocked with provisions for a cold dinner in the villa of Diomede, the first edifice that presents itself, as you enter Pompeii, by what is termed the Appian way—the way we intended going. We retraced our steps as far as Portici, and thence proceeded through the towns of Torre del Greco and Torre del Annunziata, both of which suffered from the burning torrents of Vesuvius ; indeed, were destroyed by them, but have since been rebuilt. We saw vineyards which the lava had streamed across, and becoming cold, had formed, in some places, solid crusts, several feet thick, and of a brown color ; portions of the road were *hewn* through these stony beds. We were informed that the lava runs very slowly, and that the smallest impediment will stop its course—it then swells, sometimes, to the height of a dozen or fourteen feet, environs whatever hinders its progress, till it has destroyed or covered it ; flints and porous rocks it causes to break, with an explosion like gun-powder ; trees, and wooden objects, it ignites and consumes ; when hardened, it is capable of receiving a brilliant polish, and is applied to ornamental as well as useful purposes. Most of the Neapolitan towns, both ancient and modern, are paved with it. As we approached Pompeii, our interest almost amounted to awe—we arrived, and thrilling with curiosity,

alighted near the Herculaneum gate; our path towards it was bordered by a double row of mausoleums, massive, grey with age, and bearing inscriptions, some of which were quite legible.

After examining them, we quitted this funeral suburb and entered the city—silently we threaded its solitary streets; their raised footways flanked with tenantless, roofless houses, wherein the stillness of death prevailed. Not a sound was audible, save our loitering steps upon the mosaic floors, and our low-toned voices when we made a casual observation or questioned the cicerone who accompanied us. Mirth or loud conversation would have seemed unbefitting, while wandering through that solemn city, with its decaying fanes, theatres and dwellings of yore! The horrible fate of the beings who once enlivened them gleamed, too, upon our memories, and added depth to feeling as we viewed and inspected their forsaken haunts.

It is inferred, however, that the Pompeians generally escaped with their lives, as not more than a hundred skeletons have ever been discovered among the ruins, and only *one* in the theatre, where, according to history, the people were assembled in great numbers, when the eruption began; and that as the volcano always gives indications of a violent and dangerous discharge hours before it takes place, only those perished who were too old, too feeble or too sick to run, or perhaps too avaricious to abandon their wealth in their flight.\* Of this *miserly* class, Diomede, in whose stately mansion we dined, (as above stated,) was conject-

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\* Vasi, in his “picture of Naples and environs,” tells us that “when dense clouds of black smoke arise, and particularly when they assume the form of a cone or pine tree, it is considered as an infallible sign of an approaching eruption.”

tured to be, because his skeleton was found near his gate, grasping a key in one hand, and coins and jewels in the other. With *him*, strong in death was the ruling passion! In his cellar we saw fifteen wine casks *glued* to the wall by lava, and evident impressions of five or six human bodies.

Pompeii was buried beneath a deluge of *ashes* and *cinders*; from which it has been completely dug out, and now stands fully revealed, resembling a city that has been the prey of flames, except that its walls and window-sills are not blackened by smoke. Its houses are only two stories high, but many of them are rich in architectural ornament and arabesque painting—many are adorned with colonades, enclosing a spacious court, with a fountain or reservoir in the centre. Over the principal doors of some, the names of the owners are written in red paint. Among others, I recollect those of Pansa, the Roman consul, and Caius Sallust, the historian: the latter is said to have possessed one of the most beautiful residences in the city, containing a great deal of handsome furniture, and mosaic decorations, statues and paintings, which, with myriads from other mansions, public and private, have been conveyed to the Museum in Naples, rendering it a complete *Golconda* of such treasures. It is surprising, in what a *perfect* state the things are, and how much the articles of household furniture, and utensils for various purposes, resemble those of the present century designed for similar use.

The streets of Pompeii are regular and straight, but entirely too narrow to admit of carriages passing each other in any of them; so that a certain number must have been appropriated to vehicles proceeding in certain directions. The traces of wheels still indent the pavement of several,

and not being more than two or three feet apart, prove that the carriages of those times were very diminutive—perhaps mere cars or small open chariots, such as we see depicted in antique paintings.

The grandest and best preserved of the public edifices are the Temple of Isis, the Palace of Justice, and the Amphitheatre; where the famous combat took place between the Pompeians and the Nocereans during an exhibition of gladiators, for which the Roman Senate exiled its leaders, and prohibited all such sports for the space of ten years. The *shops* of Pompeii excite equal interest, though, of course, not equal admiration with its nobler and more aristocratic buildings. The statuary's, the apothecary's, the carpenter's, the jeweller's occupation, is either mentioned on a sign without, or designated by some mark or emblem within. The counter of the apothecary bears stains of vials and glasses, which contained something corrosive; that of the confectioner displays those of saucers and cups, and in the bakery are ovens. We lingered through these deserted abodes, once the busy scene of human activity and labor, but now so "sad, solitary and silent," till the slanting rays of the declining sun invested them with a factitious cheerfulness, at the same time that they warned us to depart if we wished to be benefited by their light during our ride home: so, bestowing the well-earned and expected recompense upon our honest and intelligent "Sivanni" for his services, we returned to bustling, thriving, noisy Naples. The moon rose in splendor as we entered it, and the long ride, and the sentimental, exciting and moralizing day we had spent, did not decrease our appetites, when we attacked the abundant supper which awaited us.

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A VISIT TO THE SHAKERS.

On the 17th of September, 18—, our curiosity was highly gratified by a visit to the celebrated Shaker village, about two miles from New-Lebanon, in the state of New-York. It consisted, principally, of yellow wooden houses, with neat and verdant yards around them. Their gardens and orchards were regularly laid out, and kept as clean and nice as possible ; and their vegetables and fruits cultivated with the greatest attention and care. The women wore dark-coloured gowns, black-stuff shoes with old-fashioned high heels ; and on their necks and heads, white muslin kerchiefs and caps. They turned their hair back from the forehead and tucked it up behind. The men wore theirs very short, and were clad in suits of grey or brown.

We were received with much hospitality, and treated with delicious cider, bread and butter, cheese and milk. They shewed us their whole establishment—the dairy, the cheese-room, the dining-room, kitchen and chambers, and we were surprised at the numerous ingenious contrivances they had, for saving labor and rendering themselves comfortable. We saw about thirty of them at dinner. When they had finished eating they knelt down, and not a sound was heard, or movement made, for some minutes ; each appeared absorbed in devotion. Having thus returned thanks, all arose simultaneously and hastened away to business.

Our guides were extremely affable and communicative, and told and shewed us many things, which I shall not take time to narrate at present. In the depository, or store,

they had for sale, boxes, brooms, sieves, brushes, silver pens, pincushions, and various other articles, but no baskets, much to our disappointment, for we wished to have purchased some ; they told us they had been in such demand, that from a large supply, not one was left. Their work, of every description, was uncommonly neat and substantial, so we consoled ourselves with mats and wooden spoons. In consequence of a shower, we were detained among these singular beings for several hours ; at length we got off, probably, as much to their satisfaction as our own.

The next day being the sabbath, we resolved to attend their worship, and accordingly, after breakfast, again proceeded to their village ; there was a considerable party of us, and we filled several carriages. The church was a white wood building, with a tin roof ; it stood on a most velvet-like and beautiful green mound, enclosed by a white paling ; it looked like purity itself ; but what fantastic ceremonies did we witness within ? None that inspired either devotion or respect. When we entered, the men were ushered in at a different door from the one that admitted the women ; for the sexes are not permitted to sit together. The walls of the church were painted blue, the windows were numerous and large, and the floor of fine plank, nicely scoured and sanded.

The service lasted upwards of two hours, and was well worth a journey to witness. The men arranged themselves in corps of ten abreast, opposite to similar corps of women. With clasped hands and solemn faces, they remained motionless, till, urged by the Spirit, (as they term it,) one would advance into the space between them and the phalanx of females, and deliver a sort of lecture, the greatest recommendation of which was its brevity ; then

resuming his place in the ranks, prayer and shouting arose, accompanied by a gentle movement of their persons up and down, by raising themselves on their toes. When this had continued about half an hour, a signal was given, upon which they brought forward, from the sides of the church, long benches, and arranged them in straight lines ; men and women still keeping places and distance as when previously standing. As there was not room enough on the benches for *all* to sit, some took turns with their neighbours. In the meanwhile one of the elders preached quite a good sermon, and was succeeded by another, who equally edified us. Each stood facing their visitors, (our party,) to whom they seemed to address themselves, and not to their own sect on either side of them. When the second elder had ended his discourse, the benches were removed with much dexterity, and again they formed themselves into two corps as at first, and we had a repetition of speaking, praying, and shouting. At length they became quiet, and an old man advanced towards us, and requested that there might be neither whispering nor laughing among the *strangers*, at the manner in which they were about to worship God. He said they acted with sincerity of heart, and with a view to the Creator's glory. He then retreated, and in an instant he and his companions stripped off their coats, and turned their sallow faces to the wall and their backs to us ; the women did likewise, with the exception of *disrobing*. In that position they sung, with loud and harsh voices, a monotonous tune, and danced with all their might, for at least fifteen minutes ; then with the skill of experienced soldiers, they arranged themselves four abreast, (males and females always in distinct columns,) and marched round and round, till their bones must certainly have ached.

They held their arms up from the elbow, and let their hands droop from the wrist, looking, for all the world, like a flock of penguins. Sometimes they prayed, sometimes they sung and loudly clapped their hands; yet did these make less noise than another set, who stood, with joined hands, as if going to dance a reel in the centre of the church, and almost stunned us with their vociferations.

We quite rejoiced when the commotion was over, and the moment of departure arrived, and did not fail to hasten ours. It was painful to behold our fellow-creatures under the influence of such absurd fanaticism !

We remained only a couple of days at Lebanon. The season for bathing and drinking the waters there, being past, it was not an inviting sojourn, and we soon retraced the road back to Albany.

The old Dutch houses, with which that city abounded, with their antiquated roofs and windows, interested me much more than its statelier residences and public edifices.

We visited the spacious yellow mansion in which the veteran, Gen. Schuyler, used to reside. The yard and garden were rendered almost gloomy, by the number of trees which shaded them. Most of them were cedars, and other sombre-tinted evergreens, reminding us of Lord Byron's beautiful lines on the cypress :

“ Dark tree ! still sad when other’s grief is fled,  
The only constant mourner o’er the dead ! ”

## A SHORT SOJOURN IN FRANKFORT ON THE MAIN.

Well, as I was saying, we left Darmstadt at 2 o'clock, A. M., in a drizzling rain. On the route, we passed through Langen, Spreudlingen and Neuf-Isenbourg. At Langen, we baited the horses, and, while waiting at the inn, observed in a neighbouring pool a brood of remarkably beautiful ducks—about the neck and breast their plumage was white; on the rest of their bodies, of a rich green and black; and their bills of the brightest yellow—they resembled the American summer duck. Another set were of a pale brown, with bills slightly hooked, and white or brown tufts on their heads, looking very *regal*.

Between Langen and Isenbourg, we threaded a forest of noble oak and beech trees, that were really *brilliant* with the hues of autumn. The rain had ceased, and, as we approached Frankfort, numerous and flourishing vineyards perfumed and enlivened our road, filled with men, women, girls and boys gathering their luscious products. Some of the men wore three-cornered hats, and some of the women white quilted cotton caps with stiff peaked crowns, (I thought them frightful;) while others, more youthful in appearance, had their hair platted and wound entirely round the head; the little girls wore their's in bands falling to their waists, as is the fashion among us at present.

The view of the town, river, and mountains beyond it, was enchanting! We crossed the stone bridge over the Main, and were set down at the “Hotel of the Golden

Swan." It was past 8 o'clock—so we were fain to sup and retire for the night. The next morning we commenced our peregrinations by a visit to the Rœmer, an ancient Gothic edifice, where the Emperors used to be elected and crowned, and where the Senate still sits. The spacious hall in which they meet is wainscotted with crimson damask, and its ceiling ornamented with the coats of arms of the *nine* electors.\* In the "Hall of the Emperors," forty-eight niches contain a likeness of each, painted to represent a bust of *bronze* on a pedestal, with its shadow behind it, which serves as a strong relief, and produces a good effect. The walls and ceiling of this room are decorated with various devices and a picture of the judgment of Solomon. In front of the Rœmer stands a fountain, surmounted by a statue of Justice: from this fountain wine is played for the populace on certain fête days.

The Cathedral next engaged us; it is old and ugly, and in the form of a cross. The clock is placed within the building, and the hours are struck by two little figures each side of it. On the right of the altar is the tomb of Gunther, the poet of Schwartzburg; he was poisoned by a rival, who was jealous of his favor at court. The Cathedral is dedicated to St. Bartholomew, and contains two horrid pictures of his martyrdom. While we were making our observations, a christening party entered; and after witnessing the ceremony we came away, and strolled through the Zeil, the finest street in the city; and then, by way of contrast, took a view of the Jews' quarter—a dark, dirty and narrow defile, abounding with *Shylock*-looking personages, of whom I really felt afraid. The sides of many of the houses were

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\* A change made in the Constitution of the Empire in 1798 (since the building of the room) has increased the number to *ten*.

slated, and the windows of *all* of them extremely small. We saw the antique residence of the Rothschild family, the sons of which have become the chief bankers of Europe. It is a plain and humble dwelling.

Frankfort is a spacious, modern-looking town; and but for the recollection of Goethe and Werter, allied with no poetic or romantic associations. They were natives of the place, although Werter resided thirty miles distant: his real name was *Jerusalem*. Some author (I do not remember whom) bewails Goethe's having been born in the heart of a pounds-shillings-and-pence city, instead of the depths of an Alpine forest; but surely his imaginations and fancy were sufficiently vivid, without farther aid from Nature; and it was for the sake of the author's own faculties, that the regret was expressed. Near the porte of Friedbourg (one of the gates of the town) we remarked a curious monument, and, on enquiry, were informed that it was erected by Frederick the 2nd, of Prussia, in memory of a Hessian Prince and his followers, who were killed at the siege of Frankfort, in 1792. It consists of an immense block of marble placed on a pile of rocks; the four sides are plated with copper, on which are inscriptions in German and Latin; upon the summit lies a gigantic helmet and shield, a cannon and a huge lion's skin; it makes one think of the wondrous story of the "Castle of Otranto."

Our next resting place was the Church of St. Catherine; here we seated ourselves to recover breath and examine a good painting over the altar, the subject of which was the Redeemer at prayer in Gethsemane, and his disciples sleeping around him; the chandeliers of this church are of glass, and somewhat curious; two of them were surmounted with an image of St. Catherine holding her sword; a third with two crucifixes, each bearing the body of our Saviour.

By this time we were pretty well satisfied with sight-seeing, and returned to our lodgings ; as we walked along, we observed small mirrors of oval shape attached to the windows of many of the houses, and so fixed as to reflect objects for a considerable distance up or down the street. We thought, at first, they were intended for that sole purpose ; but our landlord told us they were used thus, in order to reflect the rays of the sun and introduce them into rooms that, without them, would be too sombre. Having recruited our strength and energy, we proceeded, in the afternoon, to the *new Library*, a stately edifice of stone, with a portico supported by corinthian columns. There was not much to be seen within ; a moderate collection of books ; a few Egyptian antiquities, and some indifferently painted portraits, but an excellent one of Martin Luther ; in a glass case were carefully preserved a stout pair of shoes, a blue linen shirt, and a coat of mail, once his, two of his letters, and two of Philip Melancthon's, his wise and gentle coadjutor in the reformation, whose benignity and moderation contrasted strongly with Luther's vehemence and impetuosity.

Bethmann's garden and museum interested us very much. Mr. Bethmann is a millionaire, and a great admirer of the fine arts, which he liberally patronizes. His garden is luxuriant and beautifully laid out and decorated. His museum stands in it, and is divided into four apartments, one devoted to orange trees and other shrubs and plants ; the remaining three, to statues and busts of marble and plaster. Danneker's exquisite statue of Ariadne riding on a panther, has a room appropriated to itself. The coloured glass of the window tinges the figure with a roseate hue. The nymph is represented in a most graceful attitude, and with a coun-

tenance beaming with love and hope, for it is as the joyous bride of Bacchus, and not the *forsaken* of Theseus, that the sculptor has depicted her. Her head is wreathed with grape leaves, and she is sitting on a drapery, which falls naturally and tastefully over the back of the panther ; both figures are done to the life ! It seems as if a touch of the finger would leave an impression on them. And here a slight sketch of the artist, John Henry Von Danneker, may not be amiss.

His birth-place was Stuttgard, and his family of low origin, and so poor that they could not afford to give him an education, except the simplest schooling. His talent for sculpture was indicated early in youth, by his carving, on the materials of a neighbouring stone-cutter, various designs and objects. Charles, Duke of Wirtemburg, in whose employ his father served as hostler, struck with the intelligence of his mien, received him into a military school he had established for the sons of his dependents, and, afterwards, furnished him with funds to visit Paris, whither he travelled on foot, and where he remained nearly two years diligently devoting himself to his profession, and submitting to the greatest privations, in consequence of the ardour with which he pursued it. He repaired to Rome from Paris, again travelling on foot ; here he met with Canova, who proved a warm friend to him, and assisted him with his counsels and instructions. At the end of five years, he returned to Germany, and was made Professor of the Fine Arts, in the Stuttgard Academy. He is now one of the most indefatigable and eminent of modern sculptors, and not only estimated for his genius, but beloved for his excellent qualities. Canova used to style him "the Blessed." Here we will bid him adieu and return to Frankfort.

A drive round its environs the following morning, was both refreshing and delightful ; a perfect garden, a l'Anglaise, encompasses it and abounds in a variety of trees and flowers; there were many beautiful spruce pines, and, wherever there was shade from foliage, rustic seats allured the pedestrian. Swans and ducks in abundance were swimming about on streams and sheets of water. We made a second pilgrimage to the Cathedral, to ascend the tower, on the top of which, to our utter amazement, we found the sexton and his wife residing in a small cabin, put up there for their accommodation ! They told us that they rarely quitted their airy pinnacle more than twice a week ; the stair-way leading to it was so steep and fatiguing, we could vouch for the truth of the assertion by our own feelings at the moment.

At night, we went to the Theatre ; both its exterior and interior are handsome ; over the stage was an illuminated clock ; the music was good, and among the performers we heard a fine female vocalist ; there were many genteel looking women in the *pit* as well as the boxes—they wore large bonnets and shawls ; the performance occasioned a deal of laughter, but not understanding German, we could not share in the mirth. Ice creams were handed during the evening—of course they were for sale, and each person laid his money on the waiter as he took a glass. The play was concluded by 9 o'clock, rather a more reasonable hour for separating than is usually observed at such entertainments.

The ensuing day we were aroused from our morning slumbers by the firing of cannon, tolling of bells and marching of soldiers—it was the anniversary of the battle of Leipsic, and we hurried to the square in front of the Römer,

to witness its celebration. We counted eight regiments in dashing uniforms ; the caps of one company were peculiarly martial in appearance, being decorated with tremendous tassels of horse hair, hanging forwards and a little to one side over the forehead. The effect was quite improving. A vast crowd assembled to see the parade and listen to the lively music of the military bands. Senators in black occupied the arches of the Rœmer, which were festooned with red cloth ; rich equipages (most of them drawn by coal black horses) were filled with well-dressed ladies, but we beheld no pretty faces among them. At 4 o'clock, three corps of little boys and girls sung a hymn, and then the populace rushed to the bridge and quay, where cannons were discharged, while the church bells rang loud and merrily. One gun sufficed *our* ears, and we hastened home, after refreshing ourselves with cakes and lemonade at a confectioner's. N. B. German cakes and bonbons are uncommonly nice and tempting ; sugar is fabricated into all sorts of pretty things, and a *proportionate* price demanded for them.

What smokers the Germans are ! Whether driving, or riding, or walking, or sitting, within doors or without, they are puffing a pipe, and frequently have a pouch of tobacco tied to the button-hole of their coat ; and always in their pocket, they carry a box with materials for striking fire. The shop windows of the town were filled with pipes ; some of them at least a yard in length. After that tumultuous day, we slept soundly, you may be sure, and were off for Mayence by dawn the next morning.

## THE OLD CITY OF MAYENCE.

As we approached Mayence, or Mentz, for it is called by both these names, the one being German, the other French, a pleasing landscape opened upon our view, and a crimson sky tinted everything "couleur de rose." This is one of the strongest towns in Germany, and finely located on the slope of a hill, at the confluence of the Mein and the Rhine; opposite, is the fortified town of Cassel, with which it is connected by a bridge of boats, and beyond these we remarked a row of wind-mills, on boats also.

At the custom-house, passports and luggage were inspected, but not strictly, nor were we long kept waiting during the examination; yet how provoking are such detentions, however short! especially to Americans accustomed to range over their own vast continent *ad libitum*, as we say in music.

The weather continued clear and cold, and after an early breakfast, next morning, we commenced our peregrinations; as usual beginning with the Cathedral, like all other cathedrals in Europe, a sombre and ancient looking pile. It was built in the tenth century; but not completed till the eleventh, when it was nearly destroyed by fire and again constructed. Here we saw the tomb of Frauenlob, chief of the Troubadours, (they told us,) a minstrel who devoted his strains to the graces and virtues of the female sex, and thereby became so great a favorite with the ladies of Mayence, (then the chief resort of the Troubadors,) that on his death they insisted upon bearing his body to the grave; where they

bewailed his loss with sighs and tears, and poured out such plentiful libations of wine, in honor of him, that the spacious floor of the church was well nigh deluged. So much for tradition. The tomb consists of two bas reliefs, placed against the wall of the adjoining cloister ; one represents the funeral procession of the minstrel, and the other his bust. An escutcheon, on the wall *within* the Cathedral, denotes the resting-place of Fastrade, the wife of Charlemagne, and beneath it is engraved a Latin inscription concerning her. Over one of the altars is a huge picture of Saint Martin, the patron Saint of the church ; he is on horseback, and both man and charger are the full size of life.

After viewing two or three other churches, of which I will not speak, lest you be surfeited by such-like descriptions, we walked to the Library ; but it was undergoing repairs and could not be entered—this was quite a disappointment, as it contains a fine collection of ancient medals, and numerous specimens of the first essays in printing with *moveable* types, which we desired to see. The inventor of these, Jean Goensfleisch de Sorgenloch, usually styled Gutenberg, from the name of his habitation, (signifying good mountain,) was a native and resident of Mayence ; and we visited the house in which he resided. He was of noble birth, and a sign bearing his coat-of-arms and an inscription, in gilt letters, informs those passers-by, who can read and comprehend German, that said house was once his dwelling place. His coat-of-arms is also marked on a projecting beam of wood in the chamber he occupied. He was assisted in his plans by a wealthy goldsmith of the town, John Fust, or Faust, who, in conjunction with Pierre Schoeffer, after-

wards improved the types by forming them of *metal* instead of *wood*.

Strasbourg, Harlem, and Mayence, are very jealous of each other on the subject of printing, each claiming the credit of its invention ; but this dispute, like that of the seven cities concerning their *title to Homer*, remains, I believe, yet undetermined.

A building, designated as being the first printing establishment, is still standing, and is termed “ *la cour zum Inngen*. ”

The next things of note that attracted us, were the Hall of Antiquities, the Picture Gallery, and the Ducal Palace. In the last is shewn the suite of apartments which Napoleon Buonaparte occupied, during his sojourn in Mayence. Our cicerone on the occasion, a respectable German woman, who spoke English tolerably well, lavished high praises on the French Emperor ; she said all loved him who attended on him, he was so kind and generous ! That his soldiers lived like princes, and that those who supplied them were amply paid. “ Ah ! ” she exclaimed, “ times are sadly changed since then ; what I gave to the poor, in those days, I would now be glad to get myself.” In fact, wherever we stopped, the very name of Napoleon, if mentioned, seemed to call forth, from the middling and lower classes, enthusiasm and commendation.

In the Hall of Antiquities we saw many ancient votive altars, and at least fifty large monumental stones, bearing sculptured figures of Roman Knights. They were discovered on an eminence in the vicinity of the town, (where was once a Roman cemetery,) by Professor Lehne, a learned gentleman ; said to be almost as devoted to antiquarian researches and lore, as Sir Walter Scott’s famous Mr. Oldbuck, alias Monkbarns ; and the neighbourhood of May-

ence furnishes unlimited means of indulging his labors and taste; for the city is exceedingly old, being founded as early as the 70th year of the Christian era, by Drusus Germanicus, during the wars between the ancient Germans and Romans. In that stormy age he built a fortification, called in Latin Mogontiacum, which was gradually surrounded by other edifices till the number increased to a town, eventually enlarged and called Mentz, or Mayence. A second fort, erected by him on the opposite bank of the Rhine, was in like manner the origin of Cassel. Mayence was afterwards totally destroyed, but refounded by Charlemagne.

All this is a digression—let us re-enter the Hall of Antiquities, to notice the plan of a noble bridge, which Napoleon intended to have had constructed over the Rhine. It was to be of sufficient height to allow of vessels passing under it, and would have cost thirty-six millions of francs.

Among the pictures in the Gallery of Painting, there was a singular one entitled the Menagerie of Rubens; in which his wife and child are represented, surrounded by various sorts of birds and beasts. The human figures were executed by *himself*, the birds and quadrupeds by Francis Snyders, the Flemish artist, so renowned for his skill in that species of painting. He was a native of Antwerp, and often worked in concert with Rubens. Much enjoyment have I had in viewing both their joint and separate productions, and those of other equally eminent limners!

Poetry and music, 'tis true, are delightful, but I regard painting as the most valuable art; because it not only brings before us scenes and places of beauty, grandeur, and celebrity, which otherwise we would never behold, but enables us to retain the forms and features of our beloved

friends when they are no longer with us. And what yields more soul-thrilling, though melancholy pleasure, than gazing on the cherished lineaments of those we almost idolized, when on earth, after they have been torn from us by the cold and relentless grasp of death? For the same reason statuary, or sculpture, ranks next to painting, in my preference; but the dead whiteness of the cold marble plays not upon the heart and imagination with the force of the glowing canvass; nor, like it, for a moment charms us into the evanescent belief of beholding the dear originals themselves.

But, again, a truce with digressions! and “revenons a nos montons.”

There are several most agreeable and enticing public promenades at Mayence; the two principal we visited—these were the “Favorita” and the “Gartenfeld;” from both you have a bewitching prospect. The “Favorita” was once a fortification, and from its heights are seen the town, the sparkling river with its islets, the busy villages, whirling wind-mills and bridge of boats, and the mouth of the sluggish Mein, pouring its tributary waters into the green and rapid Rhine. The “Gartenfeld” (Gardenfield) borders the latter, and is so arranged that it can be inundated in time of war.

One morning, with a little boy to guide us, we proceeded to the tower of Drusus, in the vicinity of Mayence. This is the remains of a monument erected in honor of him. It is circular, and contains a spiral stair-case. The Germans term it the Eichelstein, (Eagle’s stone,) because it was formerly surmounted with an eagle.

The weather being uncommonly fine, and the vintage going on, we were induced to extend our walk farther into the country, and a merry scene we witnessed—there was a

numerous band of peasants, singing loudly and cheerily as they pursued their labours ; presently up came another set, in procession, headed by a rosy-faced little fellow, a *miniature Bacchus*, with a wreath on his head and a banner in his hands, made of divers gay-colored ribbons and pieces of cloth, which he waved about with quite a triumphal and martial air, accompanying every gesture with what *he* meant for music ; but which sounded discordant and grating to *our* ears, and we were glad when the train dispersed. The vintagers were very generous in offering us grapes, of which we partook plentifully, nor would they accept of any remuneration.

And now, with your leave, I will close my details, this evening, with an appropriate *fiction*, which shall be called, not "*Alonzo*," but,

#### RODOLPH, THE BRAVE.

A peasant girl of Ezbach, a town of the Rhingan, where, you know, the best wines of Germany are made, was remarkable for her beauty ; and from among the numerous swains it had subjugated she selected, as her favorite, a young vintager almost as handsome as herself, and promised him that the hymenial knot should be tied as soon as the grape-gathering was finished. In the meanwhile, the happy pair daily plied together their pleasant tasks.

One morning, while thus employed, the Lord of the Castle, who, after a long absence, had just returned to his domains, came riding by on a tour of inspection. He had left the bright-eyed, cherry-cheeked Frederica, an unattractive child of nine years old—she now stood before him a graceful, lovely girl, the pride of the village. He fell desperately in love!—sent for her the next Sunday, to his

dwelling, and proffered the astonished maiden his hand and heart. She was no Jeanie Deans on the occasion; and dazzled by his promises of gifts and pleasures, above all by the splendors which adorned his stately halls, she listened to the tempter, and abandoned her humble lover for the wealthy Count.

In due time, and with due festivities, the nuptials were celebrated; and the bride, in her rich attire, looked more beautiful than ever. But the paleness of her face, and the tremour and icy coldness of her hand, betrayed too plainly the struggle, the agony of her bosom, where Love lay bleeding beneath the selfish grasp of Ambition.

Rodolph could not witness the unhallowed bands. In despair he quitted his birth-place, and fled to a distant land.

Frederica grew more and more unhappy. She was soon surfeited with the luxuries for which she had sacrificed herself and her lover; and a victim to the tormenting jealousy and harshness of her lord, who, ungenerous and narrow-minded, incessantly reproached her with her attachments to Rodolph, (thereby exciting both her aversion and contempt,) she pined away; her beauty faded, her health and strength departed; and ere a second summer, after that fatal union, had re-clad the vines with leaves and fruit, the grass grew high and green around the tomb of poor Frederica!

She left an infant, a few months old, and the babe was lovely as the mother it resembled, and thrived and prospered under the devoted care of its maternal grand parents. Its reckless father, weary of his lonely hearth, had committed it to their charge, and again gone forth to seek enjoyment on some foreign shore. Thence, in after years, the tidings came that he was dead; and behold, the little Gertrude a rich and beauteous heiress! Hosts of lovers wor-

ship at her shrine, but “favours to *none*, tho’ smiles to *all*, she extends ;” until a warrior bold, with laurel-wreathed brow, casts his trophies at her feet. His valor and his manly beauty prove resistless, and she pledges him her troth.

And *who* is this “warrior bold”—this victorious champion in love and war ?

It is Rodolph, once termed the “*Forsaken*,” but now the “*Brave*. ”

With valiant heart he subdued his ill-requited passion and wooed another bride, and *Glory* was *her* name ! He sought and won her on the battle-field of Prague.

A gallant knight, guerdoned with well-earned honors, he returns to his country—hears of the syren of Ezbach, whose fascinations are enchanting every heart, and hastens to his own cherished home to yield *his* homage too.

With amazement he recognizes, in the enchantress, the daughter, the *image*, of his once adored and faithless Frederica !

“None but the brave deserve the fair”—

So thought Gertrude, and the suit of Rodolph was not rejected. Like Cæsar, “he came, he saw, he conquered.” They were married, and long and flourishing was the line of their descendants ; and happily lived, to a green old age, the Count and Countess of Ezbach.

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“LA GRANGE” AND ITS INMATES.

It was a charming week that, which we spent at “La Grange Bleneau,” the turreted and ivy-mantled castle of our venerated friend, General La Fayette, now no longer a sojourner upon earth. Peace to his soul! . . . During three days of that pleasant period, “our sunshine lay within,” as one of my favorite songs has it—for *without*, the rain came down in torrents, and the waters of the moat looked troubled, the sky gloomy, and the surrounding trees drooped under the storm. In short, a poetic dreamer might have imagined that the spirits of the castle’s lake were busily employed in plotting mischief against the little boat that was tossing on its surface, and the waving shrubbery and vines in its vicinity. The interior of the castle exhibited a far different aspect, with its pictured walls, gay covered sofas, chairs and window curtains!—and then the cheerful faces, and hearts brimful of mirth and kindness, that were there! Oh! I well remember the merry set we formed. The young folks waltzing and dancing quadrilles to the sound of the piano, (there were no *polkas* in *those* days, at least out of Hungary and Poland,) or playing at “Colin Maillard,” (in plain English, “blindman’s buff,”) and their elders looking on and enjoying the sight of their feats and graces, or else engaged in animated discourse, or deep in the mysteries of chess, and the chances of backgammon, ecarte, &c.

The family then assembled at La Grange consisted of the General’s only son and daughter-in-law, Monsieur and Madame George W. La Fayette, (who did the honours of

the castle,) and their three daughters, Natalie, Mathilde and Clementine ; their sons were absent. The General's two daughters, Madame Caroline de Maubourg and Madame Virginie de Lasterie, both of whom shared his captivity at Olmutz from choice, as did their mother, who afterwards died of an illness caused by the hardships and sufferings experienced during that horrible incarceration. Madame de Lasterie had also three daughters, and Madame de Maubourg two ; then there were young Julius de Lasterie, and a half score of other young people, on a visit to him and his sisters and cousins, it being a holiday season. Even now, I can recall to mind each of that happy, lively crew.

Mathilde La Fayette, with her soft blue eyes and flowing ringlets, and Octavie de Lasterie, with her hazel orbs and flaxen hair, (an unusual, but beautiful contrast!) I thought the prettiest of the girls, though Clementine was, perhaps, the most graceful and dignified in her appearance and deportment, and, withal, had much sweetness of manner. Besides our own immediate party, there were several other guests, and when collected together, we daily constituted a company of about thirty in number.

It was in this refined circle we first had the pleasure of meeting, and becoming acquainted with, the beauteous Countess de Lobespin and her father, the old Count de Tracy, once a very literary character, but almost blind when we saw him. The distinguished writer of the "Prussian Campaign," Count Philip de Ségur, and the still more celebrated Count Ségur, the elder, his venerable parent, were also there. We were charmed with the latter, and afterwards partook of several pleasant dinner parties at his residence in Paris, where we met many of the *Literati* of the day ; his house being quite a rendezvous for the learned and

talented. His entertainments were always simple and extremely agreeable; sprightly conversation, anecdotes and repartee abounded, and the hospitable old Count entered into the spirit of the "feast of reason and flow of soul," (what a *rare* quotation I've selected!) with as much gusto as the very brightest and most vivacious of his company.

But thus getting, in *imagination*, into No. 13 Rue Duphot, (Count Ségar's habitation,) I have wandered far from my original subject, "La Grange," and will now resume it, it being to me too agreeable a theme to abandon so quickly. After the gale I've described above, had subsided, and the cheering sun-beams had sufficiently dried the walks about the grounds, we strayed over the farm in every direction that fancy led us, having neither fences or walls to impede our movements, as of such sorts of enclosures there were none.

Everything bore the impress of good order, regularity and method, for everything was watched over with vigilance by the two masters of the domain, the General and his son. It being the month of September, clusters of grapes hung in dewy freshness on their vines, and in our itinerant rambles we never failed to do ample justice to their lusciousness. Sometimes we amused ourselves in the menagerie, (for a menagerie there was, and a considerable one too!) watching the different ways of the birds and quadrupeds it contained. There was a variety of both from foreign countries, and a couple of enormous bears from our own native land. They were sent out by the late Mr. Skinner, of Baltimore, the able editor of the "Farmer's Magazine."

These pedestrian excursions always immediately succeeded breakfast, the hour for which was eleven o'clock; previ-

ous to this, each guest had coffee and a roll offered to him at his chamber door, so that we were no sufferers from hunger, and had ample time to perform our devotions and sundry necessary pieces of work, ere summoned to mingle with the world below at the festal board of the castle, where every luxury was displayed in abundance ; such as wines, fruits, conserves, cakes, meats, and bread in various forms ; also, butter and cream, and excellent milk, fresh from the extensive and well kept dairy.

On re-entering the house, after our pleasant promenades, the ladies assembled for an hour or more in the parlour, where some embroidered or sewed, others made music on the piano, *all* talked, and all seemed to enjoy themselves. As to the "*lords of the creation,*" I entirely forget what became of them until dinner ; the dear old General and Mr. George W. La Fayette went out to inspect the labourers on their farm, *I suppose*, and others to hunt or shoot, or to fish in the lake, perhaps, and some no doubt resorted to the library, which was rich in valuable books, and had among them a set of handsomely bound volumes of American Ornithology, that were executed in this country, and beautifully printed and engraved.

We frequently varied our mode of exercise by a drive, and one balmy morning visited a neighbouring village, in whose small parish church William Summerville, a Virginian, lies buried. I well remember seeing him in my childhood, at my father's country seat, "the Hermitage," (dear old Hermitage !) where he spent many a day. Mr. Summerville was said to have been engaged to be married to the lovely Miss Conyers, who perished in the flames of the Richmond Theatre on the night of its awful conflagration, December 26, 1811. Others aver that she was be-

trothed to the noble and gallant Gibbon, who, vainly trying to rescue her from the burning ruins, shared her hapless fate.

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NUMBER VII.

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THE INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB, AND  
THE BLIND ASYLUM IN PARIS.

Not far from the little free-stone chapel which crowns the summit of Mont Louis, in the cemetery of Peré La Chaise, stands a small black marble sepulchre, bearing the date of 1823, and the name of Sicard, spelt in the expressive *manual* alphabet of the Deaf and Dumb. The letters are formed by six hands, delineated in different positions, after the manner of Egyptian hieroglyphics, and neatly carved on the front of the tomb.

It is an object of peculiar interest, and we paused before it, not from curiosity alone, but from an innate feeling of respect for the memory of him whose remains are enshrined within—whose life and talents were so nobly, so energetically devoted to that work of wonder and benevolence, the education of the Deaf and Dumb!

To the Abbé Roch Ambroise Cucurron Sicard, of Tousseret, near Bordeaux, and to his teacher and predecessor, the Abbé Charles Michael de L'Epée, of Versailles, both the gratitude and admiration of all philanthropists are due; but more especially the gratitude of such as have ties connecting them with that once helpless portion of our race; for whose benefit the time and labors of these humane and

distinguished men were applied with such blessed success. *They* have passed from the earth ; but imperishable must ever be the fame and fruits of their good works, their ingenuity and exertions. To borrow the words of an interesting tourist, “their names and praises shall live, when the marble upon which they are engraved shall have crumbled into dust.”

The Abbé de L'Epée possessed only a moderate income, yet supported, at his own private expense, no less than forty deaf and dumb children ; and by his indefatigable instructions and patience, accomplished his design of rendering them susceptive of enjoyment within themselves and useful members of society. He even communicated to them the knowledge of various languages and sciences—some became mathematicians and engineers, and others poets and writers for literary works—all were taught a trade or profession. Such was his regard for his protégées, that, when quite an old man, he has been known to deprive himself of a fire, during an entire winter, in order to supply them liberally with *that* and other comforts.

Government at length rewarded his generosity and successful efforts by its patronage, and erected a public institution, which was committed to his guidance and control. It is located in the Rue du Faubourg St. Jaques, towards the southern extremity of Paris, and is certainly one of the most interesting establishments in the city.

One morning in every week it is thrown open for public inspection ; and at the close of every month there is a public examination of the pupils, to which admission may be obtained by merely applying to the Director for tickets ; and well worth while it is to do this, and go there to witness an interesting and touching scene, which will occupy

only a few hours, and leave a pleasing and lasting impression on both mind and heart.

The number of pupils is limited to ninety, and their rapid progress and attainments in different branches of knowledge, their development of power and acuteness in metaphysical reasoning—in short, their utter change from mental obscurity to soul-cheering light of intellect, inspire the visitor with pleasure and amazement; and almost induce the belief that Providence, who always “tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,” has bestowed on this unfortunate class of human beings, higher capacities than common, to compensate, in some measure, for their deprivation of hearing and speech.

After the death of the Abbé de L'Epée, which occurred in 1789, his friend and assistant, the Abbé Sicard, conducted the school with equal skill and credit—indeed, it seemed as if, like Elijah of old, his master had cast his mantle upon him, and with it transmitted *his* ability and zeal for the office he bequeathed to him.

To the original list of studies, Monsieur Sicard added the accomplishments of drawing, painting and working in mosaic, and had the gratification of sending forth, from his seminary, many proficients in each; but death, the fell destroyer of the good as well as the wicked, put an end to the labors of this excellent man while in the prime of his life and usefulness, and on the tenth of May, 1822, (a gloomy day for the poor mutes!) he was laid upon his bier. When we were in Paris, the Abbé Gawdelin occupied his place at the head of the institution, and Madame — had charge of the girls; for both male and female children are admitted, a circumstance I have neglected to mention.

Those who can afford to pay, are charged for board and

tuition, but the poor are received gratuitously ; none of the latter, however, are suffered to enter without the testimony of a surgeon to their being deaf and dumb, nor without the most satisfactory proofs that their parents are unable to provide for their support and education.

When these are obtained, the candidates are welcomed to a comfortable home, there to reside *five* years and be fitted to share in the pursuits of their fellow-creatures, and maintain themselves by that trade, or profession, they may prove best calculated to acquire. Dr. Johnson calls their education "*a philosophical curiosity,*" and so it really is. The idea of instructing them, and the *method* of doing so, is said to have originated with a Benedictine Monk, about the end of the sixteenth century—his name was Pedro de Ponce. He educated two Castilian children, of high birth, who were mutes, and his success excited both wonder and applause.

After his time, several other Spaniards, and individuals in different countries, applied themselves to the same benevolent vocation, but their labors extended to a very few pupils, and their system of teaching was very incomplete—the happiness and honor of perfecting it were reserved for the two eminent Frenchmen, of whom I have been speaking.

According to a computation, made some years ago by the Academy of Science, in Paris, there were then, in Europe, more than eighty Institutions for the Deaf and Dumb, and several in the United States of America.

To give you an idea of the unique and fanciful style in which the mutes usually express their conceptions of any given subject, here are a series of *flowery* definitions I have written in imitation of it. Suppose them to be asked the meaning of Gratitude, Fidelity, Ingratitude, Fear, Pride,

Humility, Revenge, Modesty, Patience, Punctuality, and Power, they would probably answer somewhat as follows :

**GRATITUDE**—The *incense* and *beauty* with which the flower repays the care and trouble of him who reared it.

**FIDELITY**—The *adherence* of the ivy to the scathed oak, or ruined tower.

The *constant turning* of the sun-flower to the sun—

“As the sun-flower turns on her god when he sets,  
The same look which she turned when he rose.”

MOORE.

**INGRATITUDE**—The thorns of the rose, *piercing* the hand which nourished it.

**FEAR**—The shrinking of the sensitive-plant from the hand that would touch it.

**PRIDE**—The *towering* of the stately holly-hock above more attractive and sweeter flowers of humbler growth.

**HUMILITY**—The *lowliness* of the sweet and beauteous violet.

**REVENGE**—The *stinging* of the nettle, when disturbed.

**MODESTY**—The *retiring* of the lily of the valley within its leaves.

**PATIENCE**—The *prostration* of the tulip during the storm.

**PUNCTUALITY**—The *opening* and *closing* of the morning-glory.

**POWER**—The *exhalation* from the upas-blossom, overcoming all within its influence—The *fragrance* of the ottar-gul.

Lord Byron, in a note to one of his poems, relates that an eastern swain once broke a vial of this rich perfume (the ottar-gul, or ottar of roses) under the nose of a duenna, employed to keep guard over his lady-love, and that the old

woman was so overwhelmed by its potency that she fainted away ; and thus he was enabled to enter the forbidden ground, and obtain the interview he desired to have with her fair charge.

But a truce with digressions ! Let me resume the thread of my reminiscences, and tell you of two other charitable establishments of peculiar interest, situated in the same quarter of Paris with that for the Deaf and Dumb ; these are the " Hospital of the Quinze Vingts," and the " Royal Institution for the Young Blind." The first was founded by St. Louis in 1220, and is exclusively appropriated to the indigent blind, who are there taught various mechanical arts and trades, and soon learn to gain their own subsistence instead of depending for it on the community. The appellation of "Quinze Vingts," (fifteen twenties,) is derived from the number of paupers originally admitted, but which has since been allowed to be considerably augmented.

The Hospital for the young blind is, as its name imports, designated for the *young* alone, and like the institution for the deaf and dumb, receives ninety pupils, including boys and girls ; like that too, it affords the stranger an opportunity of witnessing an interesting examination at the close of every month, and is open to the public several mornings during the week. The course of instruction is also nearly the same, and the method of teaching, though totally different, is equally ingenious.

The children are taught reading, cyphering and music by means of cards and papers, stamped in a peculiar manner, expressly for *their* use. The letters, figures and notes are rendered palpable to the touch by being printed in *relievo*, that is, raised above the surface of the card, or paper, and they learn them with facility and quickness by passing their fingers to and fro upon the lines of the page.

In writing, iron pens without slits are used. With these they distinctly trace the letters upon soft, tough paper by bearing very hard upon the pen. To keep their lines straight, and their letters equi-distant, the paper is arranged in a very curious and ingenious machine contrived for the purpose; and as whatever is thus written, must necessarily be read on the opposite side of the paper, they proceed from right to left, like the Chinese in *their* grotesque operations.

In *printing*, they are furnished with little boxes, each one containing a liberal supply of a different letter of the alphabet, which they easily select and arrange by *feeling*. When the types are set, a moistened sheet of paper, or pasteboard, is laid upon them; and by the operation of a press, or the repeated strokes of a hammer, the desired impressions are permanently made. One of the pupils composed a comedy in verse, and printed it for his companions to act, and they used often to perform it with great zest and animation. Many of them evince considerable genius and a decided talent for composition; but this fact will not surprise those who have read the biography of Doctor Thomas Blacklock, a Scotch clergyman and poet, professor of divinity in the college of Aberdeen, and that of Doctor Nicholas Saunderson, professor of mathematics in Cambridge University, both of whom lost their eyes by small pox while they were infants, and yet, in after life, obtained such celebrity for their learning and acquirements. Then there was Didymus of Alexandria, who flourished in the fourth century, and was the preceptor of St. Jerome. He became blind in childhood, yet was deeply versed in every branch of science, and so conversant in ecclesiastical history and controversial theology, that he was

chosen to fill the chair of the Alexandrian school. He was pronounced the most learned man of the age, and was the author of numerous valuable works.

It is an established theory, I believe, based upon the maxim of *practice making perfect*, that by the loss of the *sight*, the remaining senses are sharpened, being called into exercise to supply its place. The *touch*, especially, being most employed, becomes so exquisitely subtle that it has been playfully remarked, that many of the blind, although deprived of their eyes, can see with their fingers ; and I have read of a sculptor who had not seen a ray of light for ten years, yet carved two marble statues, with correctness and skill, from *memory*, produced a good likeness of the persons he intended to represent. Be that as it may, we were astonished at the extreme neatness and delicacy of a variety of mechanical works executed by the blind inmates of the institutions we visited ; even clock-making was carried almost to perfection.

We were so fortunate as to call one morning when a singing class was in full chorus, and thereby had the benefit of quite a melodious concert, for they sung remarkably well, and we noticed, among the female voices, several which were full, clear and sweet.

The class kept excellent time, guided by the tapping of a light wand upon a music desk in front of the leader, who flourished it aloft with the many gesticulations usual upon such *squally* occasions. We lingered nearly a half an hour listening to his bevy of warblers, and amused too, at his varied motions and *emotions*, if there chanced to tingle upon his quickened ear the dismal sound, or semblance, of a false note.

The *memory* of the blind is singularly retentive ; so

much so, that some have been known to recognize persons whom they had not met for years, merely by the tone of their voices. Their entire separation from outward scenes, brightens and improves this faculty as well as their mental perceptions.

The *laughing* philosopher, Democritus of Abdera, in Thrace, is said to have voluntarily destroyed his *bodily* sight, in order that his *mental* contemplation might be uninterrupted by exterior objects. If he *did*, I think he proved himself more of a fool or madman than a sage, and doubtless soon had cause to "*laugh the wrong side of his mouth,*" (as runs the old saying,) for making the silly experiment.

To *me* no earthly evil or misfortune appears so great and awful as total blindness! and I have been perfectly amazed to hear some persons aver that they would choose being in that state, in preference to being deaf and dumb, if compelled to suffer one or the other of these stupendous afflictions! They adduce as a reason for this (to me) strange choice, that the blind appear generally cheerful and gay, and the mutes sad and morose. They should consider that when one sees the blind in company, or with a companion, it is beholding them under the most favorable auspices. They may then be excited or enlivened by those around them, and, for a while, thus made to forget their misery, or at least to feel it less sensibly; whereas, it is at such periods that the mutes experience most fully the unhappiness of their condition, so cruelly incapacitating them for joining in the conversation and merriment of the moment. The mute, 'tis true, can but seldom enjoy social intercourse, and is dead to mortal voices and heavenly sounds, all of which are free to the blind; but then, the

latter, poor wretch ! is shut out from God's most glorious light ! and the view of all the beauties, the sublimities, the wonders of nature !

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NO. VIII.

THREE QUEER VILLAGES AND OTHER THINGS IN  
HOLLAND.

We were sojourning for a week in Amsterdam. The season, the fall of the year, and the weather generally cold and misty—but one morning when it was clear and exhilarating, we proposed an excursion to the country, and after debating whither we should wend our way, decided on visiting the villages of Berkeslow and Broeck, and set out accordingly.

Crossing the water in a row boat and landing at the toll-house, we thence proceeded on foot to Berkeslow. The houses which constitute this little village are painted of divers colors—blue, red, pink, green, yellow, brown and lilac ! and a few are painted black—thus varying from one extreme to another, that is, from *being of all colors, becoming of no color at all*. The general appearance of the place reminded us of Burlington, in New Jersey.

We passed en route the grand canal of Holland, which unites the river Wye with the Zuider Zee, and was cut for the purpose of allowing vessels of the largest size to reach Amsterdam without discharging a portion of their cargoes, which they were formerly obliged to do, in order to get over a bar. This canal is said to be the largest in the world, and is indeed a stupendous work ! We witnessed the passage of a vessel of considerable magni-

tude, and were told that a short while previous, a man of war, mounting 120 guns, had been carried through the enormous locks with ease and safety.

At Berkeslow, we endeavored to procure a boat or a carriage, to convey us to Broeck, but failed in each attempt; so nothing daunted, though much disappointed and somewhat fatigued, we even determined to continue our journey on foot rather than turn back, and a rough and a tough time we had of it!

Broeck is several miles from Amsterdam, but alas! for us, we made a mistake in the road and thereby nearly doubled the distance. The path lay over an unfinished causeway, composed of loose stones; these hurt our feet; then the wind rose, and assailed our bonnets and faces with the usual blustering rudeness of Old Boreas and his attendant guests from the North sea. Yet on, on we trudged, with a patience and perseverance quite equal to those of the phlegmatic race through whose country we were thus toiling. At length we attained the object of our labors, and quickly discerned that it was well worth the difficulties we had surmounted in getting to it. Such a peculiar, such a queer kind of a town or village! we never had beheld in the course of our peregrinations, either in Europe or America, and it is surprising that no description of it has been given in any of the various narratives of travellers through Holland which I have read. Indeed we should not have known of its existence and proximity to Amsterdam, but for the loquacity of our "maitre d' hotel," who was what "Mrs. Malaprop" would have designated as a good natured and talkative "*sort of a person.*" She told us, besides, of many other things deserving the attention of "*lookers on in Holland.*"

Broeck is remarkable (even in Holland, where every place is *neat*) for its perfect neatness and tranquility. No drawing room could be more exquisitely clean than its nicely paved alleys, for I cannot term them streets, they are so very, very narrow! They are not more than four or five feet wide, I should think, with the exception of the main street, which is tolerably spacious, and like the others, paved with glazed and shining tiles, daily sprinkled with sand—probably for two purposes, to prevent one from slipping, and for the sake of tidiness. Not a vehicle of any kind is suffered to be brought into the town, nor an animal permitted to enter it, unless some of the feathered tribe may chance to alight there in the course of an aerial excursion.

In one of the streets, we observed a small flock of crows, pecking about quite as much at their ease as if in a wilderness, nor did they evince the least fear or concern at our passing very near them; yet they were not domesticated, and had alighted merely for a short time, for in less than half an hour they were again on the wing towards some other spot.

The houses of Broeck, like the houses of Berkeslow, are of many colors, and each one has a certain door next the street, which is never opened, except on the occurrence of a wedding or a funeral in the family. At all other times the entrance is through the back doors of the dwellings; and by these may be seen, whenever there has been a fall of rain or snow, a pair or pairs of wooden slippers, intended for the use of all comers, who, to avoid soiling the floors within, put off their wet shoes and leave them without, and in place of them, wear the *sabots*. They are never in much demand, for there is little sociabi-

ity or visiting among the people of the place. We were told that they rarely left their homes, even in fine weather ; and in our ramble through the village, we did not encounter more than ten or twelve persons. Near the centre of the town was a pretty lake, upon the borders of which, several storks were feeding. These birds are held in veneration in Holland, as well as in Germany ; it is deemed sacrilegious to kill them, and considered a favorable omen by the supersitious, if they take up their quarters in the chimney, or on the roof of a house. One cause of their being so valued and preserved is, that they destroy venomous insects and reptiles, and the eggs of serpents. Their usual resort is the stable yard.

We visited a beautiful garden, the property of a wealthy "Mynheer," named Bakker. Besides flowers and shrubs, trees and rivulets, statues and miniature bridges, a pigeon and summer house, *a la Chinoise*, and a green house teeming with geraniums in full blossom, it contained a rustic cottage, which was quite a curiosity, not merely from its completeness without, but for its contents. It was a picturesque thing, with a low, thatched roof, and a single apartment, furnished in the usual style of such dwellings. In it, three automatons, or wooden figures, were seated on rush bottom chairs—an old woman with a spinning wheel before her, an old man holding a reel, and a sportsman with a gun. Each was painted, dressed and arrayed so naturally, and was so life-like in appearance, that on seeing them unexpectedly, we involuntarily started, and believed for a moment, that we had intruded upon the domestic privacy of a living group. Scarcely had we recovered from this surprise, when another was given us--whilst we were busily examining the automatons, our cicerone,

who was the gardener of the earthly paradise we had been perambulating, slipped unperceived by us into a closet in the rear of the cottage, and put in motion a small wheel connected with the wooden figures by a spring ingeniously contrived and concealed. No sooner was this spring touched, than the old crone began to spin with all her might, and the old man, with equal energy, to wind his reel, and puff smoke from a pipe he held in his mouth. Where the smoke came from, and how it was produced, Heaven knows!—we did not discover—but cheerily it curled away. The sportsman was the only inactive one of the company; perhaps he was too tired after a hunting excursion to move—for as we found him, so we left him—listlessly resting upon his gun. Around the cottage was a bright array of pewter plates and dishes, and some copper kettles and pans. You could almost see your face in their polished sides and surfaces; and the shelves upon which they stood were as clean and white as deal boards could be scoured. By the bye, I have omitted, in speaking of the automatons above, to mention the most ingenious and wonderful thing in their construction, viz: that their heads and eyes moved, and it was really diverting to observe their motions and glances.

On the way back to Amsterdam, we stopped at several farm houses, to see the arrangement of the cow stables, which had been represented as remarkably neat and clean, and verily there was no exaggeration in the account. A description of one may suffice for all, as they were very similar in every respect: a long low building was divided on one side into fifteen or twenty stalls, in each stall was an open window, above a trough filled with hay or other food. Each cow was haltered and fastened to a post, and

so thoroughly curried and rubbed, that her skin was sleek and shining ; and we remarked, that with few exceptions, all the cows we saw were black and spotted with white. When the cold is severe, a woolen cover is girted on, to keep them warm. The floors of the stalls were planked, and there were pipes for conveying the water and cleansing them several times a day. On the side of the building opposite the stalls, was a range of doors communicating with the various apartments of the family, and with the dairy, than which nothing could be more complete. Its capacious basins of cream and milk, and pots of golden-hued butter, were tempting to behold ! The main passage of the house, and I believe the *only* one, was this space between the stalls and doors described, but it was not in the least disagreeable—such perfect cleanliness and order prevailed throughout the whole establishment.

On these farms large quantities of excellent butter and cheese are made, the sale of which contributes mainly to the support of their thrifty owners.

Much to our comfort and satisfaction, we succeeded in obtaining a boat, after leaving Broeck. This was pulled along by a man upon the shore, and as it glided upon the surface of the canal, we were quite astonished at the immense numbers of wild geese, which clamored above and sometimes even fluttered around us. We were also struck with the grotesque costume of the country women who passed us. Some of them wore full plaited chintz petticoats and short gowns with tight sleeves, round and flat crowned caps, with stiff fluted borders to garnish the face, but not so much over it as to conceal a large and heavy pair of gold earrings. Several, who seemed of a higher grade than the ordinary class, had

their foreheads decorated with gold or gilt bandeaus, set with brilliant stones, and secured to their caps by a clasp on each side of the head. The women of Holland, like those of Germany, (I allude to the lower classes,) are great drudges. We met one driving a cart loaded with cheeses, and two others toiling with a wheelbarrow quite overstocked with vegetables of divers kinds ; one pushed it along, while her companion dragged it by a rope attached to the back of it ; but it seemed very hard work, and they made slow progress.

We reached Amsterdam at sun-set, and, on approaching the town, a sound of music, as it were from the clouds, saluted our ears ; the clocks were chiming a tune, as all the clocks of Holland do, before they strike the hour. On the way to our lodgings we saw two men clad in deep mourning surtout-coats, with streamers of black cloth, bound with black satin ribbon, fastened to their backs ; they wore cocked hats with flowing crape bands, and their shoes were adorned with enormous silver buckles ; their appearance was so strange that we could not help enquiring of a passenger in the street, what was their vocation, and were informed they were bearers of funeral invitations. A few days afterwards we had an opportunity of witnessing a funeral, and a heartless scene it was ! Four men thus equiped, "in mockery of wo," one might truly say, walked after the hearse, in company with eight others in mourning ; but no sooner was the coffin deposited in the grave, than all of them jumped into the hearse and rode off as rapidly and merrily as if on a party of pleasure. The remaining persons, who formed the procession, quitted the cemetery with almost as much levity ; there were only a few females present, and they, like myself, stood aloof, and were merely

spectators. The coffin and hearse were peculiarly shaped and decorated ; the first was perfectly flat on the top, and widened gradually from the foot to the head. There were three coffins in one grave, placed one above another ! A by-stander told us, that after a certain period, allowed for the decomposition of the body, the bones of the dead were taken up from the earth and deposited in a room over a church ; and when *that* was full, the bones were removed to a ship, kept for the purpose, and carried out to sea ! The hearse resembled a flat-sided narrow coach ; it was surmounted with a ghastly escutcheon, consisting of a sculptured death's head and cross-bones, entwined with laurel leaves ; over the door, behind, was a large hour-glass, between a pair of death's wings. The driver was clad in black, and wore, what seemed to me, the usual badge of *menial* public office in Holland, a *cocked-hat*. The horses were black, and covered with palls that almost touched the ground.

Our next aquatic excursion, from Amsterdam, was to the village of Saardam, famed for ship-building and wind-mills, of which a goodly number were whirling away as briskly, when we arrived, as in the days of the pilgrimage and peregrinations of the knight of La Mancha and his pursy squire.

The weather was cold and misty, but we were snugly wafted on a small steamer, that plied daily between Amsterdam and the little haven we sought. The inhabitants of Saardam are said to have boasted, that if given only two months notice, they could build a ship for every week in the year—fifty-two ships in twelve months ! What a task !! But it was neither their ships nor their wind-mills that allured us to their village, but a *simple rude hut*, a venerable relic of departed greatness—in plainer terms, it was the

hut in which the Czar of Russia, Peter the Great, resided, during two years, for the purpose of studying and practising the art of ship-building ; to which he was prompted by his unquenchable thirst for universal knowledge. Here in disguise, and under the assumed name of Michaelhoff, he sedulously labored, with common workmen, until he had acquired the information and skill he desired to possess. I am no friend to despots, however dazzling and fascinating their mental qualities and attainments may be ; and my recollection of some occurrences and traits, mentioned in the annals of the renowned Czar, as I stood within his lowly habitation, were not by any means of a pleasing nature. I thought of his furious and ungovernable fits of passion—the cruel punishments he caused to be inflicted, and sometimes even assisted at personally !—of his unkind treatment and unjust repudiation of his first wife, Eudocia Feodoreuna—his indifference and harshness to their only son, the unfortunate Alexis Petrowitch, who, though a man of intemperate and vicious habits, was still *his child*, and, perhaps, had acquired those very habits in consequence of his father's shameful neglect of his education ; but, above all, I thought of the dark deep stain, impressed upon the Czar's character, by the suspicious and mysterious death of that same ill-fated son, and my admiration of the abilities and brilliant achievements of the Emperor was almost lost in the remembrance of his brutality and tyranical sway.

A lofty shed, covered with flaming red tiles and resting upon open arches, is erected over the hut, to shield it from storm and sun. Within are two small rooms ; that on the left hand was the Czar's work-shop ; that on the right, through which you enter, was his chamber, and, they assure you, contains the identical articles of furniture he used, viz :

three triangular chairs, painted ash-colour ; a long oaken table and a cupboard. In the closet is shewn a very broad, low shelf, upon which he laid his bed. The hearth and chimney were extremely wide, the former paved with immense square bricks, and each side of the fire-place was covered with glazed white tiles, adorned with pictures, done in brown, such as I have often seen in old-fashioned houses in New-York. Over the mantelpiece were two inscriptions, upon marble slabs, inserted into the wall. Upon one were engraved the names of "Peter Magno," "Alexander,"—and we were told that the Emperor Alexander put it there, with his own hands, after the battle of Waterloo ; but it is not probable that he took that trouble, when masons were so near and numerous. The second inscription was placed there by order of government, and was very long. In 1825, an inundation overspread the floor of the hut to the depth of several feet, but subsided without doing any injury.

Before leaving Saardam, we visited a collection of landscapes, figures, birds, flowers and animals, cut out of white paper, and so inimitably executed, that they resemble beautiful reliefs in marble ; and in a neighbouring church, we saw a curious picture, representing a ferocious bull which had killed a man and a woman. The picture hung over their tombs.

In the same church was a singular pulpit, supported by a pelican, feeding its young with the blood from its breast ; meant, I suppose, to be emblematical of the blood of the Redeemer, shed for us.

We returned to Amsterdam in rain and snow, both falling at the same time ; thus ended our day's adventures, and thus ends my narration for the present.

## A SOJOURN AT GHENT.

\* \* \* \* \* No, my promise is *not* forgotten, and if you will rest with me under the shade of this wide-spreading tree, which brings to mind the famous elm at Worms, I will comply with your desire, and continue my reminiscences, happy to know that they afford you amusement.

We were, last evening, admiring a fine engraving of Ghent, and now I will tell you about some remarkable things we saw there. We remained only a few days, but they were rendered very agreeable by the kindness and hospitality of the Duke and Dutchess of Saxweimar, who reside in the city, he being commandant of it.

You may remember our becoming acquainted with him at Albany and Lebanon, in the state of New-York, where he joined our party in an excursion to the Shaker village—his afterwards visiting us here in Richmond, and being, that same summer, one of our fellow-passengers in the voyage to Liverpool? Well, when he met us accidentally, two years afterwards, in a church at Ghent, he greeted us most cordially, introduced us to his family and entertained us most hospitably at his palace; where we dined in company with several intelligent and distinguished foreigners, like ourselves, invited guests.

The Duke, as you know him personally, it is needless to describe to you, farther than, that he was as gay and agreeable at home as we found him abroad, and quite as humorous and full of anecdote. The Dutchess, who is sister to the present

Queen Dowager of England, was a tall, dignified, gentle-mannered woman, as quiet as his Grace was lively. In the evening their three carriages were drawn up in front of the palace, to convey those, who choose to go, to the theatre, to hear Madame Mondonville sing. She was there considered a great vocalist; but we did not think her comparable to Mademoiselle Sontag, whom we had heard, a few months previous, in Paris. Guillon, and his pupil Dorus, accompanied her on the flute.

The theatre of Ghent is neither large nor handsome, but we were struck with the peculiar appropriateness of the decoration of the first and second tier of boxes. On the pannels of the first, the best scenes, from the chief works of various Dramatists, were painted; and above these, on the pannels of the second tier, busts, *painted in relief*, represented the authors themselves.

Now, all this is but a preamble—the things I am to describe to you, as being remarkable, are as follows: . . .

. . . and, as chief, I will begin with the Beguinage, an establishment of religious females; whose number, at the period of our visit, amounted to seven hundred. They resided in a collection of small houses, built within the same enclosure, and dedicated to different Saints, the name of each Saint being inscribed, in large letters, on each front door. In the midst of this little town (so one may call it) stands the church; this bears the name of Saint Elizabeth, who is considered the Patroness of the *Beguines*, as the members of this extraordinary sisterhood are termed. *Nuns*, they cannot be styled, for they take no vows, and are at liberty to return to the world, and society, whenever they choose, and even to marry!

Only single women are ever received as members, and none

need apply who cannot pay a stipulated sum, and produce a certificate of her respectability and worthiness. Each lives upon her own resources, and if unable to hire a servant, must cook and wash for herself. There were, generally, three or four residing in the same dwelling; some, however, who were more fortunate in possessing a larger portion of this world's goods, kept their own domicil. The sisterhood is divided into companies, and every company is under the charge of a directress, and a superior reigns over *all*. They had a flourishing school for poor children—taught them to read and make lace, and the work was sold for the benefit of the little pupils and their parents. Some of the children were not more than six years old, and it was quite astonishing to witness their dexterity and rapidity, in moving the pins and weaving the meshes of the lace.

At night we went to see the Beguines at vespers, and a solemn sight it was. They were clad in long white veils; and in the dim light of their cathedral, which was furnished with only a few scattered lamps, they resembled kneeling spectres. For a considerable time the effect was kept up, by their remaining perfectly motionless. They were a cheerful, lively set, in the morning, while engaged at their various employments; but in the evening, a more demure and sanctified collection of faces you never beheld!

This gave me a favorable opinion of them, for I like to see christians gay and cheerful at all times, unless they are under the rod of affliction; and while at their devotions, in public or private, when they cannot be too serious and contemplative.

The next remarkable thing I remember seeing, was the funeral of a youth of fifteen, who was a pupil in the Royal College of Ghent, and was so much beloved by his com-

panions that they would not suffer his corpse to be carried in a hearse, but bore it to the grave on their shoulders while the hearse followed empty. They wore black crape bands on their arms, and were preceded by a boy decorated with a broad orange coloured ribbon, from which was suspended several medals, which the deceased had gained in contests for literary honors. The coffin was covered with a white silk pall, richly embroidered, and on the top of that stood a basket, made of silver bullion, and filled with artificial flowers.

We loitered on the pavement till the mournful procession had passed, and was lost to our view in turning the corner of a street. A previous engagement prevented our witnessing the ceremony of consigning the body to the tomb, which we regretted, as it would have been an interesting as well as solemn scene ; and you know my predilection for whatever kindles deep and sacred feelings.

In the course of our rambles, next morning, we entered the Town Hall ; and there, collected in a spacious room, we saw more than a dozen babies, in the arms of as many nurses. On asking the cause of this marvellous infantine assemblage, we were informed the children were brought there to be baptised ; that the laws of the country enacted, that as soon as a child was born, the father, accompanied by two witnesses, should go to the chief magistrate and give him notice of the birth and sex of the child, (which are immediately recorded,) and that afterwards, when old enough, it was usually taken to the same place to be christened.

Near this room was another, called the "Hall of Marriage," in which the votaries of Hymen were united, for better or for worse, by the civil magistrate. I can't say anything in favor of either of these customs. I think

baptism and marriage are rites too sacred and solemn, to be performed by any other than a minister of religion.

By the bye, talking of *children*, reminds me that we saw a tomb in the church of St. Nicholas, at Ghent, which was erected over a man and his wife, who had *thirty-one!* and lost them *all in a month!!* So said the inscription upon the stone. I do not believe it!

In the cathedral, we were astonished at the singularity of design, and the beautiful carving of the pulpit. It was of wood, richly sculptured, and ornamented with marble bas reliefs. The top or ceiling was supported by the branches of two trees, filled with leaves and golden apples, one of which a serpent (alias his Satanic Majesty in that shape) held in his mouth, while his scaly length entwined the trunk of the tree. At the foot of the steps, leading up to the pulpit, stood two angels, the size of life, and made of white marble, pointing to the reptile. Under the pulpit (which was of antique form, and rested on a stand or stem) were the figures of Time and Truth; the latter grasped an open book. A curtain, admirably carved and of *wood*, enveloped the top of the pulpit, and was raised in front by two little angels—also of white marble—bearing a golden cross.

The baptismal font was almost as singular as the pulpit, and consisted of an azure and star spangled globe, resting on angels amid clouds of white marble. The cover was decorated with a silver cloud, a golden cross and serpent. It was said to be the identical font that was used at the christening of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, who you know was born in the city.

We descended into the subterranean portion of the cathedral, to see the tomb of the last Bishop of Ghent.

It was composed of a material called “*pierre de touche*,” (touch stone) by which the purity of gold was tested ; if *unadulterated*, it left a mark. I entirely forget whether *we* experimented on the occasion ; I rather think *w did*, although, at this distant period of time, I cannot determine ; but one thing is sure, the result has made no impression on our *minds* if the gold *did* upon the *stone*.

The cathedral is rich in marble columns, monuments, statues and paintings. Among the pictures is the “*paschal lamb*,” by Van Eyck, sometimes styled “*John of Bruges*,” whence he came. He is reputed to be the inventor of the art of mixing colors with oil.

We visited a convent of the order of “*La Visitation*,” where bobinet was embroidered. It was done by poor orphans whom the nuns took under their protection until twenty-four years of age, when, having by that time learnt the trade, they were sent forth into the world to support themselves, by their own skill and industry.

We saw them busily plying their needles, and observed, with surprise, that the most intricate and difficult patterns were imitated without paper or marks to assist them ; the meshes served as guides. We were desirous to have witnessed the manufacturing of lace, but had encountered such delay and trouble ere we obtained admission to the bobinet establishment, that we resolved not to attempt an inspection of a lace one. The Abbess was old, morose, and so disobliging, that she would not have let us in, had it not been for an order from the Vicar General, an aged and affable priest, who treated us with much suavity and kindness ; we also found “*sister Anne*,” a young nun who went about with us as cicerone, very amiable and communicative ; she was very lively too, and carried us

into a parlour to shew us some pictures and a piano : "Here, she said, we amuse ourselves with dancing quadrilles every evening, and the *novices* play the part of *gentlemen*." On expressing my amazement that *dancing*, generally one of the *bug-bears* of religious communities, should be allowed in the convent, she replied that they there considered it not only an innocent, but a rational amusement, and a great contributor to health : "If we were to mingle with the world, and spend money and time in dressing up ourselves for the sake of dancing, we should view it very differently ; but here there is no such desire or inducement, and we dance merely for the pleasure of the music and the benefit of the exercise." A sage process of reasoning ! thought I, and we came away well pleased with "sister Anne" and her argument.

In the commencement of our conversation, beneath this "lord of the forest," I alluded to the great elm at Worms, which it somewhat resembles ; and before leaving our umbrageous retreat I will mention a tradition concerning it, that is firmly believed by the people of its neighborhood, in fact by most of the Germans ; it is *rather incredible*, I confess, but you shall hear it nevertheless : it is said to have been planted by the Reformer himself, during the sitting of the Diet at Worms in 1521, when he appeared before Charles the Fifth, and so eloquently disputed with the Pope's nuncio, on the subject of the new faith, then just shedding a glimmering light over the Christianized world.

One morning Luther was warmly maintaining the truth of his doctrine, while accompanying some members to the Diet : As they walked along, he, twirling round a small switch he had picked up, suddenly stopped, and thrusting it into

the ground, exclaimed with great fervour : " If this twig should live and grow, then is my doctrine sound and true ; if it should perish, then am I deceived and in error, and I solemnly invoke the aid of Heaven thus to prove, whether my faith be right or wrong ! "

The next day, on passing the same spot, lo ! the little branch had taken root and budded !! Such a miracle, you may suppose, soon converted many persons to the Lutheran belief.

And, now, let us wend our way homewards, for a storm seems brooding in the sky, and my reminiscences have come to a close for the present ; some future time, perhaps, I may resume them.

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## CYPRESS LEAVES.

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“Dark tree ! still sad, when others’ grief is fled !”

BYRON.

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### A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

Near Richmond, Virginia, on the banks of James River, that great and rapid artery of the “Old Dominion,” stands Powhatan, a beautiful time-honored mansion, the hereditary seat of the Mayo family. The spot is peculiarly interesting, as being the site once occupied by the Indian chief whose name it bears, and the abode of his gentle daughter, Pocahontas.

Traditional lore informs us, (and who would wish to doubt ?) that it was the scene of her romantic attachment, and interposition for her ungrateful lover, Captain Smith. The very stone upon which his head was laid for decapitation, when, like a guardian spirit, she appeared and rescued him from the death-blow, is pointed out in the garden, while a more massive rock in the house yard is designated as the simple and unlettered sepulchre of her relenting father.

Around this rock a few young cedars are planted, and on its smooth grey surface, the impressions of two feet may be traced ; faint indeed, but still there they are, evidently the print of a child’s and a man’s foot ; *when, how, or by whom* engraven, none living can tell. On a neighbouring height, o’er towering the river, is the Mayo Cemetery, where ven-

erable cedars, and other trees of yore, shelter some antique granite tombs and several white marble monuments of *modern* date, which, though less interesting to a disciple of "Monk Barns," are more precious to individuals of the present generation. Besides these sacred memorials, there are many stoneless, turfy hillocks, whose long grass, waving in the summer gale, whispers to the heart the names—the unchiselled, yet unforgotten, cherished names—of dear ones reposing below.

'Tis a sweet and tranquilizing spot; and often at the close of day, my fancy loiters over its beauties and melancholy attractions, for within its solemn precincts lie buried *my own Dead!* Thus sadly musing one evening, busy thoughts wove themselves into the following stanzas :

In twilight's musing, mystic hour,  
    Visions of the past come o'er me,  
And Mem'ry, with her thrilling power,  
    Brings the loved and lost before me.

Those who now in graves lie sleeping,  
    Near Powhatan's\* fast flowing tide,  
Around whose death-couch we stood weeping,  
    When they *look'd farewell!* and died!

Oh! whose tombs the light is gleaming  
    Through each tall dark cedar's crest,  
And the slanting sun-rays streaming  
    Athwart their mournful place of rest.

In the dim hour they appear!  
    I trace their features! hear them speak!  
'Tis but a dream—they are not here—  
    And tears bedew my burning cheek.

\* The Indian appellation and ancient name of James' River.

From Earth they are forever gone !  
 Forever from our home-land riven !  
 They left us lonely—one by one—  
 Called to a brighter home in Heaven.

Death, ruthless, broke the cords of love,  
 Which sweetly bound our hearts together;  
 Removed the idols of our grove,  
 And doomed the flowers of Hope to wither.

Some left us in their strength and bloom—  
 O'er their young forms the dirge we sung ;  
 Grief-struck, we bore them to the tomb,  
 And laid them there, our sires among.

And some departed ripe in years,  
 Whose annals, like a moral page,  
 Instruct us to resist Earth's snares,  
 And emulate a virtuous age.

Be not the precious record slighted,  
 But studied as the ev'ning star,  
 When to the 'wilder'd and benighted  
 It shines a guide to homes afar.

Then will it prove to us a mine  
 Of golden thoughts and precepts pure ;  
 Teach us to sue for faith divine,  
 Life's bitter trials to endure.

Lead us to seek God's holy fane—  
 To kindle, at his altar there,  
 Devotion's sacred, Heaven-born flame,  
 The life-breath of the Christian's prayer.

The flame which lights our way to bliss,  
 And constant burns in densest gloom,  
 Infuses strength *the rod to kiss*,  
 And makes each thorn a flow'ret bloom.

Thus *our Loved* of the "spirit land"  
 Still shall speak, from their blest abode,  
 To the wand'ring, weary pilgrim band,  
 Toiling yet through Earth's rough road.

OBITUARY STANZAS,  
ON THE  
**DEATH OF A BELOVED CHILD.**

Oh ! where is she whose eyes' dark blue,  
And glossy, raven hair,  
And lips and cheeks of rosy hue,  
And brow benign and fair,

Were render'd lovely by a heart  
Where every virtue glow'd,  
And by a mind where Heav'n and Art  
Rare bounties had bestowed ?

Alas ! she is no longer here—

She was too good, too pure !  
To linger on this earthly sphere,  
Where sin and grief endure.

Reader ! she was her parents' pride—

Their source of hope and pleasure !  
Now, both are to their hearts denied—  
Now, gone ! their richest treasure !

Oh ! 'tis as if a meteor bright,  
With quick and sudden gleam,  
Had crossed their path, and made Life's night  
More dark and dreary seem !

*So good, so lovely, and so dear !*

At eight years old to die !  
The awful stroke is hard to bear,  
Though sent by *Him* on high.

Nor can we ever “*kiss the rod*,”  
Or say, “*Thy* will be done !”  
Unaided by *Almighty God*,  
His *Spirit* and his *Son*.

Then let our prayers ascend to Heaven,  
This blessing to implore—  
That strength may to our souls be given,  
Whilst weeping, to *adore* !

*Lines on the Death of a Beloved Niece,*

**MARIA MAYO SCOTT,**

WHO DIED AT THE AGE OF SIXTEEN.

Chant the requiem for the dead !  
The beautiful and young ;  
For *her* whose spirit pure has fled  
To realms from whence it sprung.

Tell of the virtues *she* possessed,  
Who on the bier lies low,  
With cold, clasp'd hands upon that breast  
Which ever felt for woe.

Sooth ye her parents' dire dispair,  
To such bereavement doomed ;  
Then chant the requiem as ye bear  
Their loved one to the tomb.

Oh ! she was beauteous as the rose,  
And joyous as the doe  
That lightly bounds o'er Alpine snows,  
Beneath the bright sun's glow.

Pure she was as a chrystral rill,  
Within its banks of flowers ;  
Sweet as the fragrance they distil  
Around the richest bowers.

Ah ! gently lay her in the grave,  
With solemn rite and prayer ;  
*He* who has ta'en is *He* who gave—  
Murmur we may not dare.

Then chant the requiem for the dead,  
The beautiful and young ;  
To Heaven her sainted soul has fled,  
The realm from whence it sprung.

## TWILIGHT.

Sacred to *me* the twilight hour—  
*Then* Memory, with magic power,  
 Recalls *her look—her voice—*  
 And Fancy soars with rapid flight  
 From Earth to Heav'n, where seraphs bright  
 Around God's throne rejoice.

Among those seraphs sees she one,  
 Whose beaming eye and radiant zone  
 Seem brighter than the rest ;  
 It beckons ! speaks!—“ Dear mother, see !  
 Behold how in *Eternity*  
 Thy favour'd child is blest !

Here all is holy, pure and fair—  
 Here enters, *never*, sin nor care ;  
 But love and joy prevail :  
 Our Father's wond'rous works to scan—  
 To praise Him for redeeming man,  
 And each new spirit hail,

Form our delights, and may be thine,  
 My mother ! if thou wilt resign  
 Thyself to His decree :  
 Unmurmuring, run thy mortal race—  
 Trust, love, obey, and through His grace  
 Thou soon shalt be with me !”

My God, let not the call be vain !  
 Help me each murmur to restrain,  
 And grant me faith and love :  
 Oh ! ever bend me to thy will,  
 Whate'er it send—be it suffering still,  
 Or blessing from above !

**THE MANIAC.**

Fate sheds o'er me her deepest gloom—  
A miserable wretch am I !

Blacker than shades of night my doom—  
Would I could lay me down and die !

What fearful memories o'er me steal !  
How wearily wears the passing day !  
In vain to Heav'n each sad appeal,  
Though hourly for relief I pray.

Lingering thus on Life's bleak shore,  
While waves of sorrow round me roll ;  
Wreck'd hopes my flowing tears deplore,  
And fell Dispair weighs down my soul.

Yes—thou art mine, and I am thine,  
Thou vulture of the human heart !  
Beneath thy ravages I pine—  
Where'er I turn, dread power ! thou art.

**THE HARP OF THE DEPARTED !**

Strike not that harp ! Alas ! how could I bear  
Again its mellow, dulcet sound to hear ?  
When ev'ry note of those silvery cords,  
With eloquence keener than piercing words,  
Would tell of the past, and the lovely Dead,  
And of hopes that died when her spirit fled ?

Ah, touch it not ! to me each thrilling tone  
Would sound more plaintive than the ring-dove's moan ;  
Would seem that voice beloved, now hushed in death !  
*The voice that was sweet as a zephyr's breath*  
When it comes perfumed with odors of flowers,  
The richest exhaled from the loveliest bowers.

Strike not the harp ! My very soul would weep,  
As o'er its chords thy snowy fingers sweep.  
Oh, be it ever *thus!*—*untouched, unstrung !*  
And on its treasured frame, pale wreaths be hung—  
Emblems of *her*, whose bright and early bloom  
So soon has wither'd in the cold, cold tomb !

LINES IN MEMORY OF THE  
LATE MRS. HENINGHAM H. LYONS,  
OF RICHMOND, VA.

I knew thee in our girlhood, when life was fresh and fair—  
Our hopes as bright as morning's light,  
Our hearts devoid of care.

And well do I remember the merry, happy hours,  
We spent in play each holiday  
'Midst singing birds and flowers.

How often, with dear school-mates, such pleasant walks we took,  
In youthful ranks, along the banks  
Of our canal and brook.

In those days, those *happy* days, how bright thy cheeks did glow,  
With rosy health, the richest wealth  
Kind nature can bestow.

Thy hair was of a golden hue, bewitching was thine eye,  
And Cupid's wile seemed in thy smile,  
And fragrance in thy sigh.

And well do I remember, how in the sprightly dance,  
Thy winsome grace and beaming face  
Would rivet many a glance.

In after years of womanhood, we greeted thee a bride;  
Beneath the sun, no lovelier one  
E'er stood by bridegroom's side !

Time glided on with silken wing—we saw thee a fond mother;  
A beauteous race thy home did grace,  
Each rivalling the other.

On, on sped Time—then sickness came—then death!—Thou past from earth!

Ah, many a tear upon thy bier  
From weeping eyes gushed forth!

Yes, friend beloved and cherished! we've looked upon thee dead!  
In shroud arrayed—on death-couch laid—  
Then borne to earth's cold bed!

And there, within the open grave, we heard the thrilling sound  
Of the clods that slid on thy coffin's lid,  
When the spade was passed around

By those among thy funeral train who joined in the sad rite,  
And piled that heap, above thy sleep,  
Which hides thee from our sight.

'Tis true our grief is selfish, for we know that thou art blest  
In Heaven above, where all is love,  
And the weary soul finds rest.

Yet tears *will* fall like rain-drops, when mem'ry turns to thee,  
And fondly traces scenes and places  
Were thou wert wont to be:

Then paints the gentle virtues which so adorned thy life,  
Gracing each sphere, filled by thee here,  
Of sister, mother, wife.

Farewell, farewell, sweet spirit! our guardian angel be;  
Pray for us! Pray! Guide us on the way  
That leads to Heaven and thee.

## THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

I love to listen to the murmur'd song  
 Of zephyrs revelling o'er beds of flowers;  
 Their airy music, as it floats along,  
 Speaks to my heart of past and hallowed hours,  
 When that sweet rainbow of my life—our boy—  
 Solaced each care and heighten'd every joy.

Brilliant in beauty as the humming-bird,  
 When its soft plumage glitters in the sun—  
 Sportive as lambkin of the fleecy herd—  
 As gentle too—was our lamented one.  
 His merry laugh still echoes in mine ear;  
 His fairy footsteps still I seem to hear!

And *can* it be? Oh, is it not a dream?  
 That he has left, *forever*, earth's fair scene!  
 He, that was *so* loved, so beauteous, and so bright!  
 Who, to *my* soul, was breath, was life, was light!  
 In the dark tomb has that dear form been laid?  
 Was't by *his* bier we knelt and wept and prayed?  
 While funeral rite and psalm, at twilight dim,  
 Was said and chaunted (Oh, my God!) o'er *him*!  
 'Twas even so!—Death claimed him for his own,  
 And made us desolate, heart-stricken, lone!  
 Now, oft like Cain, I feel as if my share  
 Of earthly wo is more than I can bear.  
 Now, soon to rest within that deep cold grave  
 Where sleeps my child—*so* still!—is all I crave,  
 Till the last trump shall peal along the skies,  
 And the awaken'd, conscious Dead arise!  
 Then in communion sacred, blest and sweet,  
 Our angel cherub we again shall meet.

## THE INVOCATION.

Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?  
HEBREWS, chapter x, verse 17.

Gentle Spirit, hover o'er me,  
Be my guardian day and night;  
Help me, keep me, I implore thee!  
Guide me to the realms of light!

Now, an angel bright with glory!  
Fancy paints thee to mine eyes;  
Yet fond nature will deplore thee,  
Though thou art in Paradise.

Oh, thou wert by me more cherished  
Than aught else on earth beside;  
And with thee those hopes have perish'd,  
Which so cheered my life's dull tide.

Worldly pleasures no more charm me—  
From their spells I now am free;  
Thoughts of death no more alarm me,  
I would die to be with *thee*.

Come, then, loved one! hover o'er me—  
Leave me not, by day or night;  
Aid me, keep me, I implore thee!  
Guide me to the realms of light!

ON THE DEATH OF THE  
**LATE MRS. MARIA B. MURRAY,**  
 OF NEW YORK.

*Stranger.* "In mournful peals, prolonged and clear,  
 A solemn knell falls on the ear ;  
 And see ! slow moving o'er yon plain,  
 A dark draped hearse and funeral train !  
 Oh, whose the form thus borne along,  
 And followed by that weeping throng ?"

*Mourner.* "She who, *there*, in death reposes,  
 Was to our sad hearts most dear !  
 He who all events disposes,  
 Called her from this earthly sphere :

Called that tender wife and mother,  
 By so many loved so well !  
 From this fair world to another—  
 And with grief our bosoms swell.

Goodness—genius—beauty—wealth—  
 All were her's—a precious dower !  
 But, ah, the needful boon of health  
 Denied—she faded like a flower !

Ne'er shall loving eyes behold her  
 Grace again her cheerful home !  
 Never more fond arms enfold her !  
 Never more to us she'll come !"

*Stranger.* "Calm thee, mourner ! cease bewailing !  
 Think how she in Heav'n is blest :  
 Then let faith o'er woe prevailing,  
 Each rebellious thought arrest.

Oh, lament her not so deeply :  
 To *rejoin* her now prepare ;  
 Let her pure example keep thee  
 From the sins which taint us here."

A MONODY ON THE  
DEATH OF JOHN ROBERTSON,  
OF PHILADELPHIA,  
**Who died at Richmond, Va., Nov. 22, 1832.**  
ADDRESSED TO HIS MOTHER.

Mourn not for him, that gentle youth,  
Whose bosom was the seat of truth—  
Of virtue, and of honor bright,  
Of all that could our hearts delight.

Ah, mourn him not ! an angel now,  
With God's own signet on his brow ;  
He roves the skies, and his the love  
Of cherubim and saints above.

With them he shares the bliss of Heaven,  
The glorious boon to pure ones given ;  
And he was pure, your gentle son—  
Then weep not that his course is run.

So fitted for a happier sphere,  
Would you have had him linger here,  
Amid these tainted scenes of earth,  
Where hope and joy scarce have their birth,

Ere from us they are rudely torn,  
And we left weeping and forlorn ?  
Our life is like the autumn leaf,  
Varied in hue, its bloom as brief.

And can you wish him back again,  
To feel the stings of grief and pain,  
Which are the doom of all our race  
While its perplexing maze we trace ?

Would you recall his ransomed soul,  
In mercy freed from sin's control,  
And re-subject it to that power,  
So baneful e'en in Eden's bower ?

Ah, no ! though numbered with the dead,  
 For him let not our tears be shed,  
 Nor sighs of bitter woe expressed !  
 Oh, why bewail the Dead thus blest ?

Flow for ourselves, ye rapid tears !  
 For when from earth these disappears,  
 One of the worthiest of her train,  
*Our's* is the loss—*their's* the rich gain !

---

## LINES ON THE

**DEATH OF MRS. JOSEPH MARX.**

Mother beloved, farewell ! thy cares are o'er  
 And thy dear spirit treads that blissful shore,  
 The "promised land" of rest—  
 And yet we mourn and languish for thee here,  
 And to thy mem'ry shed the bitter tear,  
 With direst grief opprest.

And when assembled round the household hearth,  
 So late the scene of sweet domestic mirth,  
 And joys serene and pure—  
 Oh, then, we feel the dreary void that's there ;  
 We miss thy voice—we see thy vacant chair,  
 And our sad loss deplore.

Mother beloved ! we miss thee every hour,  
 When morning glows or evening shadows lower,  
 Or night's dark veil is spread.  
 But there is one who loved thee—now so lone !  
 Sickness is on him still ; and thou, whose kindly tone  
 Didst soothe him,—thou art dead !

Oh may thy spirit visit his repose  
 In the calm hour, when mystic dreams disclose  
 Their changeful fantasies ;  
 And may thy tomb be unto us a shrine,  
 Whereal, from this cold sphere, to scenes divine,  
 Our thoughts and hopes shall rise.

**DEATH OF MR. JOSEPH MARX.**

Peace to thy shade ! Oh, thou who wert most kind,  
 Most generous, noble and sincere ;  
 In thee how many virtues we beheld combined,  
 Now "lost to sight, but still to memory dear !"

Thou wert the loving father and the faithful friend,  
 The tender husband and the brother true ;  
 Thou wert the cordial host, and oft would hie to blend,  
 With thee and thine, a social happy crew.

At noon-tide they would gather round thy festive board ;  
 At eve oft circle gaily round thy hearth,  
 And there, blithe as its blaze, each gleeful soul forth poured  
 The merry jest, awakening harmless mirth.

There were thy children, too, and one beloved who trod  
 With thee the maze of life, thy fate to share—  
 Ah, where are they ? In other homes ! And she ? With God !  
 And thou ? We trust thou'rt gone to join her there.

For thou hast past from earth, and lonely is thy hall,  
 Where erst both sparkling wit and wine went round ;  
 While welcome wreathed each cup, and greeting kind met all,  
 And airy footsteps tripped to music's sound.

O, well may all, who read these sad and simple lines,  
 Garner the solemn warning they convey,  
 That as the shade of night before the sun declines,  
 Thus silently and surely fade away

The pageantries of earth !—its hopes, its joys, its care ;  
 Then let us strive, while time to us is given,  
 (Time flies apace, and dread eternity draws near !)  
 To seek the narrow path which leads to Heaven.

**EPITAPH FOR AN INFANT.**

*Occasioned by the Death of a sweet Babe, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. JEFFERSON PEYTON, during the summer of 1851.*

Here, stranger, pause and read  
Upon this little tomb,  
How earthly blessings fade,  
And perish in their bloom.

A tender form lies here,  
Committed to the dust,  
That lived but one short year  
Ere God resumed his trust.

Beneath this little mound,  
Where oft the violet blows,  
Deep, deep within the ground,  
We laid our withered rose.

We planted it in earth,  
We hope to bloom in Heaven ;  
For pure as at its birth,  
To God our flower was given.

And when the orbs of night  
Gleam on the sacred spot,  
The breeze, in whispers light,  
Murmurs, *forget me not.*

---

**THE ADIEU.**

TO ONE WHO HAD BEEN A COMFORTER IN AFFLICITION.

Dearest Marie ! Fare thee well ;  
May gentle breezes waft thee on !  
Thine absence breaks a pleasing spell,  
And sadness reigns, now thou art gone !

Thy presence soothed my stricken heart,  
Thy converse cheered my spirits' gloom ;  
Alas ! alas ! that we must part !  
And I my *lonely* tasks resume.

Forget me not, mine own sweet niece ;  
On *thee, my* thoughts and love shall rest ;  
Adieu ! On Earth, mayst thou have peace ;  
In Heaven, the raptures of the blest !



## SMILES AFTER TEARS.

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"VIVE LA BAGATELLE!"

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### THE WHITE SULPHUR SPRING OF VA. IN 1836.

A DESCRIPTIVE BALLAD.

Oh, the White Sulphur Spring! the White Sulphur Spring!  
How pure, how limpid and cool are its waters!  
Ev'ry year thither borne upon Hope's buoyant wing,  
Hie the *Brave*, and the *Fair*, and the *Rich*, from all quarters.

Some go to seek pleasure, and some to woo health,  
And others (like Cœlebs) in search of a wife,  
Whose virtues and charms, tho' unaided by wealth,  
Shall solace their cares and enrapture their life.

But others there are (the base, sordid elves!)  
Who sigh not for *these—their* object is *money*;  
Ye favoured of Fortune, take care of yourselves!  
Ah, heed not their love-tales, tho' *melting as honey*!

Oh, the White Sulphur Spring! the White Sulphur Spring  
Can cure ev'ry evil that ever was known!  
Gout, fever, dyspepsia, and each horrid thing  
That e'er worried the flesh or tormented the bone!

How verdant its lawn in the depth of the mountains!  
How snug are its cabins, all ranged in a row!  
What spruce beaus and belles daily quaff at its fountains!  
*So gay and so* stylish!—they make quite a show!

When the dinner-bell rings, what a throng sallies forth  
Of maidens and bachelors, husbands and wives;  
Of Locos and Whigs, from East, West, South and North—  
All talking and walking as if *for their lives*!

At table, what *scrambling!*—what bustle and clamor!

*Here*, gentlemen calling; and *there*, servants running—  
Old Vulcan's stout myrmidons, while at the hammer,  
Could not have occasioned a clatter more stunning!

But enough of Terrestrials! Haste we to Paradise,\*

Where dwell those bright houries whose soft silken chains  
Have entwined many hearts, and forced them to sacrifice  
Friendship's bland feelings for Love's racking pains!

You'll find there Miss B., Miss C., and Miss W.,

And some other belles who in Richmond reside;

But beware of their charms!—they have pow'r to trouble you,  
And cause you a torturing *ache in the side.*

From Baltimore, Boston, Philadelphia, New-York;

From Louisville, Lynchburg, and Edenton city,

Are fair ones and rare ones!—just look in that walk!

'Tis filled with the graceful, the beauteous, the witty!

There are songstresses also among the gay train,

Whose soft notes enchant as they fall on the ear,

Like those of the syrens whose ravishing strain

Ulysses of old dared not venture to hear.

At night, should you wend to *Terpsichore hall*,

You'll see there assembled a brilliant collection,

Who form, ev'ry evening, a *sociable Ball*,

Where quadrilles and waltzes are danced to perfection.

There are Judges and Gen'rals whose names I could mention,

And Doctors and Lawyers and Statesmen of fame;

But to lengthen this ballad is not my intention,

'Twould be too laborious each one to proclaim.

Yet, ere I conclude, lo! a paradox hear!

Though *Protestants all*, yet obey we a *Pope*,†

Whose mandates give pleasure whene'er they appear;

And that *long* he may reign, most devoutly we hope!

\* A range of cabins called "Paradise row," from their location.

† William Pope, Esq., master of ceremonies, by courtesy.

## THE FLOWER GIRL OF BADEN.

A BALLAD.

“ Flowers ! flowers !—who’ll buy flowers ? ”  
 Cried a beauteous maiden ;  
 “ They’re bright and fresh—just culled from bowers  
 Within a mile of Baden.

Here blend the lily and the rose,  
 With richest odors laden ;  
 They scent the very air that blows  
 Along the streets of Baden.

Or would you violets, to perfume  
 The trunks your clothes are laid in ?  
 Behold them in my basket bloom—  
 You can’t find such in Baden.”

Thus every day, at early dawn,  
 Did pretty Minna Vaiden  
 Trip o’er the verdant, dewy lawn,  
 To sell her wares in Baden.

And truly, she came not in vain  
 With lovely nosegays laden ;  
 She sold them all, and caught a swain—  
 A rich one, too—in Baden.

Not only her bouquets he bought  
 Of the sweet, smiling maiden ;  
 But he the humble cottage sought  
 Wherin she dwelt near Baden,

And ask’d her for her heart and hand—  
 His suit did Cupid aid in ;  
 So she his prayer could not withstand,  
 As was soon known in Baden.

For ere that summer by did glide,  
 The blushing blue-eyed maiden  
 Consented to become his bride,  
 And share his home in Baden :

*Provided* that her mother, dear,  
 Would leave the cot they staid in,  
 And move to town, there to be near  
 Her daughter when in Baden.

'Twas thus arranged, and in the fall  
 The happy Minna Vaiden  
 Was wedded to young Rodolf Hall,  
 The Banker's son in Baden.

And now she lives a lady bright  
 As ever eyes were laid on !  
 In stately mansion, on the right,  
 Just as you enter Baden.

There she rears *far dearer* flowers  
 (A rosy boy and maiden)  
 Than those she cultured once in bowers,  
 Within a mile of Baden.



*Verses sent, with a Satin Pin-Cushion, to a Clergyman, in 1832*

Accept this little gift, my friend ;  
 Tho' trifling, yet perchance 'twill tend  
 To make you think of me,  
 Whene'er for holy rite or prayer,  
 Your gown and surplice you prepare,  
 And act for *love* or *fee*..

And when you preach, cold hearts to warm,  
 As *smooth* and *graceful* as its form  
 May all your periods be !  
 And bright and pointed as its pins,  
 Your arguments against our sins,  
 Whilst rapt, we list to thee.

A dolorous letter to a friend,  
 About a squirrel's cruel end,  
 Addressed to Mrs. C. M. B.  
 By the writer, J. M. C.

---

Dear Caroline, prepare your ear  
 A melancholy tale to hear;  
 One that perchance will cause a sigh,  
 Nay, draw a tear from your bright eye.  
 This morning, just as I awoke,  
 In came the cook and thus she spoke :  
 (Her words I do remember well,  
 For as upon mine ear they fell,  
 They seemed a solemn, sad prediction  
 Of that which now is my affliction.)  
 " Madam," said she, in doleful tone,  
 " Your darling squirrel, Bun, is gone !  
 I've hunted for him here and there,  
 In this place, that place, everywhere,  
 In vain ! To find him I despair—  
 And much I fear the cat's caught Bun !"  
 Alas ! her fears have proved too true,  
 As shall be quickly proved to you,  
 For, in the cellar, on the ground,  
 His skin and bones have since been found.  
 Ill fated Bunny ! Precious pet !  
 Thy winning ways I'll ne'er forget !  
 Thy severed limbs lie by me yet ;  
 Ah, how they kindle fond regret !  
 Why couldst thou not have been content,  
 And kept within thy snug cage pent ?  
 Then, thou wouldst not have been o'er powered  
 And by thine enemy devoured.  
 But thou werst ever like a child,  
 Too prone to gambol and be wild,  
 And never grave or melancholy—  
 Well, dearly hast thou paid for folly !

But I must cease to grieve and prate,  
 And haste in few words to relate  
 When, how and where was brought to pass  
 This deed so dire. Alas! Alas!  
 It seems that, tired of being quiet,  
 Bunny resolved to have a riot;  
 So, feeling nor demure nor sage,  
 He most unwisely left his cage.  
 Last evening—about six o'clock,  
 (Poor little fellow! What a shock!)  
 And sported round and round the house,  
 As frolicsome as any mouse.  
 While thus he entertained himself  
 Forth stalked grimalkin, horrid elf!  
 And when his tempting form she saw,  
 She pounced upon him with her claw,  
 Dragged him below, and eat him up!  
 Doubtless because she chose to sup.  
 I wish she had been drowned or strangled  
 Ere my favorite she so mangled,  
 Tearing piecemeal, limb and feature  
 Of the pretty, playful creature.  
 When e'er I think how he was slaughtered,  
 I'm fain to have her hung and quartered.  
 Really she merits such a death,  
 For robbing the dear thing of breath:  
 In such a savage manner too;  
 But t'was *cat-like*—was't not?—Adieu.

---

#### IMPROPTU, ON A SARCASTIC YOUNG LADY.

She's *very* pretty, and she's *very smart*—  
 What pity 'tis! she's also *very tart*;  
 But for her *tongue*, her face might win each heart

## NERVOUS FEARS;

OR, A NIGHT IN A HAUNTED CHAMBER.

A LESSON FOR THE CREDULOUS.

It was past midnight, and a taper's light,  
 Gleamed fitfully on the hearth ;  
 All around was hushed, save the blast which rushed.  
 And roared like the sea when wrath.

'Twas an awful gale ! and at times would wail,  
 Like a mourner over the dead ;  
 The windows would shake, as if an earthquake  
 Began its havoc to spread.

In this trying state, at an hour so late,  
 Alone in the haunted room,  
 With bitter regret, I lament the bet  
 I had made to brave its gloom.

And then I declared, that should I be spared  
 To greet the next morning's light,  
 I would not again encounter such pain  
 For millions of diamonds bright ;

For the richest prize, ne'er be so unwise.  
 As to venture to repose  
 In a place so drear, with no mortal near,  
 To calm my fears if they rose.

At length the wind ceased, my terror decreased.  
 And I closed my eyes to sleep ;  
 But the nap I sought was not to be caught,  
 For wide awake did I keep.

Feeling so dreary, restless and weary,  
 O, how I wished for the dawn !  
 The minutes seemed hours, wing'd by wicked powers.  
 So heavily they moved on.

The lamp would glimmer, burn dimmer and dimmer,  
 Then shed a blue light around ;

A shade on the wall resembled a pall,  
Its fringes trailing the ground.

The old oak table, of hue so sable,  
Looked like a funeral bier,  
And each antique chair, stiff, high-backed and queer,  
A cannon's stall did appear.

I lay still as death!—restrained every breath,  
And traced the forms on the chintz—  
They seemed to advance in a weird-like dance,  
And their uncouth steps to mince.

I averted my face from the hideous race,  
With their odd, fantastic gait,  
And shuddering with dread, averted my head.  
Expecting a direful fate.

Soon came a faint cry, and something ran by,  
And scampered about the floor;  
Round and round it flew, the lamp it o'erthrew:  
I shrieked and remember no more.

Friends found me next day, as senseless as clav.  
And cold as a block of ice;  
At my bedside sat my favorite cat,  
By her lay two slaughtered mice.

There was then no doubt of what caused the rout  
Which scared me out of my wits;  
Puss raised the turmoil, and upset the oil  
In catching a treat for her kits.

And how she got there was equally clear;  
In my haste the night before,  
I quickly undrest and retired to rest,  
Neglecting to latch the door.

Puss wandering astray, while seeking for prey,  
And finding the door ajar,  
Had slyly crept in; then followed the din  
Of her predatory war.

## THE CURFEW BELL.

Heavily borne on the evening air,  
 The toll of the curfew bell comes—  
 And, even should sorrow or sickness be there,  
   No light must illumine our homes.  
 'Tis the stern behest of the Norman king  
   Who sits upon England's throne ;  
 Ah, little cares he for the ills it may bring,  
   For mercy by him is ne'er shown.

Not a ray of light  
 Through the livelong night  
   Allows he the shiv'ring and old,  
 As they cower along  
 On the dreary hearth-stone  
   While the wind blows shrilly and cold.

At the gay festal board  
 With its generous hoard,  
   The jest and the wine-song have ceased ;  
 And, vexed and down-hearted,  
 The guests have departed ;  
   The ill-omened bell stopped the feast !

O, that horrible bell  
 Seems a funeral knell,  
   Loud tolling o'er Liberty's grave—  
 But the period will come,  
 When the roll of the drum  
   Shall rouse from his torpor each slave ;  
 For Saxons again their rights shall maintain,  
 And raise the war-cry, the proud king to defy.

## THE FELON'S TRYST.

Sister, we must part to-night !  
 Then meet me in the dim twilight,  
 Beneath the old oak on the green ;  
 Ah, meet me *then* and *there*, Kathleen !  
 And sever from thy golden hair  
 One glossy tress—one ringlet fair,  
 A precious, sacred pledge of love,  
 To press my heart where'er I rove.  
 At twilight hour, upon the green,  
 Ah, meet me *then* and *there*, Kathleen !

Bring with thee, too, that book of prayer  
 Which saves (thou sayest) from despair  
 The wretch repentant of his crime,  
 And fills his soul with hope sublime.  
 Alas ! I well deserve my doom,  
 Fraught as it is with shame and gloom.  
 But penitence comes now too late,  
 To shield me from a Felon's fate.  
 At twilight dim, upon the green,  
 Ah, meet me *then* and *there*, Kathleen !

Sister, when we breathe farewell,  
 A darksome tale I have to tell :  
 'Twill wring, I know, thy gentle heart,  
 Yet *must* be told thee ere we part—  
 Now fail me not !—for ere night wanes,  
 Disguised I leave our native plains,  
 To seek some distant foreign shore ;  
*Then*, dear Kathleen ! we meet no more !  
 At twilight hour, upon the green,  
 We part, to meet *no more* !—Kathleen.

**AN EPIGRAM,**

*Written on an Occurrence that took place as detailed in the *verses*.*

Once upon a time an argument arose  
 Between two ladies—too *colloquial foes*.  
 How eloquently each in turn descended !  
 How rapidly ! for breath each almost panted.  
 To irony at length they both resorted,  
 And thus quite sharply with each other sported.  
 Said C., “One must be wrapped in mental blindness  
 Not to perceive that *you're the milk of kindness !*”  
 “Indeed !” cried I, “One must be *milk and water*,  
 Not to perceive that you are *cream of Tartar !*”

---

**A RIDDLE, WITH ITS ANSWER.**

With twinkling eyes and glossy skin,  
 I'm sometimes plump and sometimes thin—  
 And dwell a little cave within.

At night, when most folks go to sleep,  
 I slyly from my doorway peep,  
 And if all's quiet, forth I creep.

O, then, on what nice things I dine !  
 Cheese, crackers, cake, but *never wine* ;  
 No taste for liquor e'er was *mine*.

Well ! when my savory meals are o'er,  
 And hunger twinges me no more,  
 Dear ! how I scamper on the floor !

But my poor heart goes pit-a-pat,  
 If while my capers I am at,  
 I hear a footstep or a cat !

*Then*, oh, how I do clip it home !  
 Quicker than when I forth did come  
 To eat, and through the house to roam.

Now, what am I ? A dog ? A hare ?  
 Or what ? Come tell me, lady fair :  
 “A mouse”—Ah, yes—you've *got* me there !

## SOLILOQUY OF A HYPOCONDRIAC.

*SCENE—A darkened room; rain pelting the window panes;*  
*Hypocondriac looks out, comes forward, and groans.*

Heigh-ho !	Foolish notions
What shall I do ?	And commotions,
How desolate !	Eccentricities,
How hard my fate !	And duplicities ;
In truth I am	Epidemics,
A wretched man !	And polemics ;
Lone and dreary,	Its wrong pursuits,
Dull and weary,	And their sad fruits.
Melancholy,	Tired, in short,
Sick of folly.	Of ev'ry sport,
Tired of life,	Of ev'ry action
Its toils and strife,	Or attraction ;
Angry factions	Of frequent sighs
And distractions ;	O'er broken ties ;
Its inflictions	Of probation,
And restrictions,	Lamentation,
Intermeddlings,	Self-denials
Petty peddlings,	And hard trials !
Sland'rous stories	Discontented
And false glories ;	And tormented,
Its bustling din,	A prey to grief—
And scenes of sin ;	With no relief—
Its doubts and fears,	Soured and sadden'd,
Regrets and tears ;	Almost maddened !
Its hopes betrayed,	Fain would I quit,
And joys decayed ;	Did Heav'n permit,
Its spacious wiles,	This gloomy maze
Deceiving smiles,	Of wo-fraught days,
Palling pleasures,	Of months and years,
Changing measures,	Replete with cares,
Fleeting wealth,	And void of joy
And fading health ;	Without alloy—

Its dissensions  
 And contentions ;  
 Its hard-earned gains  
 And useless pains ;  
 Provocations,  
 Separations,  
 Speculations,  
 And vexations ;  
 Its delusions  
 And confusions ;  
 Endless losses,  
 Ceaseless crosses,  
 Animosities,  
 And pomposities.  
 Vain achievements,  
 Dire bereavements,  
 Distressing sights,  
 Invaded rights—

Be mine a grave  
 In earth or wave !  
 A wakeless sleep  
 Within the deep !  
 A lowly bed  
 Among the dead,  
 Who calmly rest  
 On Earth's cold breast,  
 In that repose  
 The Spirit knows,  
 When dispossessest  
 Of mortal vest.  
 Come then, oh Death !  
 Pass, pass, oh breath !  
 Cease throbbing ! heart.  
 I would depart.

*Exit Hypocondriac.*

#### AN ENIGMA.

In the middle of day I always appear,  
 Yet am ever in darkness and sadness and fear.  
 I'm in anguish and pain, yet always in health,  
 In the midst too of happiness, pleasure and wealth.  
 I was formed since the flood, yet am part of the ark,  
 And seen in a candle, a lamp and a spark.  
 Tho' ne'er out of England, I'm always in *France*,  
 Stay in Paris, Amiens, Bourdeaux and Nantes.  
 I'm found in the waves and the foam of the ocean,  
 In steamboats and cars, yet am never in motion.  
 I'm always in *land*, yet ne'er out of water ;  
 I'm always in peace, yet encountered in slaughter ;  
 In short, I'm in *all things* ; There's no lake or sea.  
 Or island or cape, but contains little me.

**ANSWER TO A NOTE FROM A FRIEND,**

*Accompanying the Present of a Fly Brush.*

I've just received, my generous friend,  
 Your beauteous gift and playful letter ;  
 And in return my thanks I send,  
 Would I could proffer something better !

Oh ! what a comfort it will be !  
 To have the busy, torturing flies,  
 Dispersed, and quickly made to flee,  
 From their assaults on meats and pies.

When shall we see you here again ?  
 Ere long, we most sincerely trust !  
 To have you with us we are fain,  
 Whene'er we *can*, so come you *must*.

And breakfast, dine, or take your tea,  
 Which ever suits your taste or time—  
 Too much of you we cannot see ;  
 'Tis true in prose as well as rhyme.

Suppose you come to-day and dine ?  
 Ah, do ! You'll give us all great pleasure.  
 Our roasting beef seems very fine ;  
 Our hour is three, and *then* you've leisure.

The family join in this request,  
 And send their love, dear Mrs. T.  
 Now, pray don't wait to be more prest,  
 But hasten to your friend, J. C.

—O—

**Lines suggested by a Conversation with a Friend.**

I'd have no carved, elaborate stone,  
 Within some dim-lit stately dome,  
 Which crowds infest :  
 A grave—a rural grave for me,  
 Beneath some fragrant tree—  
 There would I rest.

Blithe birds should carol o'er my head,  
 Bright dew-drops gem my verdant bed,  
     And flow'rets bloom—  
 And woodland breezes freshly blow,  
 Mingling with the flowers below  
     Their soft perfume.

Nurt'ring the turf to deeper hue,  
 And imaging the sky's rich blue  
     In mirror clear—  
 Transparent streams should purl around  
 Sweet requiems, murmuring o'er the mound,  
     In their career.

At morn, when fair, with rays divine,  
 Our glorious sun should o'er me shine,  
     Cheering and bright !  
 And each clear night, the paler beam  
 Of moon or stars above me gleam,  
     With silvery light.

Such be the place of *my* repose,  
 When Death shall end life's cares and woes!

## —o—

**Verses sent to a Friend, with some Birth-day Presents.**

Whene'er you view these trifling toys,  
 Remember one who loves most dearly,  
 Yourself, your daughter, aad your boys—  
     And makes the following wish sincerely :

May gentle Peace your steps attend,  
 And laughing Pleasure meet your call:  
 May Heav'nly Grace on you descend,  
     Prolific as the dews that fall !

May this and *all* your birth-days prove,  
 That friends are numerous and true!  
 Eager to shew by gifts of love,  
     Affection and esteem for you !

**AN ADIEU TO "INGLESIDE,"**

*The Seat of HENRY CARRINGTON, Esq., in Charlotte Co., Va.*

Farewell, sweet Ingleside ! farewell !

To thee and all who in thee dwell.

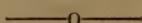
Whose happy home thou art ;  
The pleasant hours that I have spent  
Within thy halls, where reigns content,  
Are graven on my heart.

May birds with music cheer thy bowers,  
Thy garden teem with choicest flowers,

Fruits flourish on thy trees !  
And sportive streamlets wend their way  
Among thy hills, beneath the play  
Of light and healthful breeze !

Green be thy woods ! and bright thy skies !  
And rich thy harvests in supplies

Whenever they come round !  
And to thine inmates dear and kind,  
With generous hearts and minds refined,  
May Heavenly gifts abound !

**IMPROMTU STANZAS,**

*Written after a conversation concerning the Pleasures and Pains  
of Memory.*

'Tis sweet to muse o'er Mem'ry's page,  
E'en should we trace each line with tears ;  
Or smile as it recalls the age  
Of happy childhood, void of cares :

When hearts were blithesome, warm and true,  
Not sullied by a worldly feeling ;  
But pure as drops of morning dew,  
Over violet blossoms stealing.

*Then Time stole by with footsteps light,  
And scatter'd roses as he fled :*

So thornless, sweet and heav'nly bright!  
A radiance on Life's path they shed.

There are who'd taste of Lethes' stream,  
Not so would *I*—I *love* the past!  
And grief, or joy, be Mem'ry's theme,  
I'll woo her poesy to the last.

---

### SONG,

*Written by request, for a little girl to sing at a Fancy Ball, in the character of a Swiss Peasant selling Love-knots.*

TUNE—"Yankee Doodle."

Who'll buy Love-knots? here they are,  
For all who wish to marry—  
For the Brave and for the Fair;  
Come buy, and do not tarry.

For the old and for the young,  
Who are in *lone* condition;  
Whose wedding-bells have never rung,  
*Here* now is competition.

Then Lads and Lassies heed my call,  
Approach, and do not tarry!  
If ye are in sly Cupid's thrall,  
Sure, now's the time to marry.

Come buy, come buy! do not delay,  
Time, fast away is stealing;  
And I can here no longer stay,  
If vainly I'm appealing.

## A TEMPERANCE SONG,

*Written by request of the Musical Editor of the "Lady's Book."*

Let's away to the spring, the clear cold spring,  
 With its water so pure and so bright!  
 Where early at morn, the lark plumes her wing,  
   Ere she soars to the regions of light :  
 Flutt'ring away so cheerily !  
 Trilling her notes so merrily  
   As she soars to the regions of light.

To the spring—to the spring!—the limpid spring,  
   Where the diamond-like bubbles arise,  
 As sparkling and bright as a jewelled ring,  
   And twinkling like stars in the skies.  
 Commingling, O so cheerily !  
 Then scatt'ring away so merrily !  
   And twinkling like stars in the skies.

Our thirst let us quench at the healthful spring,  
   'Tis refreshing as nectar divine !  
 No more of the grape's ruddy juice we'll sing,  
   Nor partake of its treacherous wine.  
 We quaff it off so cheerily !  
 And then repent so wearily !  
   Of drinking the treacherous wine.

Then hurrah for the spring, the cooling spring !  
   And farewell to the brain-heating bowl !  
 Its madd'ning contents to the dust we'll fling,  
   And our names on the *Pledge* we'll enrol.  
 When "Sons of Temperance," cheerily  
 We'll form our ranks, and merrily  
   Hoist her flag, which our names shall enrol.

VERSES WRITTEN BY REQUEST FOR

**A MAY-DAY CORONATION.**

**SCENE:** *A garden—A group of young girls surrounding a rustic throne, upon which one is seated—Another advances, holding a nosegay and a crown of flowers, and addresses her as follows:*

We've chosen thee our Queen of May,  
This golden smiling happy day!  
And with these flowers, bright and gay,  
Some of thy virtues will portray.

This *Lily* with its snowy bell,  
Secluded in its leafy dell,  
(Like ancient hermit in his cell,)  
Of thy *modesty* doth tell.

This little *Violet* so blue,  
This fragrant rose of beauteous hue,  
Still wet with pearly drops of dew,  
*Humility* and *sweetness* shew.

And by this sprig of *Box* so green,  
And this of *Myrtle* smooth and sheen,  
And rich in blossoms,—may be seen,  
Thy *constancy* and *truth*, fair Queen.

Upon this bud, now cast thine eyes,  
'Tis a *Camelia*, and implies,  
That in thy heart soft *pity* lies,  
That tender link in human ties.

Thus having by these emblems shewn,  
The *gentle* virtues, one by one;  
Which to all present be it known, (*looking round*)  
Have thee entitled to this throne.

We offer thee the flow'rs, (*presenting them,*) and now,  
Placing this crown upon thy brow, (*putting on the wreath*)  
Before thee with due homage bow, (*bowing,*)  
And love and fealty avow.

## GUITAR SONG.

A wake those notes again !  
 Repeat that silvery strain :  
 They tell of pleasure past,  
 Of joys that did not last,  
 Wither'd by grief's cold blast.

Then strike the light Guitar !  
 Ah, strike the light Guitar !

As evening's shadows fall,  
 Let melody recall  
 Those hours of pure delight,  
 When all life's hopes were bright  
 As stars that gem the night.

Then strike the light Guitar !  
 Ah, strike the light Guitar !

While each soft cadence flows,  
 My spirit will repose  
 And dream of that blest land,  
 That distant, golden strand,  
 Where home's dear turrets stand.

Then strike the light Guitar !  
 Ah, strike the light Guitar !

Tho' clouds of sorrow lower,  
 Yet hath thy touch the power  
 To calm this troubled breast,  
 And soothe my soul to rest,  
 So long by care opprest.

Then strike the light Guitar !  
 Ah, strike the light Guitar !

**THE POLKA SONG.**

Come, hie we to the Linden-tree,  
 That stands upon the verdant lea ;  
 It is the place for mirth and glee—  
 The place for you, dear ! and for me.

Then haste we to the Linden-tree,  
 That pleasant spot upon the lea ;  
 And there we'll dance so merrily  
 Beneath the Linden-tree.

When tired, we'll seek the cooling shade,  
 Fanned by the zephyrs of the glade;  
 A tender youth and gentle maid,  
 In nature's rarest charms arrayed.

Then haste we, &c.

I'll tell thee, too, a tale of love,  
 Pure as the azure skies above,  
 Soft as the cooings of the dove  
 Which nestles in the neighb'ring grove.

Then haste we, &c.

—o—

**CANZONET.**

Though she loves another dearly,  
 And no kindness shews to me,  
 Yet my heart is her's sincerely,  
 Never more can it be free !

Oft to her my thoughts are straying,  
 Yet she seldom thinks of me ;  
 Cease, fond heart, thyself betraying,  
 Let her not thine anguish see.

Could I win her love, what pleasure  
 Might be mine forever more !  
 It would prove to me a treasure,  
 Richer than Golconda's store !

**The Page's Serenade of Mary, Queen of Scots.**

The brightest stars now gem the sky,  
 And moon-beams glitter on the lake ;  
 Save where Loch-Levin's turrets high,  
     A dark and lengthened shadow make.  
 Refreshing odors scent the air,  
     Exhaling from some mossy dell,  
 Where blossom flow'rets wild and fair,  
     And grows the lovely Scotch blue-bell.  
                         Sweet Queen, arise !

Æolian music floats along,  
     In plaintive murmurs on the gale ;  
 As if the zephyrs in their song,  
     Thy sad captivity bewail.  
 The scene is beautiful to view !  
     The murmured music sweet to hear !  
 Then rise, fair Queen ! one follower true,  
     Thy faithful minstrel, lingers near.  
                         Fair Queen, arise.

Without thy presence, what to *me*  
     Are nature's charms, or music's voice ?  
 With thine united they must be,  
     To make this pensive heart rejoice.  
 Ah ! then, sweet sov'reign ! from thy tower,  
     Look out upon the skies and earth ;  
 And add to *theirs*, thy beauty's power,  
     To call the minstrel's raptures forth !  
                         Sweet Queen, arise !

## CHARADES.

## No. 1.

My *first* you'll find is either tasteless, bitter, sour or sweet,  
 And we are told it flourished once in Eden's fair retreat,  
 My *second* is of divers kinds, and found all over earth ;  
 'Tis smooth, 'tis rough, 'tis tall, 'tis short, and to my first gave birth.  
 My *whole* is common to this soil ;  
 It seldom needs the laborer's toil,  
 And often is the school-boy's spoil.

## No. 2.

Pronounce my *first*, and 'twill appear  
 That I'm a twelfth part of the year ;  
 And mine the pleasant task to bring  
 The choicest fruits and flowers of Spring.  
 My *second* is a title given  
 To young or old—a boon from Heaven,  
 Which yet, if wicked or perverse,  
 May prove no blessing, but a curse,  
 My *whole* denotes a man of trade,  
 And one of secret art, 'tis said,  
 Belonging to a Brotherhood  
 Known in the world to do much good.

## No. 3.

My *first* will make a coward tremble,  
 My *next* will beaux and belles assemble,  
 My *whole* does mischief far and near,  
 And causes, oft, affliction's tear.

## No. 4.

My *first* is Heaven born,  
 My *second* a child of earth,  
 My *whole* a fragile form,  
 Which dies soon after birth.

## No. 5.

My *first* o'er earth soft radiance diffusing,  
 Inclines the Heaven-born mind to Heavenly musing ;

And erst it was an idol, at whose shrine  
 The Heathen bowed in Egypt's glowing clime.  
 My *second* swiftly darts from pole to pole,  
 Bright to the eye as Hope is to the soul !  
 My *whole* embellishes, with magic power,  
 A peasant's cottage or a monarch's tower !

## No. 6.

My *first* and *second* and *whole* are frail !  
 From *all*, the same sweet odors exhale,  
 Which often perfume the summer gale ;  
 Nor are tints more beauteous seen in Heaven,  
 When Phœbus brightly sinks at even',  
 Than those kind Nature to *each* has given.

## No. 7.

My *first* is seen in rain and hail—  
 In ocean, mountain, plain and vale ;  
 If books you read or letters write,  
 In every *page* it meets your sight.  
 My *second* rears a verdant crest,  
 And wears a glossy, silken vest—  
 Is oft an epicurean treat,  
 And yet a torture most complete.  
 My *whole* sometimes in air is found ;  
 Anon, one spies it on the ground :  
 'Tis of a giant race, yet small—  
 Like pride it towers, then has its fall.

## No. 8.

My *first* is used in solemn rites,  
 And many a happy pair unites.  
 My *second* forms the miser's care,  
 And oft, 'tis said, has won the fair.  
 My *first* and *second*, when combined,  
 A gallant soldier brings to mind,  
 Who bravely fought, then life did yield,  
 On De la Palma's battle field ;  
 Whose loss Columbia deplored,  
 Whose deeds are in her annals stored..



**Answers to the Charades and to the Enigma.**

- |                     |                    |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| No. 1.—Apple-tree.  | No. 5.—Moon-light. |
| No. 2.—Ma-son.      | No. 6.—Rose-bud.   |
| No. 3.—Cannon-ball. | No. 7.—A-corn.     |
| No. 4.—Star-flower. | No. 8.—Ring-gold.  |

*Enigma.*--The letter A.



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